

THEATERS—

For Theatrical Announcements See Outside Cover Magazine.

ORPHEUM—

Seven Splendid Acts—Four New Leaders.

For Specialties see back cover of Magazine.

PRICES, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, 1.00. C. A. SHAW, Lessee.

Box seats, \$1; Matinee, 10c and 25c.

NANCE O'NEIL

Tonight and remainder of the week.

Special dates on back cover of Magazine.

C. M. WOOD, Lessee.

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LOS ANGELES THEATER—

One week of

LOUIS JAMES, KATHRYN KIDDER and FREDERICK WARD.

Large Ad. on back Magazine Cover.

LOS ANGELES THEATER—

Tuesday Afternoon, Jan. 17.

Grand Complimentary Testimonial

By Prominent Talent.

See back page of Magazine.

AMUSEMENTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS—

With Dates of Events.

SIMPSON AUDITORIUM—

HOPE STREET

BET. SEVENTH AND EIGHTH

Evenings of January 26 and 27.

Matinee 28th.

Gerome Helmont,

The Famous Boy Violinist,

MANAGEMENT OF FITZGERALD MUSIC HOUSE.

The Musical Courier of August 3, 1898, says: "A lad in knee breeches and a ruffled collar brought down on his young head a perfect avalanche of applause by his violin playing at the Auditorium last night. Gerome Helmont is his name, and his appearance was before the mammoth audience attracted by the second concert in the People's Course. When Master Helmont stepped into view, his head scarcely as high as the top of the grand piano, we had serious misgivings, but the soloist soon changed mistrust to wonder in his audience."

Ovid Musin says: "Gerome Helmont is a genius, and the greatest boy violinist ever known."

HELMONT WILL BE ASSISTED BY

MISS GRACE PRESTON, Contralto;

MISS IDA SIMMONS, Pianiste.

POPULAR PRICES—25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00. SUBSCRIPTION LIST NOW OPEN. Advance sale of seats to subscribers only opens at Fitzgerald's, Jan. 16, and will continue for one week, the subscribers having first choice. Sale to non-subscribers opens Jan. 23.

OSTRICH FARM—

South Pasadena.

SPECIAL SUNDAY

RATES TODAY.

25c ROUND TRIP—

INCLUDING ADMISSION

TO FARM.

25c



FITZGERALD'S RECITAL HALL—

THURSDAY EVENING, JAN. 19, 8:15 O'CLOCK.

MISS ELIZABETH CARRICK, Contralto

LATE OF LEIPSIG AND LONDON.

Assisted by Miss Miriam Barnes, Pianiste; Mr. Paul Jennison, Violoncelloist; Miss Blanche Rogers, Accompanist. TICKETS 50c, on sale at Fitzgerald's.

AGRICULTURAL PARK—

COURING SUNDAY, JAN. 15, '99—Rain or Shine.

For dogs that have not run first or second during the meeting. Purses \$150

JOHN GRACE, Jr., Judge. HENRY PETERSON, Slipper.

Admission 25 cents, ladies free (including grand stand).

Music by Seventh Regiment Band. Lunch and refreshments on the ground.

Take Main Street Cars.

SUPERB ROUTES OF TRAVEL—

Flying Wheels.

53 Hours to Kansas City.

65 Hours to Chicago.

93 Hours to New York.

California Limited Santa Fe Route.

Mondays -- Wednesdays -- Saturdays.

Particulars at 200 S. Spring Street.

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DONE IN A DAY

WITH EASE AND COMFORT

Every TUESDAY in addition to the regular train service, the Santa Fe runs a special express, taking in REDLANDS, RIVERSIDE and the beauties of SANTA ANA CANYON.

Leave Los Angeles 9:00 a. m.

Leave Pasadena 9:35 a. m.

Arrive Redlands 11:15 a. m.

Leave Redlands 11:15 p. m.

Arrive Riverside 1:15 p. m.

Leave Riverside 2:35 p. m.

Arrive Los Angeles 4:15 p. m.

Arrive Pasadena 6:35 p. m.

Arrive Los Angeles 6:50 p. m.

Giving two hours stop at Redlands and Riverside for drives and sight-seeing.

THE OBSERVATION CAR

on this train affords pleasant opportunity for seeing the sights.

Tickets admit stopovers at any point on the track. Round trip \$4.10.

San Diego and Coronado Beach.

The most beautiful spot in the world. Two daily trains, carrying Parlor Cars, making the run in about four hours from Los Angeles. The ride is delightful, carrying you for seventy miles along the Pacific Ocean Beach.

Santa Fe Route Office, 200 Spring Street, corner Second.

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EXCURSIONS MOUNT LOWE RAILWAY.

Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 13, 14 and 15, from Los Angeles over entire line Mount Lowe Railway and return.

Enjoy the grandest combination on earth, from roses and oranges into snow in thirty minutes. Pasadena Electric Cars connecting leave 8, 9, 10 a. m., 3 p. m. (5 p. m. Saturday only). Special car returning each evening after operation of snow light and large telescope. Terminal Railway leave 6:35 a. m., 3:00 p. m. Tickets and full information, 214 S. Spring St. Tel. Main 960.

HAWAII, JAPAN AND MANILA—

Select parties, under personal escort of experienced traveler, all arrangements strict first class, will leave San Francisco during February and March. For programmes, etc., address THOS. COOK & SON, 621 Market St., San Francisco, or H. B. RICE, Agent, 230 S. Spring St., Los Angeles.

TIMELY SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS—

FLOWERS FOR THE HORSE SHOW—

The Ingleside Floral Co. Has the exclusive privilege of decorating and sale of all flowers on this occasion. 140 South Spring Street. Telephone Main 568.

HONOR OF THE ARMY.

The President Grieved by Eagan's Action.

He Will not Let the Incident Pass Unnoticed.

A Big Surprise in Store for the War Department.

GEN. EAGAN HIS OWN CENSOR.

Going to Back Down on His Unwise Statement.

Now Busy Expunging Offensive Parts of His Testimony.

Phrase Attributed to Gen. Miles Never Uttered by Him.

EMBALMED BEEF INVESTIGATION

Maj. Carlton and Capt. Smith Say Meat Sent to Santiago and Porto Rico Was Good—Another War Inquiry Probable.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Gen. Eagan is going to back down, in part, regarding his statement before the War Investigating Commission, concerning Gen. Miles. This back-down will be of a negative sort, but it will be a back-down.

When the war board sent Eagan's testimony back to him in typewritten form and refused to admit it to the records of the board unless the objectionable parts were eliminated, Eagan had his opportunity to declare that was his testimony given under oath to tell the whole truth, and that he could eliminate no part of it. It was rather expected that he would do this, but he does not intend to do so.

Today Gen. Eagan set about the unpleasant task of being his own censor when he began editing his testimony and getting it into proper form for presentation to the War Investigating Board. That task is unpleasant, for it places directly upon Gen. Eagan the duty of deciding what part of his own testimony regarding Gen. Miles is decent and which is indecent.

Eagan's position is rendered the more difficult by the discovery that most of his intemperate invective is founded upon misquotation and misinterpretation of Miles's statements before the commission. The phrase attached to Miles by Eagan, which caused nine-tenths of the trouble, was "refrigerated or embalmed beef furnished under pretense of experiment," does not occur in the report of Miles's testimony, nor in any interviews attributed to him is there found connection between "refrigerated or embalmed beef" and "pretense of experiment." In the use of the quoted phrase, Gen. Miles referred exclusively to canned "roast" beef, which is admittedly an experimental ration, as stated by Eagan himself. Refrigerated beef is a constituent ration, but the commissary department believed from the beginning it could not be used in the tropics, and substituted alleged "roast" beef as an experiment.

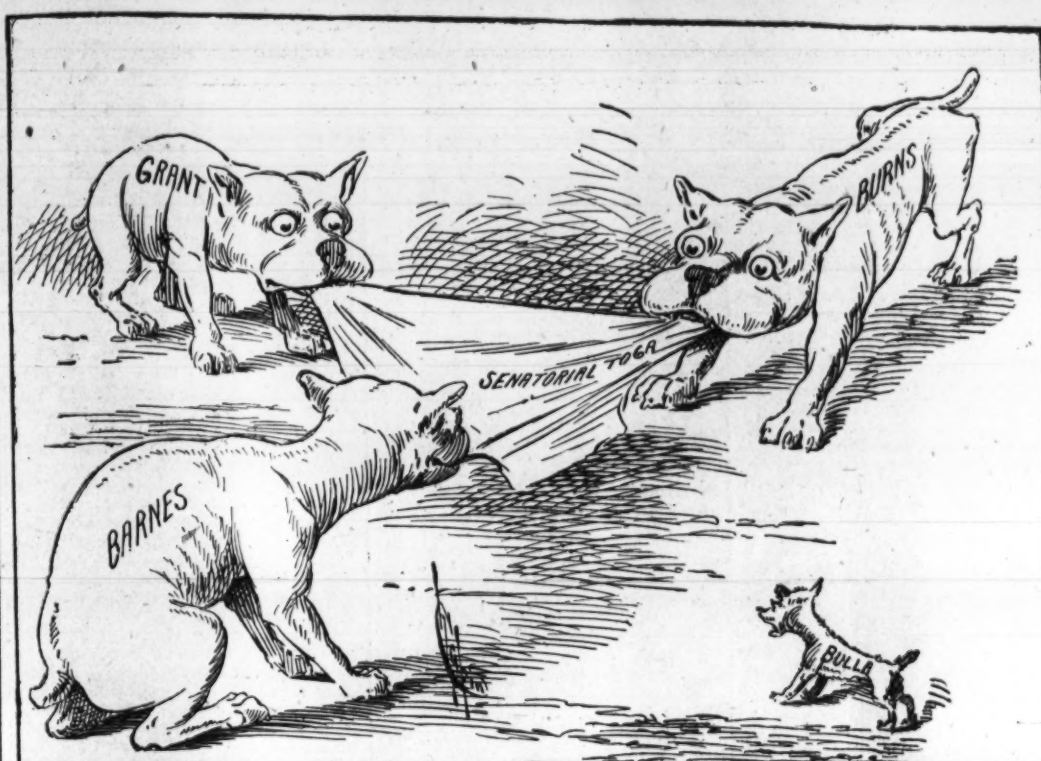
The War Department continues to refrain from committing itself on probable action in this case. Gen. Eagan's action is deeply affected by Gen. Eagan's action. He has about concluded that for the protection of the honor of the American army, he cannot allow the incident to pass unnoticed, and his vigor in dealing with it when the proper moment arrives may surprise the whole War Department.

KEY TO THE SOLUTION.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—The key to the solution of the difficulty between Gen. Eagan and Gen. Miles was today in the hands of the former. The war commission having called upon him to modify his statement, nothing can be done until he either has revised his first declaration or has notified the commission of his refusal to do so. It is confidently expected by the best-informed officials that the commissary-general will modify his statement to meet the criticisms of the commission. He himself will make

THE DEADLOCK AT SACRAMENTO.



None of them will let go.

FRENCH EXILE'S LAMENT

ESTERHAZY TELLS OF EVIDENCE HE MIGHT GIVE.

Could Throw Light on the Dreyfus Mystery if Granted Safe Conduct. Admits Sustaining Relations With a Foreign Agent.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

PARIS, Jan. 14.—[By Atlantic Cable.] Maj. Count Esterhazy has sent to M. Mazeau, president of the Court of Cassation, a synopsis of the evidence which he says he would have given at the Dreyfus revision inquiry if a safe conduct had been granted him. He admits his relations during 1894-95 at the request of Col. Sandherr, Chief of the Information Bureau, with a foreign agent, by which the Count claims he supplied the colonel with important information, "enabling him to combat the intrigues of an individual well known, but whose position was made unsafe to act openly against him."

Esterhazy adds that he was warned a month ahead of Matthew Dreyfus's intention and denounced it at the instigation of Col. Sandherr. Subsequent to this he had the closest relations with his superiors and acted throughout on their instructions until January 7, 1898, when, he claims, the war ministry suddenly assumed a hostile attitude toward him. Fresh proceedings, the Count asserts, were instituted at the instigation of his cousin, with the view of getting him out of the way and preventing him from testifying before the Court of Cassation.

In conclusion, Esterhazy says: "Alone exiled, abandoned by those who should have defended me, I have resisted the most tempting offers and have refused to say or write a word against my chiefs. I hope the pain will be spared me of having to appeal to the tribunal of public opinion from the decision of the Court of Cassation."

INSUFFICIENT PROOF.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

PARIS, Jan. 14.—The Matin and the Gaulois this morning say they understood that the inquiry of the Court of Cassation into the Dreyfus case is on the point of terminating and that the court will probably report that acts of

treason actually occurred, but that sufficient proof of the guilt of Dreyfus does not exist and that his sentence, therefore, is quashed. The papers add that there will be a fresh court-martial.

Dreyfus, it appears, was informed of the revision proceedings some time ago, but he is under the impression that they are due to the initiative of the general staff, and in his letters the prisoner thanks Gen. Boisdeffre, the former chief of the general staff, and his comrades of the army, for the action taken.

SENATORIAL SITUATION.

Developments in West Virginia.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

CHARLESTON (W. Va.), Jan. 14.—The chief developments in the West Virginia Senatorial situation today was the issuing of a call for a Republican Senatorial caucus to be held next Thursday night. The petition was put in circulation by the Scott forces. It was endorsed also by Gov. Atkinson's managers. The Democrats today put in circulation a call for a Senatorial caucus to be held next Wednesday night.

In the House today a sensation was created by the refusal of two Democratic members to vote in favor of the Representative of a special commission, which recommended that Via (Rep.) from Monroe county be unelected, and Logan (Dem.) be seated in his place. A third Democrat paired off with a Republican, and Via, having been temporarily unelected, could not vote. The ballot resulted in a tie, 34 to 34. The question will be voted on again Monday.

MURDEROUS LIEUTENANT.

Officer Under Sentence for Imprisonment Kills His Colonel.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

VIENNA, Jan. 14.—[By Atlantic Cable.] The Neue Freie Presse publishes a telegram from Karkow, saying that Lieut. Pakkarevel, who was recently sentenced to a term of imprisonment for neglect of duty, yesterday shot and killed Col. Kelinke. The murderer was arrested, and later made a statement in which he said he intended to shoot all the members of the court-martial under whose conviction he was sentenced.

Points of the News in Today's Times.

[THE BUDGET—This morning's fresh telegraphic budget, received since dark last night, includes the principal Associated Press (or night) report, many exclusive Times dispatches, making about 18 columns. In addition is a day report, of about 10 columns—the whole making a mass of wire news aggregating the large volume of 28 columns. A summary of both telegraphic and local news follows:]

The City—Page 16, Part 2; Pages 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, Part 3.

Immediate vaccination of all school children ordered—How it will be done. Kohn case decided in favor of the defendants... Dressmaker seeks to annul a deal in reality... Thomas Goss to be elected Police Commissioner... Victim of a building accident sues for heavy damages... Effects of the recent rains on vegetation... Preparations for the horse show... Board of Arbitrators to resume work tomorrow... Quarterly meeting of the Dairyman's Association. Arrival of California... Part 3.

San Diego real estate market improving.

Indians fight at a wake... Unknown man killed on the Santa Fe... Celluloid bomb burns a Santa Barbara woman's head... San Bernardino divorce case... Damage by surf near Redondo... Long Beach projects improvements... Burglary at Fairview... Ditch broken in Santa Ana Valley... Contract let for light plant at Azusa... Pasadena police rounding up the tramps.

Financial and Commercial—Page 11, Part 3.

Enormous business and tremendous excitement on the New York Stock Exchange... New York banks gain cash in spite of continued demand for funds... Easy money market anticipated for a long time to come... Chicago grain trade... Livestock quotations... San Francisco produce market... General business topics.

Pacific Coast—Page 5.

Assemblyman Knights proves a balky horse... Wouldn't vote for Burns—Four joint ballots... British ship and crew go to the bottom of Puget Sound... Columbia River cannery combine... Senatorial suit at Stockton... Knott sentenced... Botkin sentence deferred. Passengers by boat... Hawaiian advices... Oregon merchant murdered. Coal car drowned... Washington Senatorship... Explosion at Santa Cruz.

General Eastern—Pages 1, 2, 3, 4.

President grieved by Eagan's action. Surprise for the War Department. Beef investigation... Another war inquiry probable... Money for San Pedro. Cragin's canal scheme... The Albany launched... The merchant marine. Sorrow over Dingley's death... President's condolence... Nettleton's petition in bankruptcy... Senator Gray on the Philippines... Senate and House proceedings... Terrific storms sweep several States... Gen. Torres may be Mexico's Ambassador... Indian colonists... Agreement reached between the United States and Cherokee Commission... Swindlers alter bills of lading. Pullman denies any trouble with his wife... Comparison of exports. By Cable—Pages 1, 2, 3.

Our relations with Germany discussed. Col. Kelinke murdered in Vienna. Esterhazy's synopsis of what he might say... England and Russia both love us—Neither will give way to the other.

LED TO THE WATER

But Wouldn't Drink the Murky Fluid.

Assemblyman Knights Proves to Be a Balking Horse.

Refuses to Obey Instructions to Vote for Dan Burns.

DAMPER ON DANIEL'S HOPES.

The Gang Counted a Chicken That Wasn't Hatched.

Premature Gloating Over a Soul That Was not Lost.

Sacramento Man Sets an Example Worthy of Emulation.

FOUR MORE JOINT BALLOTS.

Senatorial Situation Left Practically Unchanged—Marvin Fiske Back to Grant—Huber Stands Pat—Sunday Session Abandoned.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

SACRAMENTO, Jan. 14.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] In the small hours of this morning convulsive chuckles shook the frames of such of the Burns gang as were pacing their beats in the lobby of the Golden Eagle Hotel. These gloaters were anticipating good sport on the morrow, for they had been told that another human being was to be driven into the political quagmire from which there is no escape, and which brings speedy destruction and damnation to those caught in its muck.

The Republican County Committee, whipped to the deed by the lash of Dan Burns, had ordered Assemblyman W. D. Knights of Sacramento to forfeit his principles of manhood and travel the crooked path that other poor slaves of Burns have gone. Burns needed votes, and no matter by what methods he got them, he was going to have them, and Knights was first on the list. Accordingly, he was summoned before the County Committee, of which A. J. Bruner is chairman, and ordered to change his vote today from Barnes to Burns, and in the presence of his fellow-legislators and before the eyes of the entire State, proclaim himself a lost soul.

None of Mexican Dan's chuckling cohorts doubted that Knights would obey instructions, all the more since in addition to the orders he received from his co-committeemen, Jack Wright, a Southern Pacific "magnet," was credited with having tried his power at drawing Knights from the straight path. The story was too good to keep, and some of Mexican Dan's closest advisers were talking first to "give it away," so that the newspaper men got an item and published a new sensation.

BALLOTING RESUMED.

The calling of the membership roll brought the first ripple of excitement, for only 115 members answered to their names, and leaving out Bulla, who does not vote, the voting strength was down to 114, the lowest yet. Speaker pro tem, Anderson, an Esteo advocate, was not present, and Chynoweth of Orange, a Grant man, was paired with Miller of San Francisco, a Burns victim. Senator Langford (Dem.) and Senator Stratton, a Barnes supporter, were the other absentees.

Porter Ashe, the bellwether of the Democratic flock, led off on the first ballot with a peep for Judge James V. Coffey of San Francisco, and Sig. Bettman, the first of the Burns blisters, broke in with a vote for Daniel.

The Senate ended with a Trout for Grant and a Wolfe for the Mexican, and the Assembly roll was called.

BURNS FORCES SURPRISED.

There was curiosity to find how Huber would vote, and when he answered "Grant," and it became apparent that he was unshaken, despite the pressure he had been subjected to by the Bulla forces, murmurs of "Good!" were heard in the chamber. Then came the name of Jilson, the flopper from Hornbrook, who is probably wrongfully accused of harboring an intention to flop back to Grant, and the names of Johnson, Kelley, Kelsey and Keneally, a Burns quartette, and then came Knights. "W. H. L. Barnes," was the response in clear tones, and, my, how the cheers did ring! The effect was electrical, and twice the applause died down to swell again. The Burns contingent was dumfounded, not alone by the way Knights voted, but by reason of the applause which seemed general throughout the chamber.

KNIGHTS COMPLIMENTED.

Senator Cutter, leader of part of Grant's forces, complimented Knights on his firmness, and speaking to the Times representative, later, said few could know the extent of Knights' courage in view of the grasp which the railroad has on this city and county, which is Knights' home. Cutter thought Knights had burned his bridges behind him, and had taken issue with the "boss." He thought it a splendid instance of personal courage.

In order to maintain their strength in the ruling figure, the Grant people pressed Dr. Marvin of Humboldt into service. Marvin began to vote early in the week for Knight, then went to Grant, and yesterday had been voting for ex-Senator Felton. His return to Grant at this time definitely fixed his location, and he, too, was liberally applauded.

RESULT OF THE BALLOTING.

The first ballot resulted: Barnes, 9; Bulla, 9; Burns, 25; Felton, 1; Grant, 27; Knight, 2; Scott, 2; Patterson, 2; Bard, 2; Estee, 1; Rosenfeld, 1; Coffey (Dem.), 33; Judge W. M. Conley of Madera (Dem.), 1.

Three more ballots were taken, and the Republican votes remained unchanged, though the number of those voting dropped to 112. The Democrats balloted in succession for Conley, Hall, who is somewhat fickle in his voting, giving his vote to Senator Doty and for Attorney-General Joe Hamilton of Placer, and Charles D. Lane.

NO SUNDAY SESSION.

Two efforts were made to secure an adjournment, and the last being successful, the joint convention adjourned till Monday.

The question of a Sunday session was settled by a telegram from Senator Perkins, which was announced by Judge Dibble, to the effect that the United States Judiciary Committee had decided that Sunday is not a legislative day.

VOTED LIKE CATTLE.

The incident which shows how Burns' adherents are voted like cattle was witnessed during the second roll call on adjournment, when Shortridge, who was fooling around in his seat, blurted out, "Burns," instead of "aye" or "nay." The incident provoked much laughter, for its significance was apparent. Shortridge, however, could not see that it was in any way derogatory to himself, and joined in the laughter.

Sig. Bettman, discussing Knights' failure to vote for Burns, said he did not know why Knights "fell down," unless it was to give the lie to newspaper predictions. Like Guy Barham, he thought Burns would get Knights "if he (Burns) wants him."

NOT PLEDGED TO BURNS.

A Bee reporter interviewed Knights and asked him if he were under pledge to Burns, or anyone acting for him, to vote for Burns.

"No, I am under no pledge," replied Knights.

"Do you recognize the right of the Republican County Central Committee to tell how to cast your vote?"

"No, I do not recognize any such right," was the reply. "I shall give more consideration to the wishes of the people in my district than I shall to the wishes of the Central Committee."

Being asked if he would obey the order of the Central Committee, to vote for Burns, as contained in the resolution, Knights said he was endeavoring to carry out the wishes of the people whom he represents, irrespective of any power.

"Will you vote for Burns?" he was asked.

"No, not unless I have positive assurance of the people of my district that they want me to do so."

AN EXAMPLE FOR ANGELENS.

Senator Cutter of Marysville, one of the Grant leaders, said the Los Angeles delegates who were hanging fire could take pattern from Knights.

Enormous pressure had been brought to bear on the latter, which pressure the Angeleños had endured and dared more than the men who were clinging to Bulla when they faint would break away. As he understood it, he said, the Los Angeles delegation had obeyed a resolution instructing it for Bulla, and now was free to assist in electing a Senator. He did not understand, he said, how it was, when the northern counties were giving 21 votes to help the south get a Senator, no more consideration was shown by the men from the Angel City, whose efforts were apparently directed toward the election of Burns.

Bulla could not win, he declared, emphatically, and the sole effect of his candidacy is to strengthen Burns.

Senator Cutter is one of the shrewdest men in the State, and he is a legislator of varied experiences. There is food for thought in the intimation that the northern counties may get

tired of the foolish actions of half a dozen men from Los Angeles, and may seek no further alliance with the legislators from that section.

The Los Angeles members held another meeting today to renew their promises and keep Bulla's courage up. They are getting numerous telegrams to stiffen their spines.

BURNS AND BULLA ROORBACKS.

The intimation made in certain quarters that money was used to influence Huber's change of vote has led sensational newspapers to endeavor to fix on Grant's managers culpability in the alleged employment of money to secure elections of legislators who would vote for Grant, and tonight the names of three legislators are connected with the rumors. The Burns and Bulla forces are in desperate straits, and all kinds of yarns may be looked for. Huber says that so far as he is concerned, he is entirely innocent of any wrong-doing, and decent people here are taking his word.

C. E. WASHBURN.

IN STATU QUO.

No Change in the Senatorial Situation in Forty-eight Hours.

(Associated Press Night Report.)

SACRAMENTO, Jan. 14.—After four ballots for United States Senator to date, the Senatorial fight is practically where it was twenty-four and forty-eight hours ago. The fact that several members were absent today made some slight change in the vote, and Marvin of Humboldt made his fourth trip, this time to Grant, but aside from this the vote of the last ballot of today was precisely the same as the last ballot of yesterday. This is leaving the Democrats who do not count out of the question. Their vote is going to every Democrat in the State who has any claim whatever to prominence.

The Assembly chamber was packed when the vote was taken at noon today. The Senators were announced as usual, and marched in solemn file down the center aisle. Shortridge at the head, and took seats with their respective Assemblymen. The minutes of yesterday's joint meeting were read, and the ballot the ninth of the session, was taken.

There was no change in the Republican vote on the Senate roll call, and Assemblyman Knights of Sacramento became the center of attraction. Knights has all along been a Barnes man. Last night, however, the Sacramento Republican County Central Committee met and instructed the Republican members of Sacramento county to vote for Burns, and it was confidently expected that Knights would follow his instructions, but when his name was called he answered: "Gen. W. H. L. Barnes."

His vote was met with applause which lasted for several minutes. The anti-Burns forces were jubilant. The expected gain in the State of California was not yet realized. The roll call continued with but one change in the Republican vote, Marvin deserting Felton for Grant. Knight keeps his vote for Grant. On Tuesday he voted for Knight, changed to Grant, deserted Grant for Felton, and is now voting for Grant again. His Monday's vote had been announced.

It was found when the roll call was called that the following Republican members were absent:

Senator Stranahan, who had voted each day for Gen. Barnes; Assemblyman Chynoweth, who had voted for Grant; Anderson, who had voted for Estee; and Miller of San Francisco, who had voted each day for Burns.

There was no objection to a second ballot. It, however, showed no change in the Republican ranks. On the first ballot, the Democrats voted for Conley, Hall, who was fooling around in his seat, blurted out, "Burns," instead of "aye" or "nay." The incident provoked much laughter, for its significance was apparent. Shortridge, however, could not see that it was in any way derogatory to himself, and joined in the laughter.

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amend the Political Code by adding a new section prohibiting the imposing of a license upon any person soliciting orders for the sale of any articles manufactured or produced in this State, which under the laws of the United States cannot be legally imposed upon persons soliciting orders for the sale of like articles manufactured in any other State of the United States.

By Blais: An act to select and adopt the golden poppy, as the State flower of California.

By Mead: An act to amend sections 632, 633, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

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GOOD FOR SAN PEDRO.

FUNDS FOR IMPROVEMENT OF INNER HARBOR IN SIGHT.

Senator Perkins Trying to Get an Appropriation of Four Hundred Thousand Dollars.

MR. CRAGIN'S CANAL SCHEME.

GOVERNMENT TO HAVE CONTROL IN TIME OF WAR ONLY.

Profound Mourning in Washington for Representative Dingley—Both Houses Adjourn Out of Respect.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Senator Perkins today visited the War Department and secured the promise from Col. Mackenzie, in charge of river and harbor work, that he would favorably recommend an appropriation of \$400,000 for the improvement of the inner harbor at San Pedro. This will be done at once, and an effort will be made to have the amount included in the bill which will be passed at this session. Should it be passed over by the House, it will be put in by the Senate, and an effort made to uphold the amount in conference. There is a report favoring this improvement made by the engineer of the War Department several years ago, and this fact makes it more likely that action may be had at this session.

CRAGIN'S CANAL SCHEME.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] It is understood that Edwin F. Cragin of Chicago has definitely asked the administration to abandon the Nicaragua Canal as a government project, upon receiving assurance that the Grace syndicate of New York has money at its disposal for the construction of the waterway, and proposes to go ahead and construct it in good faith. That is claimed to be the reason why Cragin is now in Washington, and why he called upon the President and Secretary Hay yesterday.

Mr. Cragin further proposed that this government shall have an interest in the canal, and shall have the right to maintain its neutrality in time of war between foreign countries, or close it against ships of an enemy at war with the United States. He claims this is all that would be needed to make the government perfectly secure, and he further claims that arrangements satisfactory to England can be made.

If Mr. Cragin is able to secure any encouragement from the President, he will definitely state his proposition before the House Committee on Commerce Tuesday, when the committee gives him a hearing.

PENSIONS FOR CALIFORNIANS.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Pensions were granted to Californians today by the House. Original—George H. Kellogg, Oakland, 86; Hiram Housel, Los Angeles, 85.

Increase—John S. Hodgeson, Tropico, 82 to 87; Charles B. Christen, San Francisco, 80 to 810.

Reissue—Victor Henri Richt, Presidio, 817.

SENATE CHAIRMANSHIPS.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—Senator Allison has practically decided to remain at the head of the Committee on Appropriations, and not take the chairmanship of the Committee on Finance, to which he is entitled by right of seniority. This decision on Senator Allison's part will make Senator Aldrich chairman of the Finance Committee, and will promote Senator Spooner to the chairmanship of the Committee on Rules.

DISTRIBUTION OF BILLS.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—The Senate Committee on Rules today decided to favorably report the Chandler resolution for the distribution of the appropriation bills among the various committees of the Senate.

DEBTS OF TERRITORIES.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—A hearing was given today by a sub-committee of the Senate Committee on Territories, on the bill for the refunding of the indebtedness of the Territories. R. W. Hale, of New York, representing the bondholders, appeared in support of the bill, while Delegates Ferguson of New Mexico, and Callahan of Oklahoma, appeared in opposition.

CENSUS AND CIVIL SERVICE.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—Representatives of the Civil Service League appeared before the House Census Committee today and argued against any bill which contemplated having the pointments made outside of the civil service.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—The Senate Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds today authorized for favorable reports on the following bills: For the erection of a building for the Department of Justice for the purchase of a site and erection of a building at Seattle, Wash., for the appropriation of \$100,000 for additions to the postoffice building at Minneapolis; for the enlargement of the public building at Asheville, N. C.

MISSISSIPPI JETTIES.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—The Secretary of War today sent to Congress the survey and report of the Board of Army Engineers on the southwest pass of the Mississippi River, which is one of the most extensive river and harbor projects under consideration. Gen. Wilson, chief of engineers, in submitting this report, says the project if executed with vigor will secure the depth proposed, which is not excessive considering the vast commercial interests involved. The board proposes a system of jetties and the estimation for the entire work is \$12,000,000. A further estimate of 2 per cent for maintenance, and 1 per cent to extend the jetties is made.

TO EXCLUDE JAPS.

[A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—Senator Perkins of California has been advised that the authorities at Hawaii had given permission to bring 6000 more Japanese laborers into the islands. The news came from William M. Rice, special immigration commissioner at

Honolulu, to Commissioner T. V. Powderly, who notified the Senator. Senator Perkins immediately went before the Committee on Education and Labor and secured a promise that it would prepare and push a bill extending the immigration laws of the United States to the Hawaiian Islands, in order to exclude the further importation of Asiatic laborers.

DINGLEY'S DEATH.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

Profound Sorrow Manifested for the Statesman's Taking Off.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—Profound sorrow was manifested today in every walk of public life in the announcement that Nelson Dingley had passed away. At the late home of Mr. Dingley, the Hamilton Hotel, there were many evidences of that deep personal esteem in which he was held. Messages of condolence came from every quarter of the country, and to these were added the personal condolences of Cabinet members, Senators, Supreme Justices and members of the House.

Secretaries Alger and Wilson were among the earliest callers, and following them were the Bishop of Washington, Rt. Rev. Dr. Satterlee, Senators Hale, Burrows, Fairbanks, Representatives Henderson, Cannon, Dockery and, indeed, nearly every man in Congress with whom Mr. Dingley had been associated during his long and able service. The callers left their cards, as the family were too deeply bowed down with grief to receive in person the many tributes of respect.

Mrs. Dingley was prostrated with the shock and with the tension of many days of constant vigil at her husband's bedside. But she was reported to be bearing up bravely and no serious apprehension was expressed as to her condition.

In the House of Representatives the death of Mr. Dingley came as a personal bereavement to the many members with whom he had long been associated. The desk he had occupied as floor leader of the House, in the center of the Republican side of the chamber, was heavily draped in crape, while on top was an array of orchids, sweet flag, coral sprays and smilax. As the members came on the floor they joined in groups and in hushed tones spoke not only of the personal loss, but also of the loss to the country and the House of Representatives in particular, in the passing of the noble leader at a time when his genius and talent were of incalculable service to his country. There was but one voice from both sides of the chamber in the expression of grief.

PRESIDENT'S CONDOLENCE.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—In view of the long and distinguished services of the late Representative Dingley, the funeral ceremony will be in the hall of the House, and will be in the nature of a state funeral. It will be held at 12 o'clock noon on Monday. Among the letters of condolence was one from President McKinley. It was as follows:

"Dear Mrs. Dingley: I have this moment learned of the death of your distinguished husband, and write to express the profound sorrow which both Mrs. McKinley and myself feel for you in your great affliction."

"We mourn with you in this overwhelming loss which will be deeply felt by the whole country. From my long and intimate association with him it comes to me as a personal bereavement. A great consolation in this sad hour is a recollection of Mr. Dingley's noble character, his domestic virtues, his quiet, useful distinguished life and his long-continued and faithful service in behalf of his fellow-citizens who will always cherish his memory as that of a great statesman and true patriot."

"With sympathy believe me, always, sincerely, WILLIAM McKINLEY."

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

LEWISTON (ME.), Jan. 14.—Lewiston is plunged into mourning by the news of the death of Congressman Dingley.

Notices have been issued for a meeting of the City Council, when committees will be appointed to take action relative to the funeral and appropriate tributes. Flags were displayed at half mast on all the schoolhouses, mills, shops and factories and on all public buildings. The Lewiston Board of Trade has called a public meeting of citizens for Monday evening.

FIFTY-FIFTH CONGRESS.

CONCLUDING SESSION.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—SENATE.—At the opening of the Senate's session today the blind chaplain paid a tribute to the late Nelson Dingley.

A letter was presented from Mr. Frye of Maine, president pro tem, appointing Mr. Gallinger of New Hampshire to preside over the Senate in the absence of the Vice-President and himself.

Mr. Proctor of Vermont introduced a joint resolution providing for the busts of the late Senator Morrill and Senator Voorhies, to be placed in the National Library. This resolution was referred to the Library Committee.

Mr. Hoar introduced the following resolution:

"Resolved, that the people of the Philippine Islands have a right to be free and independent, and that they are entitled to the same rights and privileges as the people of the United States do not dispose to interfere."

"I should like to have it adopted immediately," said Mr. Hoar. "I object," said Mr. Davis of Minnesota, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, and the resolution went over.

The resolution of Mr. Allen for the appointment of a committee of five the war was laid before the Senate, and Mr. Allen took the floor.

Mr. Allen said he had no desire to complain, but he had no desire to see the President, but so many individuals of the conduct of the war, that he thought it time for a fair and impartial investigation of the confidence in the "Alger Relief Commission," which was not conducting an investigation of the war. He criticized where they were faced by Chickamauga, death. He intimated that the troops of the West were sent to Chickamauga for the benefit of transportation companies. He declared that there had been gross irregularities in the handling of the commissary and other supplies. He said it had been charged that the supplies were in many cases unfit for use, and he was satisfied the charges were true. If the troops had been furnished "embalmed beef," the people and the world had a right to know.

Interrupting Mr. Allen, Mr. Spooner of Wisconsin criticized him for his anticipation of an unfair and partial report from the commission and suggested that he might better wait until the report was presented before he attacked it.

At this point a message was received from the House announcing the adoption of a resolution on the death of Representative Dingley.

Mr. Hale requested that the resolu-

tion be laid before the Senate and read. Mr. Hale then offered resolutions expressing the sympathy of the Senate with which the Senate had learned of the death of Representative Dingley and directed the appointment of a committee of Senators to accompany the remains to Maine.

Mr. Hale also delivered a feeling eulogy of Mr. Dingley. The Senate then adjourned.

HOUSE IN MORNING.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—HOUSE.—The House of Representatives assembled today under circumstances of deep and universal sorrow in the death of Representative Nelson Dingley of Maine. As Speaker Reed entered the chamber a hush fell upon the members, who a moment later rose and with bowed heads listened to the eloquent tribute from the chaplain, Rev. Dr. Goulden.

Mr. Boutelle, the senior member of the Maine delegation, offered, and the House adopted, a series of resolutions providing for funeral ceremonies in the hall of the House at noon on Monday, and for a committee of nine members to accompany the remains to Maine. The resolutions concluded with a motion to adjourn.

The Speaker announced the following committee under the resolutions: Messrs. Boutelle, Payne, Dooliver, Tawney, Evans, Hilborn, Clarke of New Hampshire, Bailey, Dockery, Bell and McClellan.

At 12:10 p.m., as a mark of respect, the House adjourned until Monday, when the funeral services will take place.

MERCHANT MARINE.

Further Hearings on Bill to Subsidize American-built Ships.

[A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—The Senate Committee on Commerce continued the hearings on the Hanna-Payne substitute bill. Charles H. King, secretary of the Lake Carriers' Association, and Theodore Zarch, president of the American Manufacturers' Association, spoke in favor of the bill. Clement Griscum, president of the International Navigation Company also advocated the bill. He gave the details of the organization of the company and its transfer from Belgium to the United States, and the building of the St. Louis and the St. Paul. These vessels would have cost \$1,100,000 less in Great Britain than in the United States. Interest and insurance charges were also much higher in this country than in England. The \$750,000 received annually from the government for carrying the mails lacked \$112,000 of meeting the extra expenses involved in carrying the American flag. The company had made a living, but it was evident that it could not continue under the existing circumstances, no more American ships could be built. He thought nothing would restore American shipping, except a law which would reduce the rate of construction and the operation of steamers. The passage of the pending bill would relieve the situation, and if it should become a law, his company would build four more 14,000-ton ships within the next five years, and enter into contracts for as many more not to be built within that period.

Senator Elkins asked if the bill would equalize the conditions as to put the United States on an equal footing with Great Britain, and Mr. Griscum replied that after giving the question careful attention he had reached the conclusion that it would. He thought the United States could win if not heavily handicapped. Replying to other questions of Mr. Elkins, he expressed the opinion that for the present England would not increase her subsidies.

Mr. Elkins also questioned Mr. Griscum as to the propriety of a tax on the tonnage of British ships equal to the tax imposed by Great Britain on American ships. Mr. Griscum said he favored such a measure, but he hoped there would be no effort to put it on the pending bill. He said that there was no time within the last twenty years that such legislation would not have been advised, and that it was "idiotic folly not to enact it."

This statement brought from Senator Frye the remark that it would have been seen except for the opposition of the steamship companies.

"I know," he said, "of one instance in which a man who never, under ordinary circumstances, attended the early sessions of the Senate, sat through the morning hour every day for four months in order to prevent a measure of this kind from coming up in the morning hour."

Thomas Clyde followed with an argument for a bounty much in the same line as that of Mr. Griscum.

DEVASTATING STORM.

TERRIFIC WINDS AND VERY HEAVY RAINS CAUSE DAMAGE.

Felt in Several States—Telegraphic Service Paralyzed—Many Buildings Injured—People and Cattle Drowned in Swollen Streams.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

PITTSBURGH (Pa.), Jan. 14.—A terrific windstorm today caused almost complete paralysis of the telegraphic service out of this city. Wires were prostrated in all directions, and communication by the Western Union and Postal Telegraph companies was cut off from all but southern points. Considerable damage was done throughout the city by the high winds, and a number of persons were injured by falling signs, poles, etc., but so far as known, no one was killed. The wind attained a velocity of forty-eight miles an hour.

Reports from near-by towns coming in tonight show that the high wind was prevalent throughout this entire section.

At Washington, Pa., one, and perhaps two, lives were lost. A scaffold on which Daniel Jennings and William Palet were working at the Washington ice plant was blown down, and both men fell forty feet and were buried under the debris. Jennings was killed and Palet seriously hurt.

Greensburg, Pa., reports that the storm the worst ever experienced there. The roof of the Courthouse at Greensburg was loosened from its fastenings, and for several hours great uneasiness was felt.

The large flag pole in Ludwick, erected in honor of the soldiers at Manila, was blown down, and several persons narrowly escaped being struck.

The new six-story Heilmann building, which is in course of construction, was badly damaged, part of the brick work being blown down.

Three houses in South Newcastle were also blown over.

TORNADO IN TEXAS.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

LONGVIEW (Tex.), Jan. 14.—A tornado passed through this county yesterday from the southwest, four miles northwest of Kilgore. The tornado swept down and demolished a tenement house on the Moore place in which were a woman named Mrs. McCuen and five children, dangerously injuring and perhaps fatally, Mrs. McCuen. Acres of forest trees are uprooted, and everything was swept before the wind's fury. All wires went down and trees were

FRUTTO

For Your Health.

California

Fruit Coffee

All Grocers.

blown across the International and Great Northern Railroad in several places.

CATTLE AND HOGS DROWN.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

LITTLE ROCK (Ark.), Jan. 14.—Reports received today from Benton indicate that great damage has been done in Saline county by rain, which has been falling there steadily the past four days. The Saline River has risen twenty feet, and it is expected that it will rise higher than in 1882. Thousands of cattle and hogs are drowning in the bottoms, and fences are being washed away.

CLEVELAND MERCURY DROPS.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

CLEVELAND, Jan. 14.—The temperature dropped 26 deg. here today in fifty-five minutes. At 9 o'clock the air was balmy and spring-like, the thermometer registering 61 deg. In less than an hour it had fallen 26 deg., accompanied by a violent north-west gale, blowing forty-eight miles an hour, and heavy snow falling. Telegraph communication suffered severely as a result of the high wind, and heavy wet snow is being piled on the poles and cross-arms. The temperature is still falling.

TERRIFIC WINDSTORM.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

DUBOIS (Pa.), Jan. 14.—This region was swept by a terrific windstorm this afternoon. At Reynoldsville, eighty feet of the silk mill was demolished. Three hundred and twenty-five persons were in the building at the time and singularly none was injured. Wires are down in all directions.

WINDSTORM'S WORK.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

PORTSMOUTH (Ohio), Jan. 14.—A terrific windstorm destroyed two large steel buildings of the Steel Company, wrecked the Art Hall at the Fair Grounds, and blew eight dwellings from their foundations, the largest being 600x220 feet. Malcolin Collins received injuries that will probably prove fatal.

RESIDENTS DRIVEN FROM HOME.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

COLUMBUS (Ohio), Jan. 14.—The heavy rains of the past twenty-four hours have raised the Scioto River to the danger point, and a levee south of West Columbus has already broken. Thirteen families have been driven from their residences by the water, some making their escape in boats. There is great danger of a repetition of last year's flood, and the residents of West Columbus are greatly alarmed. The river is still rising.

FATHER AND SON DROWNED.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

HARRISBURG (Ky.), Jan. 14.—Daniel Jennings, a tobacco-grower, and his son Samuel, were drowned in Bar Run near Gredeville yesterday. Jennings and his son were trying to save some tobacco from a barn near the overflowing creek, which was very high and swift, owing to heavy rains. No one witnessed the accident, but it is generally supposed that the boy first fell into the stream and the father, in attempting to rescue, lost his own life. Yesterday's accident wipes the entire family out by drowning, as Jennings' wife and two daughters were drowned in Kentucky River some months ago.

Bargains

It is so seldom that you have genuine bargains offered you in the way of musical instruments. When we say that we are now offering some exceptional bargains in pianos and music boxes and smaller instruments, we make the statement in the spirit that it will be accepted as genuine. In addition to offering special price concessions, we are making time arrangements that will be found very generous.

Southern California

Music Co. WHOLESALE AND IMPORTERS

216-218 West Third

Bradbury Building.

PECK & CHASE CO.,

MASONIC UNDERTAKERS,

TEMPLE

FOURTH AND HILL STS. Tel. 61.

MERCHANT TAILORING Department of Jacoby Bros.

In order to make room for our large consignments of Spring Fabrics we have inaugurated a SPECIAL SALE on the following Suitings. Sale to continue for this week only:

English Clay Worsted Suit to order.....\$20.00
Genuine Indigo Dye Blue Serge Suit to order.....\$20.00
Black and Blue Scotch Cheviot Suit to order.....\$20.00

Perfect fit guaranteed and first-class trimmings throughout.

THE MOST FOR THE LEAST THE BIG STORE

JACOBY BROS.

128 to 138 North Spring Street.

THERE IS A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF SATISFACTION IN KNOWING THAT YOU OBTAIN THE BEST FOR YOUR MONEY

La Preferencia Cigars

ARE A STAPLE ARTICLE AND CAN BE BOUGHT OF ALL LEADING DEALERS

THEY ARE MADE OF THE CHOICEST MATERIAL BY FIRST-CLASS CUBAN AND AMERICAN HANDWORKMEN AND ACKNOWLEDGED EVERYWHERE AS

THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY

TRADE SUPPLIED BY

S. BACHMAN & Co., SAN FRANCISCO

EUGENE VALLENS & CO., Makers

The Owl Drug Co.

Cut-Rate Druggists,

320 S. Spring St., Los Angeles.

It's The Great Owl Drug Company.

Everybody now sees it. A great many people know why—we mean that all shall know. Our catalogue and price list contain 1000 reasons—mailed to all who are interested. Ninety-seven more reasons printed here—and every item means money in your pocket. A hundred reasons are grouped in the show windows—many more piled on the counters—See them all. We are simply determined to make it well worth while for every one within reach of our store to come here. Putting quality against quality, we can fairly say that the price savings are the greatest we have ever known in this or any other city. We are here to stay. Owing to the Immense Trade we enjoy our stock is always Fresh and Clean.

Tooth Brushes

Tooth Brushes

Just received—Large importation of finest French Tooth Brushes

We have made the subject of Tooth Brushes a study and can show as a result the best selected stock at lowest prices to be seen on Pacific Coast. Ask to see our specials

10c 15c 25c

Churchill's Antiseptic Skin Soap

Makes the skin soft and pliable, prevents chapping, healing to all slight skin eruptions; particularly desirable where the water is hard.

15c cake 40c box

Hot Water Bottles

Best quality rubber bottles ever shown in Los Angeles, for

2-quart.....70c

8-quart.....75c

4-quart.....80c

Japanese Hand and Foot Warmers.

Hand Warmers, 5c, 20c.....25c

Foot Warmers.....50c

Fuel for Warmer, 2 pkgs for.....5c

Don't Complain

of your Kidneys and Liver, come here for Baker's Kidney and Liver Regulator, 75c.

Greatest boon to the suffering humanity.

Licorice

Small Sticks, 2 for.....5c

Larger Sticks, each.....5c

Drops, per ounce.....5c

Root Sticks, 6 for.....5c

Standard Cough Remedies.

Piso's Cure for Consumption.....25c

Bocher's German Syrup.....40c

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.....25c

Shilo's Cure for Consumption.....40c

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.....40c

Baker's Cough Balsam.....25c

Brusher's Cough Remedy.....40c

Rice's New Discovery.....40c

Rice's Irish Moss.....25c

Jayne's Expecto-rant.....40c

Scott's Emulsion.....80c

Wampole's Cod Liver Oil.....80c

Baker's Emulsion Cod Liver Oil.....\$1.10

WHOLE CREW LOST

SHIP, CAPTAIN AND FIFTEEN MEN DOWN TOGETHER.

Andelana Anchored at Tacoma Wharf With Ballast Out Was Awaited by Her Cargo.

GALE SWEEPED DOWN THE SOUND, SNAPPED HER CHAIN AND SHE PLUNGED TO THE BOTTOM.

Columbia River Cannery Combine, Sensational Railroad Suit—Oregon Merchant Murdered, Hawaiian Advice.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

TACOMA (Wash., Jan. 14.)—The most disastrous marine disaster that has ever occurred in the history of Tacoma happened early this morning. During the progress of a terrible gale which swept over Puget Sound, the British ship Andelana, anchored in this port awaiting cargo, capsized and Capt. G. W. Stalling and his crew of fifteen men, were asleep below decks, were dragged down to a sailor's death within a few minutes. The full list of those lost so far as is obtainable is as follows:

CAPT. G. W. STALLING of Annapolis, N. S.

E. H. CROWE, aged 29, Londonberry, N. S., first mate.

E. G. DOE, aged 23 years, No. 145 Essex Talbot road, Blackpool, Eng.

NEMY, JOSSAUM, Victoria, B. C., steward.

JOSEPH M. D'OLYVERE of Ostend, Belgium, apprentice.

RICHARD REGINALD HANZE of Ostend, Belgium, apprentice.

CHARLES SMITH of United States, boatswain.

JAMES DALY of New York, boatswain.

J. R. BROWN of Barbados, cook.

H. HANSSON, Sweden, able seaman.

ANTONIE JENSEN, Denmark, seaman.

JOHN NEILSON, Norway, seaman.

E. O. STROM, Finland, seaman.

FRED HINDSTROM, Norway, seaman.

EDWARD LETZ, Rega, Russia, seaman.

AUGUST SIMONSON, Holland, seaman.

PAT WILSON, St. Johns, N. F., seaman.

Just at what time the disaster, which resulted in such appalling loss of life, occurred, is not known, as every person on board the vessel went to the bottom of the sound with it.

The ship, which was of English build and worth probably \$100,000, was at this port several days ago. She was loaded with wheat under charter for Europe. Yesterday the ship was taken to the Burke dock and all ballast removed and the hold cleaned preparatory to receiving cargo. She was then towed to an anchorage several hundred yards northeast of the St. Paul and Columbia Lumber Company's deep-water wharf, at which point disaster overtook her.

She had out, according to the best information obtainable, the starboard anchor, weighing at least three tons, while to either side of the vessel were attached the ballast logs used to keep the ship upright during the absence of cargo or ballast. The ship was blown overboard by the heavy gale, and the waves severely when the skippers of other vessels anchored close by required the night before. When daylight dawned no sign of the Andelana was visible, and over the spot only a danger signal buoy lamp was visible.

When the absence of the ship was discovered, Capt. Dole and Capt. Burke took the tug Fairfield and made an investigation, and it was soon determined beyond possibility of doubt that the ship had gone to the bottom. One of the ballast logs was found. To it dangled part of the chain by which it was originally fastened to the ill-fated ship. In addition, one of the life boats, with the name of the ship on it, and several oars were found. Beyond these no other wreckage has been discovered.

As all on board perished, only rumors as to the causes of the disaster are obtainable. Judging from indications, shipping men say the ballast log found was from the right or inner chain to slip off. Thus free, the ship, freed from ballast and floating like a chip, careened over under the pressure of the heavy gale, shipping great quantities of water, filling completely the hold and forecastle, causing her to capsize and sink to the bottom. The situation was further aggravated by the fact that the tides were just setting in at the time the ship was supposed to have gone down. This, in all probability, forced the stern of the vessel around and exposed the broadside to the gale's fury.

Later this afternoon, the ill-fated vessel was located. She lies on the bottom of the Sound on her broadside, under twenty-three fathoms of water close by the spot where she had been anchored. Bartlett & Stead, agents for the owners, have called for instructions, but do not expect a reply before Monday, although they say the vessel will, in all probability, be raised, and the bodies of the dead sailors recovered. When the Andelana entered this port she was manned by a crew of nearly thirty men. Some deserted and others were discharged, until only eighteen were left. The only list of victims obtainable is that given by Percy B. Buck, an apprentice, who was injured two days prior to the disaster, and taken to one of the Tacoma hospitals. It is said the ship was insured by an English agency for \$100,000. No bodies have, as yet been recovered, although every effort is being made in that direction.

DIG IMPORTATION.

Story of Alleged Chinese Slavery from Vancouver.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] VANCOUVER (B. C., Jan. 14.)—A story of alleged Chinese slavery has come to light here since the arrival of the steamship Empress of Japan from the Orient. She brought from Hongkong 406 Chinese, of whom 191 were reported to be destined for Tampico, Mex., to work on plantations. They were under the care of a Chinese named Ma-chow, who stated that 1300 more are to



Death's Saddle-Horse.

When a man has overworked himself, and mental and physical health, until he finally realizes that he is a sick man, he frequently goes to some obscure physician who has had very little experience or practice; the result is a wrong diagnosis and the wrong treatment. A man in this condition, if he continues to work and takes the wrong medicine, is really making himself a saddle-horse for death. Under these conditions, a man really needs is the advice and treatment of a physician of wide experience and practice. Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., makes no charge for answering a letter from a man or woman in this condition. The institution of which he is the head is one of the greatest in the world. He has practiced in one spot right in Buffalo for thirty years, and his neighbors honored him by making him their representative in Congress. Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures indigestion, biliousness, impure blood, malaria, and wasting diseases. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. Honest druggists supply it when called for and do not advise a substitute.

"Some time ago I wrote you and described my case," writes Mr. James Conditine, of Patsy, Crawford Co., Mo. "You advised me to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pelle's' I followed your advice, and by the time I had taken three bottles of the 'Discovery' and one bottle of the 'Pelle's' I was greatly benefited. became regular in my bowels, and the pain in my back left, and I have not had a chill since I got through taking the first bottle. I can recommend it too highly."

It used to cost \$1.50, now it is free. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 168 pages. Over 500 illustrations. For a paper-covered copy send twenty-one cent stamps, to cover mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, 601 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.; cloth binding 50 cents extra.

follow. While herding the Chinese from the dock to a special train, a stampede ensued. In their frenzy a number rushed toward the edge of the dock. They would have fallen into the bay had it not been for a police officer who stopped the mad rush by knocking a score of them down. When they were finally rounded up, it was found that eight were missing.

The cause of the frenzy and stampede was the arrival of a Chinaman from San Francisco who told them they had been sold as slaves by Hongkong men and that they would never go back to China. Local Chinese here are helping the men still in hiding in every possible way, as all are convinced that they and the remainder of the 1300 to follow are being sold into slavery. They are going to send word to the Chinese government about it. The city police are hunting for the missing Chinese for evading the \$50 poll tax.

HAWAIIAN ADVICES.

Chinese Must Go—Flingst for Wake Island—Dole's Decision.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.] SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 14.—The Associated Press correspondent at Honolulu sends the following news items by the steamer Nippon Maru, which arrived today from the Orient via Honolulu:

HONOLULU, Jan. 7.—A decision filed by the Supreme Court yesterday in the last batch of Chinese habeas corpus cases, disallows from the former opinions of Chief Justice Judd and reverses the situation completely. In other words, the Chinese petitioners, who claimed the right to land in Hawaii, by virtue of certain permits issued to them prior to annexation, are remanded back to the custody of Collector McComber, to be deported or disposed of as Agent Brown may elect. The opinion is by Judge Perry, and the opinion is concurred in by Judge Whiting.

The Bennington is taking on stores today for her long cruise by way of Waipae and freight to Manilla. One of the most significant things that went aboard today was a seventy-foot cedar pole, from which the American flag will fly from Wake Island. The Bennington will sail today.

President Dole did not receive a call to Washington by the last mail. "I will go," he said, "I will go," said Mr. Dole this morning, "for the reason that the committee work is finished and there seems hardly any necessity for my making the long trip."

PASSENGER AND FREIGHT.

Uniform Rate Agreed Upon to Southwestern Alaska Ports.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] SEATTLE, Jan. 14.—Representatives of all the companies operating steamers between Puget Sound and Southwestern Alaska ports, met in this city today and agreed on a uniform passenger and freight rates.

The passenger rate to Skagway and Dyke was raised from \$10 first-class and \$5 second-class, to \$25 first-class and \$15 second-class. Freight rates were fixed at \$8, \$9 and \$10 per ton. The rate on live stock was fixed per head as follows: Horses, \$2.50; dogs, \$5; sheep, \$2.50. The rate on hay was made \$15 per ton. The rates to go into effect at once.

COAL CAR BROWNE.

Rolls Off the Ferryboat Solano at Port Costa.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] PORT COSTA, Jan. 14.—Two cars loaded with coal, while being switched on the large ferry-boat Solano this morning, broke loose from the engine and crashed through the bow of the end of the steamer, one car going overboard out of sight in the bay, while one-half of the second car dropped into the end of the boat, the other half remaining on the tracks. No one was hurt.

MAJ.-GEN. SHAFTER EXPECTED.

Changes to Be Made in Coast Military Regime.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 14.—The present military regime in this department, the one that survived the war, is in its last days. Maj.-Gen. W. R. Shafter is expected to arrive here on Tuesday afternoon, but as he is coming by the southern route, he will probably be twenty-four hours late. Gen. Merriam will leave shortly after his arrival.

Battery B, California Heavy Artillery, now at Angel Island, will be mustered out on the 31st of this month, and the companies of the Eighth California at Alcatraz and Angel Island on the 28th. The portion of Battery E, Third Artillery, which has been

A SPECIAL SALE Rough

To Close Out Broken Lots

Commencing tomorrow (Monday) morning we will place on sale

- 100 Men's \$8.50 Suits, in broken lots, for.....\$6.50
- 150 Men's \$12.00 Suits, in broken lots, for.....\$9.75
- 100 Men's \$18.00 Suits, in broken lots for.....\$15.00
- 100 Men's \$12.00 Overcoats, in broken lots.....\$8.75
- 50 Men's \$10.00 Overcoats, chevots, for.....\$7.00

In our Boys' Long Pants Suit Department

- We offer all \$12.00 Suits, in mixtures, for.....\$9.75
- We offer all \$10.00 Suits, in mixtures, for.....\$8.50

MULLEN, BLUETT & CO., The Dependable Store, Cor. First and Spring Streets.

temporarily at the Presidio, has been relieved and the men are preparing to divide up to form the tiny garrison of Alcatraz, Angel Island, and Fort Baker.

WASHINGTON SENATORSHIP.

Legislature Will Vote Tuesday in Separate Session.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] OLYMPIA (Wash., Jan. 14.)—The Legislature will vote next Tuesday in separate session for a United States Senator. Senator J. L. Wilson's managers have been circulating a call for a caucus of the Republican members, but it seems unlikely that a caucus will be held before Tuesday night, after a ballot has been taken for Senator in each house.

The four active candidates for Senator are Senator John L. Wilson, Levi Ankeny, a banker of Walla Walla; A. G. Foster, a lumber dealer of Tacoma; and T. J. Humes, Mayor of Seattle. The fact that there are four candidates in the field, and that the strength of each is variously estimated, causes a large number of members to be more anxious for alignment of the forces in open session, than for a caucus that might be a surprise to them.

SENSATIONAL SUIT.

Stockton and Tuolumne Railroad Company Prays for Damages.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.] STOCKTON, Jan. 14.—The Stockton and Tuolumne Railroad brought a somewhat sensational suit today by its attorneys, H. R. McNoble and J. J. Burt. This is the company which was incorporated to build a railway line from Stockton to Summerville, in Tuolumne county, and which venture got into financial quicksands. The suit is for \$80,000 damages, and is against Mrs. McCormick and the McCormick brothers of this city, who are charged with having conspired to prevent the building of the road by maliciously prosecuting it for an unjust claim. The complaint alleges that the injury done to the corporation's financial standing, by the action of the defendants, prevented it from selling \$75,000 worth of bonds and put it to an expense of \$5000 for the recovery of both these sums.

J. C. LYONS MURDERED.

Oregon Merchant Shot by an Unidentified Assassin.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] ALBANY (Or., Jan. 14.)—At Mill City, this county, J. C. Lyons, a merchant, was murdered in a room back of his store about 9 o'clock last night, having been shot by an unknown assassin through a window from the outside. The weapon was a shotgun loaded with large shot and the shot entered the back of Lyons's neck, some passing through and coming out under the chin.

The victim lived about half an hour after being shot, and was conscious to the last. Lyons was just preparing to retire, and was alone in his room at the time, his son, about 10 years old, having already gone to bed in an upper room.

EXPLOSION AT SANTA CRUZ.

Smokeless Mill at the Powder Works Wrecked—Two Men Hurt.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] SANTA CRUZ, Jan. 14.—An explosion in the smokeless mill at the powder works at 5 o'clock this evening tore off a part of the roof and sides of the building. William Turner's face was badly burned and he will probably lose the sight of one eye. Ralph Bradley was injured by a piece of flying machinery. Three other men, who were in the building, escaped.

The disaster was caused by the explosion of ten pounds of powder in the high-pressure press, which set fire to 200 pounds of smokeless powder and exploded two bottles of nitro-glycerine.

GIGANTIC COMBINE.

Twenty-three Columbia River Canneries Consolidate.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 14.—The Examiner will say tomorrow that a gigantic combine has been effected by the Columbia River canneries, including twenty-three of the twenty-five canneries between the mouth of the river and the Dalles. The new company will be known as the Columbia River Packers' Association. The capital stock of the new corporation has been fixed at \$2,000,000. Astoria will be made the home office of the combined canneries, and in all probability George H. George will assume the management.

Andrew B. Hammond, the Missoula millionaire and president of the Columbia River Packers' Association, will probably be one of the largest individual stockholders in the corporation. Back of this combination of canneries, are McGovern and Delafield, commission

men of New York City. Richard Delafield is vice-president of the National Park Bank of that city.

The result of the consolidation will close at least one-half of the canneries on the Columbia, but it is not expected that the average annual pack will be reduced.

Coming by Boat.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 14.—The steamer Santa Rosa sailed today with the following passengers:

For Redondo—W. R. Bentley, W. B. Goodsell, W. R. Goodsell, J. B. Wilson and wife, W. J. Constantine, T. E. Whitling, J. H. Hopkins and wife, H. Levy, Mrs. A. M. Whittier, Mrs. Broom, Miss G. Burns, B. Smith, C. W. Spencer, A. R. King and wife, T. C. Hitchcock, Mrs. Bernard, B. H. Rose, S. Ward, H. W. Drenkel, wife and two children, Miss M. Haight, Master Drenkel.

For Port Los Angeles—Mrs. Fairbanks, Mrs. Simpson, R. J. Fry, Miss M. E. Blanchard, H. M. Paine.

For Santa Barbara—Miss Houska, A. Kinkead, A. Tierney, A. Landea, wife and daughter, Malone Jovey, Miss E. Stratton, Mrs. W. E. Bushnell, H. Smith, Mrs. W. H. Dixon and children, J. Nichols.

For San Diego—J. T. Watson, C. I. Dow, Mrs. R. E. Stover, Miss E. C. McDonald, Miss E. McDonald, H. Fewler and wife, Miss J. Starke, Miss M. Hart, Miss M. Gregory, Miss Zimmer, Miss Dwyer, Miss Kenney, Miss McDonald, E. J. Crane and wife, J. E. Peterson, E. W. Rice, Mrs. Royland, Miss Brice, Mrs. T. Johnson.

Nevada Legislature.

CARSON (Nev., Jan. 14.)—The members of the Legislature are nearly all here today, and will caucus tomorrow. The Assembly convenes at 2 p.m., Monday. No hour has been fixed by the Senate. The silver men claim the organization of both houses. The Nevada men claim to have won a victory at the Central Committee meeting, and say they will retain Sharon as chairman. The silver men are collecting evidence as to Sharon's attitude during the campaign. Fitt of Humboldt is set down as refusing to caucus with either side. Cleveland is out of the race.

Pacific Coast Exposition.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 14.—The committee of fifteen appointed by the Mayor to devise methods of raising funds for the Pacific Coast Exposition of 1901, met today to take under advisement the propositions to that end. This being the first meeting of the committee, nothing was done definitely, beyond the determination to raise at least \$1,000,000 for the exposition.

Mrs. Regan Exonerated.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 14.—Mrs. Elizabeth Regan, who shot and killed Thomas E. Kennedy, a policeman, at her home late yesterday afternoon, was exonerated by a Coroner's jury. Mrs. Regan's sister, Mrs. Johnston, who witnessed the shooting, testified that the weapon exploded during a struggle for the weapon. The jury returned a verdict that Kennedy died of a gunshot wound inflicted by Mrs. Regan, and that she acted in self-defense.

Botkin Sentence Deferred.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 14.—Mrs. Cordelia Botkin, convicted of the murder of Mrs. John P. Dunning of Dover, Del., appeared before Judge Carroll today for sentence, but on the motion of her attorneys, sentence was deferred until January 22, at which time her attorneys will enter a plea for a new trial. The convicted woman appeared in court smiling and showing no signs of her recent alleged illness.

Knott Resentenced to Death.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 14.—Al Knott, who shot and killed Joseph Krauser in a quarrel over a dog, was resentenced to death by Superior Judge Dunne this morning. If no interference from the Supreme Court checks that course of justice, Knott will be hanged at San Quentin on Friday, March 3. Knott nearly fainted when judgment was passed upon him.

Net Fishing Forbidden.

SANTA ROSA, Jan. 14.—This afternoon the Board of Supervisors passed an ordinance forbidding the setting of any kind of a net to catch fish in the Sonoma county streams. The offender will be punished by a fine of \$100 or fifty days' imprisonment, or both. The ordinance goes into effect on February 1.

Engineer Horne Dead.

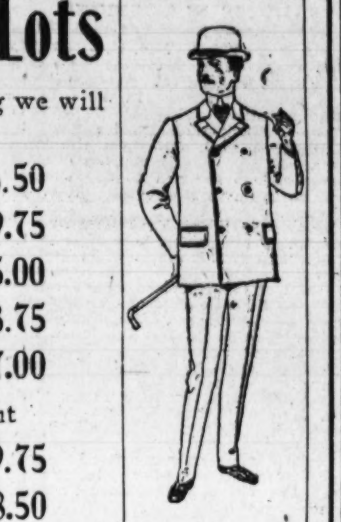
CAIRTO, Jan. 14.—William Horne, second engineer of the ill-fated steamer Jewel, wrecked and lost at Caspar yesterday, died of his injuries today. Deceased was unmarried. He was a native of Canada, about 40 years of age. Burial will take place at Caspar tomorrow in the direction of the Marine Engineers.

Crops are Assured.

STOCKTON, Jan. 14.—Another well-known rain reached this county last night and continued throughout the night, the precipitation amounting to .34 of an inch here. The ground is now in condition to stand a long dry spell, and good crops are already assured.

Salinas Boy Fatally Hurt.

SALINAS, Jan. 14.—Clyde Cornell, aged nine years, was fatally hurt today while leading a refractory horse to water, by a rope, the end of which was attached to his body by a slip



Hands, rough cheeks, cracked lips, can be cured by Lime Juice and Benzine. It is a jelly and comes in tubes, 15c. It contains enough oil to feed the skin, and yet is so prepared that it is not greasy. Gloves may be drawn on immediately after applying. It heals, feeds and whitens, all at once, and is indeed a happy combination. Try one and be convinced. This kind of

Weather...

calls to mind the needs of Hot Water Bottles. We have some for 50c; we have some for \$1.50, but our "Raven" brand at 85c, which we guarantee, is the most economical to buy. If any one leaks, we want you to bring it back, and we never hesitate to give you a new one for it.

- Pierce's Favorite Prescription.....60c
- Shiloh Cough Cure.....30c
- Lydia Pinkham's Compound.....60c
- Hudyan.....40c
- Bromo Laxative Quinine.....15c
- Eskey's Food.....40c, 60c
- Cascetics.....10c, 20c, 40c
- Ripans Tablets.....5c
- Peau de Espagne Perfume.....90c

Prescriptions...

We prepare with the finest chemicals to be purchased, and that our customers are satisfied is shown by the increasing number filled each year, shows a growth in this department. We have all the latest appliances, suppository machines, pill machines, soft elastic capsule-filling plant, cachet filler, and everything known to perfect a prescription department.

Camera Photo Supplies, and Chemicals for toning and developing.

REMEMBER THE PLACE

4th and Spring Streets.

Erington Drug Co. (INCORPORATED.)

Fruit-ton or Fruit Coffee



Blacksmith: My friend, you are not looking well; what is the matter?

Invalid: I have broken down my health drinking strong coffee.

Blacksmith: Well, why don't you drink FRUIT-TON and cure yourself of the coffee-drinking habit and build yourself up physically at the same time, as I have done? Listen: Take no substitute, for I know by experience there is but one FRUIT-TON.

As a beverage Fruit-ton is most economical, most nourishing, most healthful, prepared in one minute, 80 to 100 cups, 25c.

The Frui-ton Company, Los Angeles, Cal.

Don't Worry...

We will clean your Clothing by our new improved DRY PROCESS like new. Now is the time to test it.

- No Satisfaction, No Pay.
- Berlin Dye Works.....50c and 75c
- Ladies' Tailor-made Suits Cleaned and Finished.....\$1.25 and \$1.50
- Trousers Cleaned and Pressed.....50c
- Men's Suits Cleaned and Pressed.....\$1.25

We have the largest facilities west of Chicago. No one can do better work than we; few dye houses in America do as good. We POSITIVELY GUARANTEE satisfaction in every particular. Mail and express orders.

Berlin Cleaning and Dyeing Works, Works—Washington and Grifith Ave. 342 S. Broadway (East side at.) Tel. 34. KORNBLUM.

Every Garment Guaranteed.

WISE WORDS WELL SAID.

SENATOR GRAY DISCOURSES ON THE PHILIPPINE QUESTION.

Pays High Tribute to the Worth and Patriotism of the President, but Says It is for Congress and not the President to Solve the Perplexing Question.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)
WILMINGTON (Del.) Jan. 14.—United States Senator George Gray was tendered a complimentary dinner by the local Board of Trade in this city tonight. President McKinley, his Cabinet and all the members of the Peace Commission, with the exception of John Bassett Moore, sent letters of regret. Mr. Moore was the only member of the commission present. There were 200 guests in attendance.

Senator Gray was the chief speaker of the evening and responded to the toast, "Our Guest of Honor."
In the course of his speech he said: "We are now in a crisis of our national history, and your hearts and minds, as patriotic citizens of this great country, are full of anxiety as to the proper settlement of the momentous issues which have resulted from the war with Spain. While our country was in war with Spain, we were ready to make, I hope, every sacrifice to insure the success of American arms and honor to the American flag. And when the war was over, I believe the patriotic instinct of American citizenship demanded, as your President enjoined upon us, that we would exhibit magnanimity to a prostrate foe and moderation in the hour of victory, as we had faced the war with steadfastness and courage. In the first place, I want to say to you that it was my pleasure, as well as what I conceived my duty, to endeavor to carry out this instruction, so creditable to us as a nation and so worthy of the high civilization of which we profess to be the leaders."

"The acquisition of territory by the United States was not one of the objects of the war, and we solemnly declared in the resolutions of Congress that our only object in demanding the relinquishment of the sovereignty over Cuba by Spain, was not to hold it ourselves, except that we might pacify it and fit it for self-government by its own people."

"But in this, as in all else, man proposes and God disposes, and it is one of the things that make thoughtful men desire to avoid war where it can be avoided, for no one can tell what its consequences may be. I ardently desired that we might escape the necessity of taking the Philippine Islands and assuming the burden that their taking would impose upon us, and I know that the President of the United States was equally anxious to the same end. But it became apparent that without our seeing, unexpected conditions had been created, and out of the conditions unquestionable duties had sprung which could not be avoided or evaded by the United States."

"That I sought in Paris, by all honorable means, to escape this responsibility does not matter now. It came to a point at last that we must either leave the islands to Spain or take them as we did, or break off negotiations, and come home without a treaty of peace. In the last event, the truce would be broken and a state of active war would have been resumed. We would have had no cessation of the sovereignty of the Philippines and none of Porto Rico and no relinquishment of the sovereignty of Cuba."

"It is true that in the protocol of August 12, Spain had definitely promised that she would cede Porto Rico and relinquish Cuba, but, without a treaty of peace, that promise could not be performed. What would then have been the exigency of the situation? Undoubtedly, we would have been compelled to go on and seize with the strong hand and by military power both the Philippine archipelago and the Greater and Lesser Antilles, taking by ruthless conquest what it was far better that we should take by the voluntary cession of a treaty of peace."

"But, now that we have them, it does not follow that we are committed to a colonial policy or to a violation of those great principles of liberty and self-government, which must always remain American ideals, if our own free institutions are to endure."

"No country, and this country least of all, can afford to trample on its ideals. I have no fear that it will do so. Without assuming for a moment any right to speak for the President, I think I can assure you, with some knowledge whereof I speak, that he fully appreciates the duties and responsibilities of the situation, and that he is committed to no policy calculated to discourage, much less strike down the aspirations of liberty-loving people all over the world. I belong to a different political party, but I should be false to my sense of justice and to the principles which I feel as an American, if I did not declare my confidence in the patriotism and purity of purpose of William McKinley. He is no man of power, no stranger to American institutions, but one of the American people, called to his high office by their suffrages, and it would be strange indeed, if he did not share to the fullest extent in the love of our Constitution and the principles that underlie it."

"What less than this can be truthfully said of an American President? It would be the beginning of the end to our great career as a nation. But the solution of the problems which confront us, is not with the President. When the treaty is ratified no policy can be adopted without the sanction of Congress, and the whole American people will determine through their representatives what relations we shall sustain to the Philippines. All the questions will properly come up for consideration after the ratification of the treaty. I will not entertain the fear that the American people will not stand by the principles of the Constitution and the declaration that they will not curb the ambition of territorial aggrandizement and exhibit to the world an example of moderation, justice and self-restraint that will be worth to us in moral strength more than all the islands of the seas."

"Free Fight at Johannesburg."
JOHANNESBURG, Jan. 14.—The public meeting of British residents was held this afternoon, with the object of protesting the grievances of the Transvaal. An enormous crowd of burghers and Afrikaners was present, and the attempt to read the recently formulated petition to the Queen was a signal for a great uproar on their part. A free fight ensued, in which chairs, benches and tables were broken up, and the pieces used as weapons. The fighting became general, and at last accounts was still in progress.

Nubur Pasha is Dead.
PARIS, Jan. 14.—Nubur, Pasha, the former president of the Egyptian council of ministers, died here tonight.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY.
Is the best medicine in the world for bad colds. It relieves the lungs, opens the secretions, aids expectoration and effects a prompt and permanent cure. There is no danger in giving it to children, as it contains nothing injurious. When you have a cold give it a trial and you are certain to be more than pleased with the result—adv.

DANISH PARLIAMENT.

Expulsion of Danes From North Schleswig Discussed.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)
COPENHAGEN, Jan. 14.—[By Atlantic Cable.] In the lower house of the Danish Parliament today a Deputy questioned the government regarding the expulsion of Danes from North Schleswig. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, replied that Denmark's relations were friendly with all the powers, adding that during the Danish expulsions, which created a painful impression throughout Denmark, the government asked the German government whether the whole expulsion was contemplated of those Danes, who, by virtue of the peace treaty of 1864, opted in favor of Danish nationality. Since that inquiry, the Minister continued, no operations had been expelled, and the government hoped that the expulsion of other Danes would now cease in the interest of mutual good relations.

TO SUCCEED ROMERO.

Report That Gen. Torres Will Be Mexico's Ambassador.

(A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.)
EL PASO, Jan. 14.—From a high Mexican officer here it is learned that Gov. Corral, of Sonora, and Gov. Canedo of the State of Sinaloa, Mexico, accompanied by Gen. E. Torres of Sonora, have gone to the City of Mexico for the purpose of urging President Diaz to appoint Gen. Torres to succeed the late M. Romero as Mexico's Ambassador to the United States.

Gen. Torres was once Governor of Sonora, and now represents that State in the Mexican Congress. Government officials in Juarez believe that Gen. Torres has been called to Mexico City by President Diaz to be offered the Ambassadorship.

Indian Colonists.
EL PASO, Jan. 14.—W. J. Lyons of Sonora, Mexico, passed through the city on his way to the Indian Territory to escort the Delaware Indians, a portion of the Creeks and Cherokees to Mexico, where they will settle on lands conceded to them by the government of that republic.

All the Delawares will settle in Sonora, the Creeks go to Guadalupe, and the Cherokees to Durango.
On the arrival of the colonists at their destinations four representative men of each tribe will accompany Lyons to the City of Mexico for a visit to President Diaz, where the Indians will be welcomed with appropriate ceremonies and receive the concessions accorded them.

San Joaquin County's Action.
STOCKTON, Jan. 14.—San Joaquin county followed the action of other counties today when the Supervisors voted unanimously this morning to rescind their recent action authorizing the employment of certain San Francisco legal firms to act for the county in collecting money due the county from the State, in the way of commissions for the collection of State taxes.

JESSE MOORE Whiskies at Woolcotts.

BAD SMELLING CATARRH.

A Dreadful Disease and How It Can Be Cured.

Ozena, or bad-smelling catarrh, has baffled the skill of physicians for many centuries. It is one of those complicated catarrhal ailments that only the master specialist, dare to undertake, and even in the hands of the most skilled it is often difficult to cure. In ancient times one so unfortunate as to be a sufferer from this dreaded disease was excluded from the privileges of the priesthood and in more modern days it has been actually ruled by courts of equity to be sufficient grounds for divorce. It is known under a host of names, such as dysosmia, rhynostoma, coryza foetida, fetid catarrh, dry catarrh, rhinitis atrophica, and many other names, but the most fitting of all appellations is, perhaps, the ancient one, Ozena, a Greek word signifying bad smelling catarrh. Ozena occurs in all diseases of the mucous membranes of the nose, where there is any ulceration from catarrhal poison. It is a sequel of chronic nasal catarrh, especially when it has been mis-treated by cauterizing and burning the delicate membrane, causing death or rotting away of the bones. It may also result from a simple cold in the head, by decomposition of the catarrhal mucous discharges. If proper care and treatment is not observed to keep the mucous lining of the nose and throat in a healthy condition. While it does not follow that a simple cold catarrh, dry catarrh, in this horrible disease, it is an absolute fact that Ozena is always the sequel of neglected, or what amounts to the same thing, badly-treated, catarrh. Nearly every reader of these columns knows the indicative symptoms of simple catarrh as given by Drs. Shores & Shores.

Remember La Grippe is an Epidemic Form of Catarrh.

If you have any of these symptoms don't deceive yourself that you are suffering from only a simple cold in the head that will soon pass away. It needs careful attention. Don't neglect it, but run the risk of being afflicted with that dreadful disease Ozena, making you an object of abhorrence and disgust to your friends and associates. Drs. Shores & Shores have cured hundreds of your friends and neighbors and they will cure you if you will come to them in time. Consultation and advice always free.



DR. G. W. SHORES

\$3=Just One More Week=\$3

In Which to Take Advantage of Drs. Shores' Low Rate of \$3 Per Month for Catarrh and All Chronic Diseases.

Now Remember, if You Want Treatment and Medicines for All Your Diseases, No Matter How Many, for \$3 Per Month, You Must Positively Come to Drs. Shores' Office Before Next Sunday.

Hundreds enrolled themselves as Drs. Shores' patients the past week to secure the grand \$3 rate for all diseases, medicines free. Drs. Shores' decision to place only a limited number of patients under treatment at \$3 per month, all medicines free, is the talk of the town. When this number is reached, the \$3 rate will be positively withdrawn, and the cost of treatment will be advanced. Now, don't be too late; come today—come any day this week. If you want to be cured of catarrh and all deep-seated chronic diseases for the low rate of \$3 per month all medicines free. Consultation and examination absolutely free.

TAKE NOTICE—Patients old and new, securing the \$3 rate this week will be treated until cured for \$3 per month, medicines free.

NATURE'S WARNING.

Aches and Pains are Danger Signals that You are Sick and Need Treatment.

Read the following symptoms over carefully, mark those you feel in your case, and send or bring them to Drs. Shores and they will tell you whether you can be cured, free of charge.

Catarrh of the Head and Throat.

This form of catarrh is most common—resulting from neglected colds—quickly cured with little cost by Drs. Shores' famous treatment.

"Is the nose stopped up?"
"Does your nose discharge?"
"Is the nose sore and tender?"
"Is there a dropping in the throat?"
"Is your throat dry in the morning?"
"Do you sleep with your mouth open?"
"Do you feel your throat raw?"
"Do you have a cough?"
"Do you have colds easily?"
"Have you pain in side?"
"Do you cough in the mornings?"
"Do you spit up little cheesy lumps?"
"Do you feel your throat raw?"
"Don't risk neglecting these warnings—stop the disease before it reaches the lungs."

Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes.

When catarrh of the head and throat is neglected or wrongly treated it extends down the windpipe into the bronchial tubes, and after a while attacks the lungs. Quickly cured with little cost by Drs. Shores' famous treatment.

"Have you a cough?"
"Do you have colds easily?"
"Have you pain in side?"
"Do you cough in the mornings?"
"Do you spit up little cheesy lumps?"
"Do you feel your throat raw?"
"Don't risk neglecting these warnings—stop the disease before it reaches the lungs."

Catarrh of the Ears.

"Is your hearing failing?"
"Do your ears discharge?"
"Is the wax dry in your ears?"

Catarrh of the Kidneys.

Results in two ways, by taking cold and by overworking the kidneys in separating from the blood the catarrhal poisons which affect all organs. Quickly cured with little cost by Drs. Shores' famous treatment.

"Do your hands and feet swell?"
"Is this noticed more at night?"
"Is there pain in small of back?"
"Has your perspiration a bad odor?"
"Is there puffiness under the eyes?"
"Do you have to get up often at night?"
"Is there a deposit in urine if left standing?"
"Don't neglect these signs and risk Bright's disease killing you. Cure it now."

Catarrh of the Liver.

The liver is affected by catarrhal poisons extending from the stomach into the ducts of the liver. Quickly cured with little cost by Drs. Shores' famous treatment.

"Do you have cold feet?"
"Do you feel miserable?"
"Do you get tired easily?"
"Do you have hot flushes?"
"Are your spirits low at times?"
"Do you have rumbling in bowels?"
These are the seven simple signs indicating disease of the liver. If you have any or all of them seek Drs. Shores now and be cured.

Catarrh of the Stomach.

Catarrh of the stomach is usually caused by swallowing the mucus which drops down from the head and throat at night. Quickly cured with little cost by Drs. Shores' famous treatment.

"Is there nausea?"
"Do you belch up gas?"
"Are you constipated?"
"Is your tongue coated?"
"Do you bloat up after eating?"
"Is there constant bad taste in mouth?"
Now is the time to be permanently cured. Drs. Shores are curing hundreds every week.

All Examinations Free.

Drs. Shores, in order that all may know just what their trouble is and how it can be cured, have decided to continue their free examination either in person or by mail, without pay or obligation to pay. Call or write.

One Price for All.

In treating with Drs. Shores you know just what you have to pay. Drs. Shores do not charge \$3 for Catarrh and \$3 for Kidney Diseases or other trouble. They will treat you for all your ailments, no matter how many, for \$3 per month, all medicines included. Now, understand \$3 a month is all you have to pay.

\$3 A MONTH FOR ALL DISEASES MEDICINES FREE.

Office Hours—Week days 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.; Sundays, 10 a. m. to 12 noon; evenings, 7 to 8.

Drs. Shores Guarantee to Cure Catarrh.

From a personal knowledge, founded on fifteen years' experience, Drs. Shores know any case of catarrh can be cured. No matter what organs of the body have become affected or how long the disease has existed, Drs. Shores guarantee a complete and permanent cure in any case taken. Drs. Shores' treatment has been tested in 20,000 cases in California. Each case taken is under the immediate personal treatment of Dr. Shores. If you have any complicated chronic disease, consult Drs. Shores at once. Don't delay.

Now, Understand the Offer.

If you have Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Heart Disease, Dyspepsia, Skin Disease, Blood Disease, Rheumatism, Malaria, Nervous Disease, Kidney Disease, Bladder Disease, Female Complaint, Insomnia, Scrofula, Consumption in the first stages, Liver Disease, Disease of the Bowels, Syphilis, or Spinal Disease, of any complaint or Chronic, Nervous or Private Diseases, come to Drs. Shores any day before January 22 and Drs. Shores will cure you for one fee of \$3 per month, all medicines furnished free. There will be no other charge. If you have dozen ailments \$3 pays the bill for all of them in a month.

If You Live Out of Town Write Drs. Shores & Shores for their new symptom list and get their advice free. Consultation and advice always free.



DR. A. J. SHORES.

The Mightiest Bargain Movement in Our History--Clearance of House Furnishings

Thousands of dollars of portable, desirable, wondrous merchandise in this section must be disposed of at once. Not all are broken lines—some we've decided to discontinue handling. All of these remarkable values are on sale with the opening of the doors tomorrow and as long as they last.

Crockery, Chinaware.

Half Price and Less.

10c and 15c Decorated Saucers for 5c
10c Decorated Berry Dishcloth, sold
25c Creamers, touched off in gilt, for 10c
20c and 25c Cups and Saucers, fancy, for 10c
25c China Plates (5, 6 and 7-inch), with scalloped edges, highly decorated; 400 for clearance at 10c
25c Pin Trays for 15c
25c Sauce Dishes, dainty, for 15c
25c Heavy Flower Baskets for 15c
25c Creamers, odd shapes and patterns, for 15c
40c Mustard Pots for 25c
40c 5-o'clock Creamers and Sugars for 25c
Fancy 35c China Cups and Saucers, with pretty decorations, odd shapes, for 25c
\$1.19 Cracker Jars, till sold for 50c
89c Carboys, fancy designs and finishings, cut for quick selling at 50c

50c Iron Fire Shovels, till sold at 1c

5c Tin Dippers, cut now to 2c

25c Clothes Brushes, 8-inch long, of stiff bristles, for 11c

25c Tin Cups, and 1c

lipped, till sold at 1c

The Wonder of the Age, perfect in every particular, simple though serviceable, come and see them, at 98c

8c Wooden Spoons, all sizes, till cleared at 2c

10c Hickory Hammer Handles, till cleared for only 1c

15c Wooden Salt Boxes, you ought to have one, for clearing at 5c

10c Japanese Bread Trays, till cleared for only 6c

5c Wooden Butter paddles, cut now to 3c

20c Tea Pots, now 10c. Only 10 dozen—of tin, cold handles, fancy finish, with copper bottoms, choice of 1½-quart, 2¼-quart or 3-quart.

Clean up of Men's \$10 Suits for 5.88

Of Oregon City Cassimere heavily lined and nicely finished. But a limited supply.

9c Pillow Cases for 5c. The full sized ones—of good quality, hemmed and ready to use.

7c Scotch Plaid Gingham, 5c

In popular colors—heavy quality.

5c Dress Prints for 2½c

Of the usual width, most effective and desirable shades—assorted.

9-4 Sheetting Clearing at 9½c

Good, substantial quality, close firm weave.

5c Bleached Muslin for 3½c

A standard quality—soft and fine woven, 36 in. wide.

45c Full Size Sheets, 29c

Hemmed, ironed and ready for use—Best value Los Angeles ever witnessed.

Notions

For Clearance

Odds and ends of Ribbons 4 and 1½ inches wide in silk or grosgrain

choice till sold 5c

Odds and ends of Ribbons 2 and 2½ in. wide in grosgrain, taffeta and moire; clearance 10c

An odd lot of ladies' Collars done up in a bunch of 6; clearance price per bunch...

6 yds. Whalebone Casing 1c

Package of Needles 1c

Doz. Rubber Buttons for 1c

Cabinet of Hair Pins for 1c

Doz. Pearl Buttons for 1c

Large Curling Irons for 3c

Book of asst'd Needles 2½c

6 in. Hat Pins, a dozen, 4c

12½c Wire Hairbrushes, good quality, with black enameled backs, clearance price 9c

Men's worsted yarn gloves, pair for 19c

Men's merino wool socks, pair 12½c

Men's fleeced lined Derby ribbed underwear, till sold 25c

Men's Boys' Caps 5c

Men's Heavy Suspenders, for clearance 9c

Clearance. Corsets 53c.

They're an odd lot—black and gray—Extra long, high ones as well as a sprinkling of imported corsets—Don't be too late.

Hosiery For Clearance.

It would take no advertising to sell these three lines that have been marked good-by—our duty, though, to tell you of them. Of course you'll be prompt. Ladies', 10c pair.

What's the use every where. Fast black, seamless, applied lace and toes. Children's Wool, 9c.

Fine ribbed, perfect color and extra fine quality.

Broadway Department Store

1000 BROADWAY, CORNER OF FOURTH. Sunday Morning, 15 Jan., '99.

Tomorrow We Start the Liveliest Clearance Sale This City Ever Witnessed.

We give our department chiefs just twelve selling days in which to dispose of all surplus stocks. Though famous for price cutting and for low prices, our effort this time stands without a parallel. It's one mammoth slaughter; that casts destruction over the entire store—crockery, house furnishings, wraps, domestics, dress goods, ladies', men's and boys' wearables, and millinery, all suffer terribly.

Domestics for Almost Nothing.

Broken lines have accumulated fast during the past winter months, and now for two weeks we're going to pause while we get rid of this surplus. If you're quick you'll reap a harvest of the richest, ripest bargains ever offered.

Oil Cloth, 3c Yard

For shelves, 9 inches wide and in colors.

Crash 3½c Yard.

Unteached—soft, and absorbent; formerly 5c yard.

Damask Towels, 5c.

An odd line, fringed, bordered and usual size, 8½c elsewhere.

Huck Towels, 6½c.

Broken lines of 8-18c ones—large size and good quality—quick.

Red Damask, 13c yd.

Bright, fresh, desirable patterns; but a few part bolts; be prompt; 25c quality.

Bedspreeds 58c.

Honey comb ones; full size and hemmed; pretty designs from our regular 85c line.

Table Linen 19c yd.

That's half bleached; good even thread and close woven; the last of 35c goods; don't delay.

Flannelette 4c yd.

What's left of our 8½c grade fine Wrapper Goods—many popular patterns, not much of any one.

Eiderdown 15c.

The well-known German sort in pretty shades, good substantial quality—but don't wait too long.

Napkins 69c doz.

¾ size and of bleached linen too, the last of 98c ones—don't be tardy.

We have the best equipped mail order department on the coast. Expert clerks will fill your order promptly.

Fearful Cuts in Dress Goods.

We've done a wonderful dress goods business this season—that's why there are so many broken lines to be cleaned up. We've forgotten all about former values in our eagerness to clean up the stock.

36 in. Canvas

Always 10c, best skirt lining on the market; clearance price on 500 yards...

6c

35c Brocades for 6c

Brocaded mohair and raised effects, plaids, etc. for 22c

clearing at 9c

Fancy Lining

double faced and in firm weave, heavy quality, clearing at 9c

34-in Goods

in plaids, checks, and a great variety of effective colorings clearing at 7c

Boys' Percalé Waists 11c

Men's White Hdkis 2½c

Men's Derby Hats 12½c

Men's Kid Gloves heavy 48c

Men's Outing Flannel Night Shirts, for clearance...

Men's White Cotton Underwear, good...

Men's Fedora Felt Hats, for clearance...

Boys' School suits, medium and dark patterns, now...

Men's silk or satin neckties in solids or clubs or bows, cut to...

WANTED—

WANTED-SITUATION TO DO GENERAL
housework; good plain cook; fond of child-
ren. Address N. box 15. **15**

WANTED - SITUATION BY A GIRL, 15
years of age, as factory helper. **15**

WANTED - SITUATION BY A GIRL, 15
years of age, as factory helper. **15**

WANTED-GENERAL HOUSEWORK BY A
woman of middle-age; good reference. 808
S. SPRING ST., room 19. **15**

WANTED-SITUATION AS SALESWOMAN,
some experience; references. Address F.
E. W. 436 S. HILL ST. **15**

WANTED-WIDOW WOULD LIKE **15**
position as bookkeeper or care of sick. 204 W.
SIXTH ST., room 19. **15**

WANTED-SITUATION AS HOUSEKEEPER
in private family or hotel. 514 GLADYS
AVE. **15**

WANTED-YOUNG GERMAN **125**
WOMAN **125**

Address 1504 W. 21ST ST. 15

WANTED
To Purchase.

WANTED—MODERN 6-TO 8-ROOM HOUSE, west of Main st.; give full particulars, location and price. Will pay cash as first payment nice 20-acre alfalfa land, near Burbank, with water, partly improved and \$100 to \$200 cash down. Address N. box 95, TIMES OFFICE. 15

WANTED—TO BUY OLD BICYCLE TIRES of all makes except pneumatic. Will pay cash for quarters for second-hand tires and casings and scientific tire repair work. **ORIENT CYCLERY,** opposite the postoffice, Chicago, Ill. 15

WANTED—ALL ABOUT HAVANA: Country surrounding, when, where and what to do in Havana for small investors; full information for 10 cents in stamps. Address **THE AMERICAN REALTY CO.,** 100 N. 3d St., Philadelphia, Pa. 15

WANTED—I HAVE A CASH CUSTOMER for from 20 to 60 acres of land, unimproved, south or southwest of city limits. Address **THE AMERICAN REALTY CO.,** 100 N. 3d St., Philadelphia, Pa. 15

BAYLEY, #206-S Frost Block, Second and Broadway.

WANTED—TO RENT HOUSE AND LOT, 5 TO 9 rooms; good location; will pay cash if a bargain; give location, price and full description. Address H. L. Allen, 1111 1/2 N. GEORGE ALLEN, general delivery, Los Angeles.

WANTED—30 OR 40 ACRES. WITH WATER plentiful for garden and grounds, located pleasantly for a home; no replies considered unless accompanied by a plan of the tract and lowest cash price. BOX 121, Long Beach. 15

WANTED—TO PURCHASE 7 TO 10-ROOM modern residence on Westlake Park way. Give full description and price; owners only. Address H. L. Allen, 1111 1/2 N. GEORGE ALLEN, general delivery, Los Angeles.

WANTED—\$3500. FROM-OWNER ONLY, 9 or 10-room modern home, southwest of Westlake; will give \$1000 cash and \$2500 mortgage. Address H. L. Allen, 1111 1/2 N. GEORGE ALLEN, general delivery, Los Angeles. N, box 41, TIMES OFFICE. 15

WANTED—TO BUY FURNISHED ROOMING house, 5 to 6 rooms, best location, rent number of rooms and price, which must be cheap; no agents. Address M. box 15, TIMES OFFICE. 15

WANTED—TO RENT WITH OPTION OF buying, 25 to 35 acres with 5 to 15 acres cottage on hills southwest of Los Angeles. Address M. box 13, TIMES OFFICE. 15

WANTED—THE BEST BARGAIN IN 5 OR 6- room cottage on the hills southwest that \$2000 to \$3000 cash will buy; no agents. Address H. L. Allen, 1111 1/2 N. GEORGE ALLEN, general delivery, Los Angeles. N, box 41, TIMES OFFICE. 15

WANTED - A FIRST-CLASS MAN WHO can secure territory for the best selling patent in America. Call Room 201, 218 S. Broadway.

WANTED - TO PURCHASE COTTAGES for removal; portable baker's oven 100 motor and shop fixtures to sell; steam laundry machinery. 327 S. HILL ST. 15

WANTED - PARTY WITH FEW THOUS- and willing to join a business proposition; give security; have power sold. Address N, box 3. TIMES OFFICE. 15

WANTED - A GOOD UPRIGHT" FIANO. Give me your suggestions and cash price. Must be a genuine bargain. Address M, box 46. TIMES OFFICE. 15

WANTED - AT ONCE FOR CASH, LIGHT and heavy suits, suits prepared; state where can be seen and lowest price. Address N, box 30. TIMES OFFICE. 15

WANTED - A ROOMY ROOM COTTAGE, new and modern, not to exceed \$2000 in walking distance of Normal School. Address 150 S. 10th St. 15

WANTED—FURNITURE, CARPETS, BABY-
buggies and all kinds of miscellaneous ar-
ticles. MATTHEWS pays the cash. 454
Broad Street. Phone 1000.

WANTED—\$1800 FOR 7-ROOM COTTAGE;
my plans; between Pico and 10th. Pearl
and 12th. Address 1000 10th. Address
O. box 32. TIMES OFFICE. 15

WANTED—BUSINESS PROPERTY WITH
business from \$2500 to \$4500; will give
for good clean property. Address
box 7. TIMES OFFICE. 15

WANTED — HOUSES, LOTS, AT H. A.
and 10th. Address 1000 10th. Address
O. box 32. TIMES OFFICE. 15

WANTED TO PURCHASE FROM OWNER
AND SELLER TO CASH, large lot of south-
west. Installments. Address O. box 32,
TIMES OFFICE. 15

WANTED TO PURCHASE IRON SAFE;
name best cash figure and where can be
found. Address 1000 10th. Address
O. box 32. TIMES OFFICE. 15

WANTED - ADDRESS O. box 55, TIMES OFFICE. 15
 WANTED - TO PURCHASE GOOD BUILDING lots; will give 10 acres fruit land and cash. Address O. box 77, TIMES OFFICE. 15
 WANTED - AN OPPORTUNITY TO FIGURE your brickwork; satisfaction assured. PHILIP J. HARRIS, 107 S. 10th St. 15
 WANTED - WILL PAY \$650 SPOT CASH for good lot near Westlake; state location. Address K. box 23, TIMES OFFICE. 15
 WANTED - TO PURCHASE AT BARGAIN, good, eight light place. Address K. box 23, TIMES OFFICE. 15
 WANTED - PARTY WITH SMALL CAPITAL to buy building near Westlake. Address M. box 71, TIMES OFFICE. 15
 WANTED - TO BUY A GOOD LAUNDRY

wagon or wagon similar. Address, with
 price, M. box 50. TIMES OFFICE. 15
 WANTED—FOR CASH, S.P.R.R. LAND
 100 acres, 1 mile from town. M. EX-
 TERLER & CO., 204 Wilcox building. 15
 WANTED—100 HIVES OF BEES, CHEAP
 for cash. Call on or address WM. F.
 McDONALD, 34 1/4 S. Spring. 15
 WANTED—TO PURCHASE A GOOD SING-
 ing hens, Call or address 2713 E. 520-
 OND ST., Boyle Heights. 15
 WANTED—I WILL PAY \$250 TO \$350 CASH
 per acre for 2 to 3 acres on car line. SEY-
 MOR, 34 S. Broadway. 15
 WANTED—TO RENT 6-OR 8-ROOM COT-
 tage south or southeast. Address M.
 box 24, TIMES OFFICE. 15

WANTED—OLD DOORS AND WINDOWS,
plate glass, store fixtures, showcases, etc.
116 E. FIFTH ST. 15

WANTED—25 TO 50 FEET ON BROADWAY,
between 10th and 10th. Address L. 15

29, TIMES OFFICE. 15

WANTED TO BUY OR RENT 5-ROOM
cottage; would exchange. Address O, box
83, TIMES OFFICE. 15

WANTED — TO BUY LAUNDRY ROUTE;
state particulars. Address M, box
15, TIMES OFFICE. 15

WANTED TO PURCHASE A LAUNDRY
route. Call 9 to 11. ROOM 15, California
Bldg. 15

ELUCUTION AND PHYSICAL TRAINING
MRS. VIRGINIA PAULS

Spring st. 15
WANTED-WHITE ENAMELED DRESSER
and commode. Address N. box 81, TIMES
OFFICE. 15
WANTED-ROLL-TOP DESK AND CHAIRS
cheap for cash. Address M. box 51, TIMES
OFFICE. 15
WANTED-TO PURCHASE GOOD SAFE;
will pay cash. Address N. box 64, TIMES
OFFICE. 15
WANTED-AN IRON SAFE AND OFFICE
desk for cash. Address N. box 24, TIMES
OFFICE. 15
WANTED-TO PURCHASE TEN SQUARE
pianos at once. ROBINSON, 301 S. Broad-
way. 15
WANTED - ROLL-TOP DESK OFFICE

WANTED-TO PURCHASE AN ENGLISH
or Australian saddle. P.O. BOX 928, city.

Liners.

TO LET—

Rooms.

TO LET—A SUITE OF 4 FINE WELLS furnished rooms, very centrally located, at 435 S. Spring st. by the single room or in suites; with private bath and closets, very cheap. Apply to H. M. WALLACE, in the W.C.T.U. building, corner Broadway and Temple sts.

TO LET—A BEAUTIFUL LARGE FRONT room, bay window, sunny day; bath, parlor, piano, excellent home table; fresh cream, speciality; residence, very nice grounds; barn; board and room, \$25 and \$30 per month. 621 S. MAIN.

TO LET—IN ANY LOCALITY YOU DESIRE rooms, furnished or unfurnished. This is the only room-renting office in this city. See MOUR, 215 Broadway. Phone Main 1245.

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS at reasonable rates, near the city, transient and delivery stores in the city; and close to business center; first class only. SUNNYSIDE, 215 N. Broadway.

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED front suites; complete for housekeeping; single rooms from \$1 to \$2 per week to respectable parties only. The SAN JULIAN, 405 1/2 E. Fifth st.

TO LET—2 UNFURNISHED SUNNY ROOMS, with closet, pantry and sink, in cottage in nice locality and within easy walking distance of business part of town; rent \$4. 625 N. GRAND AVE.

TO LET—2 SUNNY PARLORS, FURNISHED complete for housekeeping; also 2 or 3 unfurnished rooms, with grate, parlor, sink, screen porch. LOS ANGELES, Seventh; lower bell.

TO LET—SOUTH FRONT FURNISHED sunny room; grate, folding bed; folding couch; gas cooking; electric lights; housekeeping; very cheap; half-block north Courthouse, 34 BUNN VISTA.

TO LET—FOR LADIES, 2 SUNNY rooms, completely furnished for housekeeping; rent reasonable, at 1931 BARNARD PARK, cor. Washington and 7th Aves.

TO LET—VERY LIGHT, AIRY, ALL OUTSIDE rooms, single or en suite; housekeeping privileges if desired; to be in new bathroom. 629 S. LOS ANGELES ST.

TO LET—PARLOR, BEDROOM, DINING room, kitchen and bath, completely furnished; rent only \$12 per month to responsible parties. Apply 123 CALIFORNIA ST.

TO LET—10; THREE LARGE SUNNY FURNISHED housekeeping rooms; bath, closets; modern conveniences; in nice locality. VALENCIA ST., Pico or Tracton cars.

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS, MANILA HOUSE, cor. Sixth and S. Spring. Sunny rooms, single or en suite, with private bath. Terms very reasonable.

TO LET—UNFURNISHED SUNNY FRONT room, and bedroom, completely furnished if desired. \$15. Also nice bedroom, furnished. 425 W. NINTH ST.

TO LET—FOR SALE, A THIRD reduction, 25% of first-class, close in, splendidly appointed quarters. Address O. box 51, TIMES OFFICE.

TO LET—S. SOTO ST. BOYLE HEIGHTS, 2 rooms, suitable for light housekeeping; ladies only; references required. Address N. box 28, TIMES OFFICE.

TO LET—BEAUTIFUL FRONT BAY-WINDOW room in hotel, with elegant piano, for 2 or 3 months, while lady is away. Address O. box 31, TIMES OFFICE.

TO LET—THE OXFORD, CENTRALLY located sunny suite or single rooms; reasonable electric lights; everything first class. 214 W. FIFTH ST.

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS FOR housekeeping, \$2 per week; also other furnished rooms, 44 NORTH BEAULY AVE. Take Temple car.

TO LET—TO RESPONSIBLE PARTIES, handsomely furnished 6-room cottage; fine location, \$80 per month. Address O. box 10, TIMES OFFICE.

TO LET—2 YOUNG MEN CAN GET BOARD and room together in private family, \$2.50 each, minutes' walk from postoffice. 535 CROCKER ST.

TO LET—LARGEST AND FINEST UNFURNISHED rooms in city, with light, heat, gas, and water; references required. 401 GRAND AVE.

TO LET—NEWLY FURNISHED, SUNNY room, en suite, with private bath; housekeeping privileges; prices \$3 up. 625 1/2 S. SPRING ST.

TO LET—LARGE FURNISHED FRONT room, with closet in private family, 2 minutes' walk from Courthouse, 514 CALIFORNIA ST.

TO LET—LARGE ROOMS, COMPLETELY furnished for housekeeping; pleasant neighborhood, close to cars. Apply 808 GARLAND AVE.

TO LET—A SUITE OF TWO FURNISHED rooms, sunny and west view, moderate prices. SOUTHWEST HOTEL, cor. 5th and Broadway.

TO LET—WANTED 3 OR 4 GENTLEMEN to rent elegant sunny rooms, with bath and fireplace, 11 COLONIAL FLATS, Broadway and Eighth.

TO LET—DESIRABLE ROOM WELL FURNISHED, good table; convenient to Tracton line; pleasant surroundings. 128 W. 30TH ST.

TO LET—SUNNY SUITE OF 3 ROOMS, bath, fireplace, and private bath; single room, 11 COLONIAL FLATS, Broadway and Eighth.

TO LET—A COUPLE TO SHARE FURNISHED cottage, with rent reasonable; reference. 102 W. 27TH ST. University car.

TO LET—LARGE SUNNY ROOMS FOR housekeeping, also single rooms; rent reasonable. THE ARMOUR, 1319 S. Grand ave.

TO LET—ROOMS FOR LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING; also single rooms; rent reasonable. THE ROCHESTER, 1012 Temple.

TO LET—A SUNNY FRONT ROOM, FURNISHED for light housekeeping, \$5 per month. 119 W. NINTH, bet. Spring and Broadway.

TO LET—DESIRABLE SUNNY, UNFURNISHED room, private bath; housekeeping or housekeeping. 309 W. SEVENTH.

TO LET—DESIRABLE FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED housekeeping rooms; adults only. Call Monday, 755 S. Broadway.

TO LET—THE HAWTHORN, 725 S. Hill st.; front location; sunny; rooms single or en suite; private bath; furnace heat.

TO LET—BRIGHT, SUNNY ROOMS, with excellent table board, a first-class family hotel. THE LIVINGSTON, 300 S. Hill st.

TO LET—VERY PLEASANT, SUNNY, large front housekeeping rooms; reasonable. 124 E. FOURTH ST.

TO LET—UNFURNISHED SUITE, \$3.50; also furnished rooms, sunny and bright. THE ST. LAWRENCE, 655 S. Main.

TO LET—FURNISHED HOUSEKEEPING rooms, 3 rooms, cook stove and gasline, separate entrance. 513 W. SECOND.

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS for light housekeeping, or 3 connecting rooms, 526 MAPLE AVE.

TO LET—FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED rooms, with or without board; room and board 14 weekly. 1012 Temple.

TO LET—FURNISHED, SUNNY FRONT room, private residence; all conveniences; trees, flowers and lawn. 926 Hill.

TO LET—THE KENWOOD, NICELY FURNISHED rooms, modern, single or en suite; all sunny. 619 W. NINTH ST.

TO LET—AT THE WATAGA, 125 N. Broadway, 2nd floor, sunny and quiet rooms large, neat; good beds.

TO LET—

Rooms.

TO LET—FURNISHED SUNNY PARLOR suite; private house; lovely location and surroundings. 524 W. Hill.

TO LET—2 CONNECTED PLEASANT UNFURNISHED rooms and large pantry, bath, etc. 825 W. WALL ST.

TO LET—3 ROOMS ON GROUND FLOOR, furnished for housekeeping; 2 beds, reasonable terms. 325 S. HILL.

TO LET—2 UNFURNISHED ROOMS FOR housekeeping. Call Sunday forenoon, 225 E. SEVENTH.

TO LET—2 NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS, en suite or single; housekeeping privileges. 263 1/2 BROADWAY.

TO LET—UNFURNISHED ROOM FOR housekeeping, 168 E. FIFTH ST., corner Fifth and Main St.

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOM, with grate; housekeeping privileges; close in. 724 S. SPRING.

TO LET—3 FURNISHED ROOMS FOR housekeeping; nice stove in kitchen. 24 N. HILL ST.

TO LET—638 S. HILL, LARGE FURNISHED front room, suitable for light housekeeping; adults only.

TO LET—PRIVATE FAMILY HAS PLEASANT furnished rooms, close in; reasonable. 126 N. 1/2 S. HILL.

TO LET—NEW EIGHT-ROOM HOUSE; rent reasonable. Take Tracton car. 2738 VERNON AVE.

WANTED—A SAFE, DIEBOLD OR MOSLER, medium size. Address N. box 15, TIMES OFFICE.

TO LET—ROOMS; 60 ROOMS, NEW BLOCK, modern; white; sunny, \$4 per month. 420 N. MAIN ST.

TO LET—FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED rooms for housekeeping, cheap. 635 E. 10TH ST.

TO LET—TWO ROOMS FURNISHED FOR housekeeping; will be ready Tuesday. 324 S. LIVE ST.

TO LET—2 W. PICO ST., 2 PARLORS for housekeeping, cheap; bath and conveniences.

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS, HOUSEKEEPING; range and grate. 412 TEMPLE ST.

TO LET—UNFURNISHED; A NICE LARGE room, excellent location on car line. 563 S. HOPE.

TO LET—A NICELY FURNISHED ROOM, large, clean, bath, gas, \$5 per month. 530 N. 1/2 S. HILL.

TO LET—PLEASANT ROOM WITH BOARD in refined home; modern; reasonable rate. 125 HOPE.

TO LET—SUITE OF FURNISHED ROOMS for light housekeeping. 215 S. BUNKER HILL AVE.

TO LET—TWO OR THREE UNFURNISHED rooms, bath and pantry. 616 1/2 S. SIXTH ST.

TO LET—LARGE, SUNNY ROOMS; HOT and cold water and bath. Apply 625 W. SIXTH ST.

TO LET—NEWLY FURNISHED ROOMS; also rooms for light housekeeping. 235 E. SEVENTH.

TO LET—NEWLY FURNISHED, SUNNY rooms, cheap; gentleman preferred. 118 N. HILL ST.

TO LET—NEWLY FURNISHED SUNNY room, quiet family; opposite postoffice. 5 S. MAIN.

TO LET—LARGE SUNNY ROOMS, WELL furnished; \$2.50 to \$2.50 per week. 505 1/2 S. SIXTH ST.

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED FRONT room; business woman preferred. 1324 S. O. box 31, TIMES OFFICE.

TO LET—NICE FRONT ROOM FOR 1 OR 2 gentlemen; very reasonable price. 542 S. HILL ST.

TO LET—1 OR 2 BEAUTIFUL SUNNY rooms, furnished or unfurnished. 416 TEMPLE.

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED, SUNNY room, \$4 per month. No. 5 TEMPLE COURT.

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED SUNNY rooms, single or en suite, at 315 1/2 W. SECOND.

TO LET—1 ROOM, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED, for housekeeping. 543 S. FLOW. 8TH ST.

TO LET—A FEW MORE SUNNY, BEAUTIFULLY furnished rooms, at VILLA ROSA, 321 N. Hill.

TO LET—THE CLIFTON, FURNISHED room, central, \$1.50 up. 231 N. BROADWAY.

TO LET—3 OR 4 UNFURNISHED ROOMS for housekeeping. 329 S. BUNKER HILL.

TO LET—4 ROOMS, COMPLETELY FURNISHED for housekeeping. 447 S. BROADWAY.

TO LET—TWO ELEGANT FRONT ROOMS, furnished or unfurnished. 322 S. SPRING ST.

TO LET—1 FURNISHED AND 2 UNFURNISHED rooms; very cheap. 126 N. SPRING ST.

TO LET—SEVERAL NICE SUNNY ROOMS, furnished or unfurnished. 125 E. TENTH ST.

TO LET—3 UNFURNISHED SUNNY ROOMS for light housekeeping. 1068 S. FLOWER ST.

TO LET—FINE, SUNNY ROOM, NEW house, first floor, hot bath. 332 S. OLIVE.

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS, NEW AND bright; also single rooms; rent reasonable. 1012 Temple.

TO LET—FINE ROOMS; FINE LOCATION; 8 and up. The MACKENZIE, 87 1/2 S. Spring.

TO LET—PLEASANT ROOM WITH BOARD and second floor. 340 S. SIXTH ST.

TO LET—IN BEAUTIFUL HOME, ROOMS with or without board. 871 FIGUEROA.

TO LET—

Rooms.

TO LET—S. P. CRESINGER, 215 S. Broadway.

HOUSES TO RENT, FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED, IN ALL PARTS OF THE CITY. BEST LOCATIONS.

I HAVE FURNISHED: 6-room cottage, 2111 at near Main. 6-room cottage, fine location, 25. A. A. 11-room house, modern, furnace heat, Figueroa st. 7-room cottage, S. Hill. 9-room house, beautiful home, S. Hope. 6-room house, modern, W. Adams. 3 rooms, light housekeeping, S. Hope, close in.

36 rooms, new and modern hotel, furnished, Pasadena; fine location; terms right to good and reliable party.

15 acres, near Hill Ave., near First. 350-acre stock ranch, Los Angeles county. The call for furnished houses on the heights. Call for furnished houses on the heights. Call for furnished houses on the heights.

TO LET—3 FURNISHED ROOMS FOR housekeeping; nice stove in kitchen. 24 N. HILL ST.

TO LET—638 S. HILL, LARGE FURNISHED front room, suitable for light housekeeping; adults only.

TO LET—PRIVATE FAMILY HAS PLEASANT furnished rooms, close in; reasonable. 126 N. 1/2 S. HILL.

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TO LET—A NICELY FURNISHED ROOM, large, clean, bath, gas, \$5 per month. 530 N. 1/2 S. HILL.

TO LET—PLEASANT ROOM WITH BOARD in refined home; modern; reasonable rate. 125 HOPE.

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TO LET—NEWLY FURNISHED, SUNNY rooms, cheap; gentleman preferred. 118 N. HILL ST.

TO LET—NEWLY FURNISHED SUNNY room, quiet family; opposite postoffice. 5 S. MAIN.

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TO LET—4 ROOMS, COMPLETELY FURNISHED for housekeeping. 447 S. BROADWAY.

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TO LET—SEVERAL NICE SUNNY ROOMS, furnished or unfurnished. 125 E. TENTH ST.

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TO LET—FINE, SUNNY ROOM, NEW house, first floor, hot bath. 332 S. OLIVE.

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS, NEW AND bright; also single rooms; rent reasonable. 1012 Temple.

TO LET—FINE ROOMS; FINE LOCATION; 8 and up. The MACKENZIE, 87 1/2 S. Spring.

TO LET—PLEASANT ROOM WITH BOARD and second floor. 340 S. SIXTH ST.

TO LET—IN BEAUTIFUL HOME, ROOMS with or without board. 871 FIGUEROA.

TO LET—

Rooms.

TO LET—A NEAT, CONVENIENTLY ARRANGED 8-room cottage; newly painted and papered, cellar, stable, etc. etc. etc. rent \$15. Inquire 259 S. SPRING ST.

WANTED—A COMFORTABLE COTTAGE 5 rooms and bath, with barn for six horses; rent \$10. Inquire 259 S. SPRING ST.

TO LET—6 ROOM COTTAGE, LARGE LOT, barn, water free, \$10 per month, on car line only. DIBBLE, 306 W. Second st.

TO LET—5 ROOM COTTAGE, BRAND-NEW, porcelain bath, sewer connection, close in; street, 306 W. Second st. Inquire 117 N. BUNKER HILL AVE.

TO LET—12 INCLUDING WATER, COZY place; also a new 8-room cottage, near Tracton car. ERNEST G. TAYLOR, room 412 Broadway building.

TO LET—UNFURNISHED, 3 LARGE sunny rooms, 2 baths, 2 grates, large lawn, flowers, etc. Seventh-st. cars. 628 BUNN VISTA.

TO LET—NEAT 4 ROOM COTTAGE ON Hill st., near First; rent \$12 per month. Apply to J. LOCKWOOD, room 23, No. 306 SPRING ST.

TO LET—NICE, MODERN 5 ROOM COTTAGE, very convenient; every way desirable; close in. \$13.50. Address M. box 16, TIMES OFFICE.

TO LET—MODERN 6 ROOM FLAT, TWO blocks from Times Office, 115 N. Olive st. 6-room house, large yard, barn, 118 S. OLIVE ST.

TO LET—420; 10 ROOM 2-STORY MODERN house, well located, good for two families or for large house; shade, gas, shed, 305 E. EIGHTH ST.

TO LET—IF YOU WANT TO RENT YOUR house, call on me. I can get you the best list with R. E. MUNCY, 119 S. Broadway.

TO LET—CHEAP, NEW, MODERN COTTAGE, 4 rooms, bath, hot water, near car line. Inquire 1402 PRIMROSE AVE. (Ave. 28).

TO LET—468 S. FLOWER, 5 ROOMS, stable, nice place, low rent; 6 rooms, stable, close in. \$8. 306 BYRNE BLK. Inquire 1402 PRIMROSE AVE.

TO LET—A LODGING-HOUSE OF 21 rooms, 24 furnished except linen; will give long lease. Inquire at 954 W. 18TH ST.

TO LET—1315 COUNCIL ST., 3 ROOM 2-story house, modern, bath, 14 months, apply C. B. MILLER, 119 S. Spring st.

TO LET—3 ROOMS, MODERN, PINE CONSTRUCTION, modern, bath, 14 months, apply C. B. MILLER, 119 S. Spring st.

TO LET—11 ROOM 2-STORY DWELLING, 517 S. Broadway, large yard, barn, etc. R. E. MUNCY, 119 S. Broadway.

TO LET—MODERN 8 ROOM HOUSE, FINE, high location; close in; low rent to good tenant. Address 1140 INGRAM ST.

TO LET—CROCKER ST., COTTAGE OF 4 rooms, bath, modern, barn, rent \$15; papered; rent \$13, including water. 15

TO LET—1320 WINNIE, 6 ROOMS, MODERN, 400 W. Adams, modern, modern, EDW. C. CRIBB, 215 Broadway.

TO LET—UNFURNISHED, 1125 W. 30TH ST., new and convenient; also 1081 W. 36th st. Inquire 1402 PRIMROSE AVE.

TO LET—5 ROOM, MODERN COTTAGE, neat house, lawns, flowers, near Pico car line. 1500 MAGNOLIA AVE.

TO LET—NEW LEASE, NEW 5 ROOM house, Menlo ave. E. WHITMAN, 414 1/2 S. SPRING STREET.

TO LET—A NEW MODERN DOUBLE COTTAGE, 4 rooms, bath, hot water, 415 N. COR. 11TH AND GEORGIA.

TO LET—5 ROOM COTTAGE, 623 W. 21ST ST., modern, cheap good tenant. Inquire 1348 GEORGIA.

TO LET—A 3 ROOM HOUSE ON THE REAR of lot No. 223 CENTRAL AVE., at 21st and Broadway.

TO LET—NEW, MODERN 5 ROOM COTTAGE and stable, 133 W. 36th st., \$12.50 a month, with water.

TO LET—5 ROOMS, NEWLY FURNISHED, bath, \$15, including water. 15-17-19 GLADYS AVE.

TO LET—LATEST ARRIVALS, 3 CARLTONS, 400 W. Adams, modern, modern, EDW. C. CRIBB, 215 Broadway.

TO LET—ON BOYLE HEIGHTS, HOUSES with or without cold water, between Boyle and State st. 15

TO LET—6 ROOM HOUSE, 754 S. OLIVE, water free. S. W. HINCKLEY, 650 Cere Ave.

TO LET—MODERN 8 ROOM HOUSE, 515 W. Pico st., near Tracton line. OWNER, 615 W. PICO ST.

TO LET—6 ROOM COTTAGE FOR PERSON'S BOARD. T

MONEY TO LOAN—

UNION LOAN CO.
Rooms 11-12-13, STIMSON BLOCK.
Loans made on all kinds of collateral security, watches, diamonds, life insurance policies, furniture and pianos. Personal, business, strictly confidential; private office for ladies. Tel. main 1651. Reference, Citizens' Bank.

TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST COMPANY, 1000 Broadway, 10th floor, Los Angeles, Cal. Capital stock, \$500,000; paid up, \$400,000. Directors—Wm. H. Allen, Jr., president; M. J. Shandland, vice-president; J. H. Clark, secretary and treasurer; S. P. Brand, manager; Frank A. Gibson, W. S. Gavel, C. W. O'Melveny, T. D. Stinson, Wm. H. Stants, Dr. C. B. Jones. This company insures against loss of title to real estate, and acts as trustee, guardian, executor, administrator, receiver, assignee, etc.

TO LOAN—MONEY AT 7 PER CENT.
Less than half the rates other charge on all kinds of collateral security, diamonds, pianos and household furniture. Let me know how much you want, what security you have, how long you need it, and I will call on you. Investigate the others and then try me. BROKER, 1000 Broadway, 10th floor, Los Angeles.

TO LOAN—MONEY IN LARGE OR SMALL amounts, at lower rates of interest than others charge on all kinds of collateral security, diamonds, pianos and household furniture. Let me know how much you want, what security you have, how long you need it, and I will call on you. Investigate the others and then try me. BROKER, 1000 Broadway, 10th floor, Los Angeles.

TO LOAN—MONEY ON DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, PIANOS, FURNITURE, and all kinds of collateral security. We will loan you more money, less interest, and hold your goods longer than any other company. Appraisers, middlemen or bill of sale; tickets issued; storage free in our warehouse. Let me know what you need, and I will call on you. BROKER, 1000 Broadway, 10th floor, Los Angeles.

MONEY TO LOAN ON ALL KINDS OF PERSONAL security, diamonds, watches, pianos, furniture, and household furniture. Let me know how much you want, what security you have, how long you need it, and I will call on you. Investigate the others and then try me. BROKER, 1000 Broadway, 10th floor, Los Angeles.

A BARREL OF MONEY TO LOAN ON DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, PIANOS, FURNITURE, and all kinds of collateral security. Let me know how much you want, what security you have, how long you need it, and I will call on you. Investigate the others and then try me. BROKER, 1000 Broadway, 10th floor, Los Angeles.

THE SYNDICATE LOAN CO.—MONEY loaned on all kinds of collateral security; notes and mortgages bought and sold; loans quick and confidential. We loan our own money. Rooms 2-3, 1254 S. Spring st. Tel. M. 353. GEO. L. MILLS, manager.

\$750,000 TO LOAN—LOWEST RATES.
R. G. LUNT, agent the German Savings and Loan Society, 140 S. Broadway, Helman Block.

LOANS MADE TO SALARIED PEOPLE holding permanent positions, without security except the salary. Easy payments; no publicity. TRADES' TRUST CO., 1000 Broadway, 10th floor, Los Angeles.

WANTED—MONEY, \$200, \$500, \$1000, \$2500. We have a number of good city loans at 8 per cent. net. See us regarding same. POINDEXTER WADSWORTH, 200 S. Broadway, 10th floor, Los Angeles.

MONEY TO LOAN ON IMPROVED REAL ESTATE; easy terms; interest decreases as you pay. STATE NAT'L BLDG. AND LOAN ASSOCIATION, 141 S. Broadway.

POINDEXTER & WADSWORTH, ROOM 308, Wilcox Building, lend money on any good real estate; building loans made. If you wish to lend or borrow, call on us.

\$500,000 TO LOAN AT 5 TO 7 PER CENT. net on choice city residence or business property. F. C. STOKY, Helman Block, 122 W. Third st.

TO LOAN—\$250 TO \$50,000 ON CITY OR country real estate. LEE A. MCNEILL & CO., real estate and loans, Frost Bldg., 141 S. Broadway.

TRUST FUNDS—To loan on improved business property at low rate of interest. Address N. box 68, TIMES OFFICE.

MONEY LOANED ON MORTGAGE, moderate interest, easy payments; no publicity. CHAS. LANTZ, lawyer, room 408, Ryland Block.

N. P. BAILEY, FROST BLOCK, SECOND and Broadway, lend money on any good real estate; building loans made. If you wish to lend or borrow, call on us.

\$500,000 TO LOAN AT 5 TO 7 PER CENT. net on choice city residence or business property. F. C. STOKY, Helman Block, 122 W. Third st.

TO LOAN—\$250 TO \$50,000 ON CITY OR country real estate. LEE A. MCNEILL & CO., real estate and loans, Frost Bldg., 141 S. Broadway.

STOCKS AND BONDS—

FOR SALE—SHARES IN MINING COMPANY on monthly installments or cash; the best known yet; entirely new idea; great prospects of success. For complete information, address N. box 109, TIMES OFFICE.

I HAVE THE EXCLUSIVE SALE OF \$50,000 worth of the Consolidated Gold and Silver Mining Co. stock, payable in gold coin; they are strictly first-class. A. H. CONGER, Wilcox Block, Los Angeles 20.

100 POINTS ADVANCE WILL SELL 100K TON place in a stock now selling below 10. Full information will be sent free to those who communicate with me at once. A. S. N. 1000 Broadway, 10th floor, Los Angeles.

YET HAVE SOME HARRISON & STEWART oil stock to sell cheap; Old Dominion at 2 1/2; Revenue at 8; Hand Mountain at 8 1/2 per 100. PARSONS & HAWKINS, 24 Wilcox Block.

FOR SALE—100 SHARES OF FIRST-CLASS stock; must be sold this month; its reference will be the bank. MACKNIGHT & COMPANY, 1000 Broadway, 10th floor, Los Angeles.

WILL PAY 10 CENTS (\$100) FOR 10,000 more shares of CENTEX delivery, 1000 Broadway, 10th floor, Los Angeles.

FOR SALE—\$4000: LOS ANGELES CITY & COUNTY bonds, 1000 Broadway, 10th floor, Los Angeles.

DR. MINNIE WELLS, OFFICE 127E, THIRD, Hours 10 to 4. Consult free and experienced doctor of nearly 25 years' practice; gives advice on all diseases; all forms of electricity; 15 years in city. "Dr. Minnie Wells is well known, reliable, and successful in all diseases of women and children; consultation hours, 10 to 4 p.m. 127E, Third St., Los Angeles.

DR. J. S. BROWN, 103 AVENUE 23, EAST Los Angeles. Confinement cases; 10 to 4 p.m. 103 Avenue 23, East Los Angeles.

DR. NEWLAND'S PRIVATE HOME FOR ladies before and during confinement; everything first-class; special attention paid to obstetrical cases and all diseases of women and children; consultation hours, 10 to 4 p.m. 127E, Third St., Los Angeles.

DR. REBECCA LEE DORSEY, ROOMS 134-135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

DR. MINNIE WELLS, OFFICE 127E, THIRD, Hours 10 to 4. Consult free and experienced doctor of nearly 25 years' practice; gives advice on all diseases; all forms of electricity; 15 years in city. "Dr. Minnie Wells is well known, reliable, and successful in all diseases of women and children; consultation hours, 10 to 4 p.m. 127E, Third St., Los Angeles.

THE TIMES—

Weekly Circulation Statement, STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES, 88:
Personally appeared before me, Harry Chandler, general manager of the Times-Mirror Company, who, being duly sworn, deposes and says that the daily bona fide circulation of the Times for each day of the week ended January 14, 1939, were as follows:

Sunday, January 8, 1939.	32,700
Monday, " 9, " "	32,750
Tuesday, " 10, " "	32,850
Wednesday, " 11, " "	32,950
Thursday, " 12, " "	32,920
Friday, " 13, " "	32,880
Saturday, " 14, " "	32,920
Total for the week.	109,700
Daily average for the week.	24,207

(Signed) HARRY CHANDLER, General Manager of the Times-Mirror Company, who, being duly sworn, deposes and says that the above is a true and correct statement of the bona fide circulation of the Times for each day of the week ended January 14, 1939.

(Signed) THOMAS L. CHAPIN, Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

NOTE.—THE TIMES is a seven-day paper. The above average, viz., 109,700 copies, issued by us during the seven days of the week ending January 14, 1939, is based on a six-day evening paper, give a daily average circulation for each week-day of 28,311 copies.

THE TIMES is the only Los Angeles paper which has regularly published sworn statements of its circulation, both gross and net, weekly, monthly and yearly, during the past several years. Advertisers have the right to know the circulation of the paper in which they place their advertisements, and this THE TIMES gives them correctly, from time to time; and it furthermore guarantees that the circulation of THE TIMES regularly exceeds the circulation of any other Los Angeles newspaper.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

Reliable Business Houses Of Los Angeles.

ADDRESSING DONE.
Circulars, envelopes and postal cards addressed. List of names to be typed. E. W. H. 247 South Broadway, Tel. M. 1561.

COW AND SHEEP MANURE
One ton equal to 5 tons of stable manure. Good for all crops. Good for all crops. Write for prices. LEVY, 120 Henne Bldg., Los Angeles.

CROSS "S" FEED AND FUEL
YARD. First-class Hay, Grain, Coal and Wood always at bottom prices. Figueira Street. Tel. West 211. SHATTUCK & DESMOND.

HAY THERE!!!
We ship hay to all towns in So. Calif. and all parts of America. ARIZONA HAY & GRAIN CO., 377 S. Los Angeles Street.

Advertisements in this column.
Terms and information can be had at L. C. NEWITT, 247 South Broadway.

LOST, STRAYED, And Found.
BETWEEN TWO ALPINE ST. a small boy's gray overcoat. Please return to 1824 S. MAIN ST. 15

FOUND—A LIGHT BAY HORSE. OWNER can have by calling and proving property. 1915 DOWNEY AVE. 15

FOUND—AN AIR GUN NEAR CORNER of Hope and Court. Address N. box 82, TIMES OFFICE. 15

MODELS.
And Model Makers.
GOLDMAN & SON, MODEL-MAKERS; inventors' experimental machinery made; music boxes and complicated machinery repaired. 637 S. BROADWAY.

INDIAN'S FATE.
Capital Punishment Among a Primitive Mexican Tribe.
[Mexico Two Republics.] Speaking of primitive law among the Mexican Indians brings to mind a most curious case that was told to me some time ago in the State of Oaxaca by an old Zapotecan chief, who had become a convert to Christianity. He said that a long while ago an American tourist was traveling through the mountains of Oaxaca studying the rare and beautiful flora of the region. He had with him a moccasin from another part of the country.

He carried several gold pieces sewed in the lining of his jacket. The moccasin was a small one, and he found the tourist to be a very kind and generous man. The tourist took the gold pieces and fled to the higher Sierras.

Not long after the body was found by some Zapotecan Indians who had seen the moccasin. They found the body of the tourist, and they found the gold pieces. They took the gold pieces and fled to the higher Sierras.

Then the chief gave the sentence. It was a death sentence. The tourist was found guilty of murder. The chief said that the tourist had killed a man. The chief said that the tourist had killed a man.

Very Likely.
[Redlands Facts.] By the Peris correspondence of the Riverside Press are the facts of the case of the tourist who was found guilty of murder. The tourist was found guilty of murder.

FOUND—A PURSE CONTAINING money, business cards, etc. Owner can get it by proving property and paying for this ad. Call at 127E, Third St. 15

FOUND—A BURKIN THEATER, Thursday evening, a tan purse with diamond earrings and some opals. If found, leave at 127E, Third St. 15

FOUND—ON BOYLE HEIGHTS, POINTER dog, white and liver color. Return to G. A. PROCTOR, 417 Bailey st., receive reward. 15

FOUND—A BAY FILLY, 3 WEEKS OLD; blanketed; white hind feet. Reward for any information. 920 W. ARADO ST. 15

Good-Bye, Rheumatism.

The Right Remedy Will Banish It Forever.

If you would forever be rid of the aches and pains, and sometimes the tortures produced by Rheumatism, you must take the right remedy. Those who continue to suffer are relying upon remedies which do not reach their trouble. The doctor's treatment always consists of potash and mercury, which only intensify the disease, causing the joints to stiffen and the bones to ache, besides seriously impairing the digestive organs.

Rheumatism is a disordered state of the blood, and the only cure for it is a real blood remedy. Swift's Specific (S. S.) goes down to the very bottom of all diseases of the blood, and promptly cures such that other remedies cannot reach.

Mr. E. K. S. Clinkenbeard, a prominent attorney of Mt. Sterling, Ky., writes: "Two years ago I was a great sufferer from Rheumatism. I had tried every remedy I could hear of except S. S. I had been to Hot Springs, Ark., where I remained for twelve weeks under treatment, but I experienced no permanent relief, and returned home, believing that I would be a sufferer as long as I lived. At a time when my pains were almost unbearable, I

chanced to read your advertisement and was impressed with it so much that I decided to try S. S. I took eleven bottles and was entirely relieved of all pain and cured permanently. When I began to take S. S. I was unable to sit or stand with any ease, and could not sleep. Since taking the Rheumatism, and I take great pleasure in recommending S. S. to any one who has the misfortune to suffer with this disabling disease."

S. S. is the only cure for Rheumatism, which is the most stubborn of blood diseases. It is not intended to give relief only, but by completely neutralizing the acid condition of the blood it forces out every trace of the disease and rids the system of it forever. It is

Purely Vegetable and one thousand dollars reward is offered to any chemist who can prove that it contains a particle of mercury, potash, or any other mineral ingredient. S. S. is the only blood remedy guaranteed to be absolutely free from mineral mixtures.

Books sent free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

THE BONANZA RABBITRY.

The Best Appointed in America. Capacity Four thousand.

Belgian Hares Exclusively.
FOR SALE.
Foundation stock to establish herds and choice specimens for exhibition. Seven distinct strains of blood; stock mated not akin; price \$10.00—the only book published giving four years' detailed instructions in every department of this new industry.

ELMER L. PLATT.
630 S. Grand View ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Gold Bug at 9 months; weight 11 pounds.

A LION HUNTER.
He Shoots Big Game With a Small Twenty-two Caliber Rifle.

[Globe, Ariz., Times.] Florence Packard, who lives in Greenback Valley, Cal., has a remarkable record as a hunter of mountain lions. He has killed scores of them, and last year alone his record was thirty-three scalps. The mountain lions of Arizona are most destructive to herds of horses and cattle. The risk of life and difficulties attending their destruction have caused the lions to be more numerous than in former times.

Every body in the room roared. Even the story-teller had to smile. "Do you know what the effect of it all was?" ended the officer. "Those boys for four years they were here after that, before they graduated, wouldn't believe a damned word I said on any subject!"

Bachelor's Christmas Pipe.
[New York Sun:] The bachelor had been invited to a Christmas dinner. His friend and his friend's pretty wife were just vying with each other in their efforts to dispel from his soul the gloom supposed to come to the man without a home upon this day above all others. They had wine and dined him, and now that they were seated in the library facing the burning logs in the fireplace, the hostess brought out the bachelor's Christmas present. It was a briarwood pipe with a beautiful curved mouthpiece as transparent as glass.

"Now, I bought this myself," she explained sweetly, "and I told the pipe man that if you didn't like it, I was going to make him exchange it. You must try it now."

The bachelor proceeded to do, thanking his hostess for her solicitude in picking out the pipe herself. "I think the mouthpiece is such pretty, clear amber," she went on as she saw her guest stick it between his teeth and begin puffing away.

"Yes, it's remarkably pretty," he answered, but there was just a tinge of doubt in his tone. The bachelor, in his chair, with the mouthpiece between his teeth and two fingers of his left hand clasped about the stem, smoking away contentedly, was suddenly startled by a sudden flash before his eyes, a fierce pain at the tip of his tongue and a cloud of cambric-smelling smoke rising to the ceiling. The bowl of the pipe fell to the floor, and the burning tobacco was spilled upon the carpet. The mouthpiece had vanished. The doctress screamed, the two men sprang to their feet.

"What happened?" cried the woman in alarm.

"Oh, nothing," explained her husband, "except that your beautiful amber mouthpiece is celluloid and has burned up."

ARIZONA.

CONTRACT LET FOR THE NEW TERRITORIAL CAPITOL.

Bid of a Texas Contractor for a Partly Fire-proof Building Accepted—Trouble in the National Guard—Death of a Rough Rider Under Pitiable Circumstances.

PHOENIX (Ariz.), Jan. 13.—[Regular Correspondence.] At a late hour Thursday evening the Capitol Building Commissioners announced that Tom Lovell, a contractor from Denton, Tex., will be given the contract for building the new Capitol. The commissioners were not prepared to announce the character of the material to be used in the basement, but they did announce the choice of three different kinds, either one of which, however, was lower according to Mr. Lovell's figures than any of the other bidders. The bidders submitted by the various bidders are well within the limit of \$100,000 placed upon the building by the Legislature. The rotunda and stairway of the structure are to be fire-proof, constructed of steel.

The call for bids specified that either the entire building was to be constructed of fire-proof material, or on part of it, and the figures submitted were on this basis. After opening the bids, however, the commissioners concluded to ask for figures on the fire-proof construction of part of the building. The matter of choosing the material for the building will be left to the people, and the choice will be made by the voters in the election in Denton, but the probability is that a granite base and a tufa superstructure will be chosen. Tufa is a grayish-white, porous material, and is capable of being wrought into artistic conceptions. Denton's figures for the construction of the Capitol of this material, without fireproofing, were \$100,000. The bidders for the fireproofing were \$100,000. The bidders for the fireproofing were \$100,000.

All the pupils in the Union High School have been vaccinated. They were lined up and one by one operated upon by a physician secured for the purpose. Pitted have been vaccinated for a new Congregational church building at Tempe. It will cost \$4000, and have a seating capacity of about three hundred.

SANGUILLY IS ANGRY

CUBAN GENERAL WILL PROTEST AGAINST LUDLOW.

Oath of Allegiance Administered to the Newly Appointed Mayor of Havana.

STARVING HAVANESE FAMILIES

RATIONS DISTRIBUTED TO THEM BY AMERICAN OFFICIALS.

New Civil Officers of Havana and Their Salaries—Church in Cuba Now Dependent on Private Contributions.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

HAVANA, Jan. 14.—[By West Indian Cable.] Gen. Julio Sanguilly, accompanied by four aides, today sailed for Tampa, Fla., whence he purposes to proceed to Washington to protest against the attitude assumed toward him by Maj.-Gen. Ludlow, military Governor of the Department of Havana.

Maj.-Gen. Ludlow administered the oath of allegiance to Senor Perfecto Lacoste, the newly-appointed mayor of Havana, and Senor Frederico Mora, the new civil governor, at noon today, at his headquarters in the Inglaterra Hotel. Senor Lacoste later, in the municipal offices, ordered the assistant mayors and councilors.

Mayor Lacoste's salary has been fixed at \$6000, but those of the other officials have not yet been decided upon, though it is probable that Gen. Menocal will receive \$5000 as Chief of Police.

Capt. Gable, Gen. Ludlow's adjutant, today found thirty families in one tenement, most of them absolutely without food, the children naked and many of them sick. The patrols report hundreds of cases of destitution, all of which will be relieved by the systematic distribution of rations by the authorities. The rations as issued, consist of eight ounces of bacon, twelve ounces of flour and coffee and sugar. It is possible, however, that a ration of rice, beans and vegetables may be substituted.

IMPORTANT NOMINATIONS.

[A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—A dispatch to the Tribune from Havana says:

"The most important nominations recently announced here are those of Mario Menocal as Chief of Police, Perfecto Lacoste as Alcaldé Mayor, and Frederico Mora as civil Governor. The latter is not so well known as the former, but he is satisfactory to the conservative Cuban element. He was a member of the revolutionary junta in Havana during the insurrection. Menocal was commander of the insurgent troops in the province of Matanzas. His cooperation with the American military authorities has already been noted. His place will, in reality, be that of Chief of Police in the city. He will advise with Gen. Brooke and Gen. Lee in the formation of the rural police, and in other matters of police administration. "Perfecto Lacoste, who is named as Alcaldé, was the president of the Havana revolutionary junta, and now holds a similar place in the Junta Patriótica, which succeeds it.

"The 'teniente alcaldes' have functions analogous to those of assistant Mayor and Aldermen. One of them, Juan Barreire, is a professor in the university. Others were deported by Weyler to the penal settlement in Africa. Several of the Alcaldes were also political exiles, and some served in the insurgent army. The organization of this City Council was one of the most serious problems here. The body was in disfavor. Several of its members were willing to stand by its resignation. Their resignations were accepted under the rule made in Washington, it will have nothing to do with the granting of franchises; its functions will be limited to municipal administration and the military authorities are hoped to appoint laborers will be lightened. Gen. Menocal and others of the insurgent leaders first secured the consent of the assembly which represents the Cuban army so that no friction can arise from this source.

"The appointments show the sincerity of the Cuban government, the Cubans, and to give preference to those who fought in the insurrection, or who were identified with it. The Spanish classes take this philosophically, and say 'most of the time, the Cubans are worthy. The radical insurgents who are disappointed, have now to find fault with Menocal, and their own leaders, instead of with the American. "In the customhouse the plan of recognizing the insurgents has gone so far that other Cubans complain that their applications are pigeonholed without reading. Yesterday twenty-two officers of various grades in the insurgent army were given places under Collector Bliss. Most of them expected places corresponding to their rank. As the policy adopted in the customhouse is to begin at the bottom, the leaders and acquire experience before being placed as inspectors and appraisers, this could not be done. The insurgent officers complained and two of them failed to report for duty. The others, though grumbling, were at their posts.

"Isolated instances of vandalism by American soldiers are the cause of complaints from keepers of cafés. They try to observe Gen. Ludlow's orders against selling alcoholic beverages to soldiers and are victims of resentment. All cases of this kind are vigorously punished, but the effect of a single case is bad. The Tenth and Eighth Infantry, which are encamped in the city, are behaving admirably.

"While the American officials are getting along well with the Cubans, they continue to have differences among themselves. The latest trouble is over the sanitation of the customhouse. Col. Bliss wants to go ahead and cleanse it, but after work was started it was stopped because the method was not in accordance with Gen. Ludlow's general plan."

CHURCH IN THE LURCH.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

HAVANA, Jan. 14.—The Bishop of Havana, recognizing that under American military rule, the church cannot be supported out of the public revenues, issued a circular letter today to the priests of the different parishes, directing that the church be hereafter maintained by private contributions.

IMMUNE NURSES NEEDED.

[A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—The surgeon-general of the War Department wants more immune nurses for the yellow fever hospitals in Cuba, and circulars will be sent throughout the South requesting applications. The surgeon-general's office, to which all applications should be addressed, re-

quires that each applicant should furnish written endorsements from his physicians, the wife of her pastor, or from her nearest relatives, that she is a physician's certificate stating that the applicant is strong and in good health. The department is preparing to send a party of seventeen female trained nurses for Matanzas.

THIRD KENTUCKY PACKING UP.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

COLUMBUS (Ga.), Jan. 14.—The Third Kentucky Regiment is again packing up today, and will get away to Savannah tonight, where it will go aboard a transport for Cuba.

SAMPSON'S WINTER CRUISE.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—Secretary Long has decided to allow Admiral Sampson to undertake a cruise with the North Atlantic squadron in southern waters for drills and maneuvers. The cruise will certainly extend to Havana, and, perhaps, even to the north coast of South America, a favorite spot for naval evolutions in winter, being off the coast of Venezuela. The squadron will get away as soon as the ships can be made ready.

BISHOP MCLAREN'S PLAN.

[A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.]

CHICAGO, Jan. 14.—Right Rev. William E. McLaren, bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Chicago, will be unable to accept the appointment of special delegate for the church to Porto Rico, which was conferred upon him recently by a commission selected by the general convention at New York. Pressing church duties prevent the bishop from entering upon the important work of investigating the newly-acquired territory of the United States in the interest of the mission work of the church.

"I have decided not to go," said Bishop McLaren. "At least not for several months. It is possible that I may visit Porto Rico next fall, and then in an unofficial capacity. The commission which selected me will probably visit the larger cities and field over in the mean time.

"It is the policy of the church to exercise a spiritual jurisdiction over every square foot of territory within the control of the United States government, and since Porto Rico has been added to our possessions, the Episcopal church will not delay carrying out its policy."

CARLISTS IN MEXICO.

[A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.]

CHICAGO, Jan. 14.—A special to the Tribune from Washington says:

"Reports come from Mexico to the effect that a secret commission of Carlismos has been operating for some time in Mexico, especially among the Spanish residents. They have traveled extensively through the country, and especially visiting the larger cities and towns, inducing the Spaniards to aid in the cause of Don Carlos.

"They are said to have come direct from Spain, and are well supplied with money. It is said that their Mexican headquarters have been established in the City of Mexico. Subscriptions have been secured to aid in the cause of Carlos on the throne of Spain, and assurance given that when the uprising comes, the Carlismos will be ready to aid the agents of the Jesuits, who are, to a considerable extent, Spaniards, or of direct Spanish extraction."

AROLAS REACHES SPAIN.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

BARCELONA, Jan. 14.—The Spanish transport Munchen, which sailed from Havana December 28, for this port, having on board repatriated soldiers, including Gen. Arolas, the former military governor of Havana, arrived here yesterday.

THAT BOLIVIAN ROW.

Alonso's Troops Outfitted by Federalists—Consuls Will Act.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

LIMA (Peru), wired from Galveston, Jan. 14.—Reliable advices from Bolivia say that Gen. Caceres is detained at Unyi by order of President Alonzo. According to the same advices Gen. Camacho, the head of the Federalist troops, left La Paz with 2000 men and has taken up a position at Quenco, two leagues from La Paz, on the heights of the road to Oruro. The Federalist military governor of Bolivia, arrived here yesterday.

THREATENED FAMINE.

South African Farmers Sell Breeding Stock for Slaughter.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—Owing to terrible ravages of the rinderpest and the prolonged drought, South Africa is threatened with a famine. During the year ending May 31 last, according to a report to the State Department from United States Consul Stowe at Cape Town, no less than 1,400,000 head of cattle were lost from these causes, while in the same time the loss of sheep was 2,066,000.

In many districts the drought has become worse since May. All over the country the farmers are selling their breeding stock for slaughter, and the price of meat is rapidly rising. Prices of living are mounting to the danger point. American flour and corn meal are being imported, the demand of the latter being beyond the supply.

AWARDS ON BOOKS.

London Academy Crows Those of Signal Merit.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The London Academy has just crowned the books of signal merit published during the last year, in imitation of the French Academy. Last year it awarded a hundred guineas to Stephen Phelps for his poems and fifty guineas to W. E. Henley, for his essay on Burns. This year awards three guineas to a book by Sidney Lee for his "Life of Shakespeare," to Maurice Hewlett, for "The Forest of Unrest," and to Joseph Conrad, for his "Tales of Unrest."

Ceil Rhodes in London.

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Gold Importation.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—Gold to the amount of \$670,000, was brought by the steamer Germanic, which arrived today from Liverpool.

A SAFE MEDICINE FOR CHILDREN.

"In buying cough medicines for children," says H. A. Walker, a prominent druggist of Ogden, Utah, "never be afraid to buy Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no danger from it, and relief is always sure to follow. I particularly recommend Chamberlain's because I have found it to be safe and reliable."—Adv.

WILSON RYE, \$1.50. Woolcott, 124 N. Spruce.

TALLY-HO Stables and Carriage Co. is now located at 1014 Broadway. Same telephone, main 15.

COMMERCIAL TREATY.

American Chamber of Commerce in Paris Wants One.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

PARIS, Jan. 14.—[By Atlantic Cable.] The annual meeting of the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris was held this evening, and was attended by representatives of most of the American houses operating in Paris. A resolution was adopted expressing the earnest hope that a commercial treaty between the United States and France would be concluded in accordance with powers of the Dingley Bill conferred upon the President, it being of supreme advantage in the development of commerce and friendly relations between the two countries.

MORGAN'S ESCAPE.

The Part That Was Played in It by Conductor W. H. Eckert.

[New York Sun.] The tunnel through which Gen. John Morgan and his fellow Confederate raiders made their escape from the Ohio penitentiary at Columbus at midnight on November 27, 1863, was discovered last Friday, and it would seem to end the controversy which has existed ever since the escape as to whether Morgan and his men accepted the assistance of the jailers. An active, though at the time an unconscious, agent in Morgan's escape was W. H. Eckert, a brother of the president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, who has lived in New York for many years. Four or five years ago, when a man who was chief clerk to Quartermaster Burr during the war, published the statement that Morgan was liberated by Secretary Stanton's order, and that the tunnel story was a myth, Mr. Eckert told to the writer the story of his connection with Morgan's escape, which he had never made public before.

Mr. Eckert was young at the time, and he was serving as a conductor on the fast train which left Columbus at 1:20 in the morning for Cincinnati. Shortly before his train pulled out on November 28 four men dressed as drovers arrived at the station, and asked him many questions about his train. Despite their dress they seemed to be somewhat higher in the social scale than drovers, and Mr. Eckert had no suspicion of their identity. When Mr. Eckert's train stopped at Milercreek, Cincinnati, these four jumped from the rear platform. Three men had been waiting for them, and the drovers, one of whom was injured, were carried away in a wagon. Mr. Eckert, on arriving in Cincinnati, found at once the Burnett House to make up lost sleep. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon a dispatch from Gov. Tod reached him, which read as follows:

"Gen. Morgan and three of his staff escaped from the penitentiary last night. Did you have any suspicious-looking persons on your train? Answer quickly."

"I realized then," said Mr. Eckert, "that the story, 'that my four drovers with a chronicle of Morgan's escape, was a myth. I was convinced later from what I learned of their escape that they dug the tunnel, and that there was no collusion with their keepers."

WASHINGTON'S DEATH

To Be Remembered By a Novel Funeral Observance.

[Washington Special, New York Evening Post.]

The observance at 1899 promises to be an event of rare interest. It is a new, in this country at least, to celebrate the centenary of a man's death, and it is certainly fortunate in doing so to have so suggestive a time and place. There is something about Mount Vernon in midwinter peculiarly adapted for solemn and commemorative services. At no season in the year is the old estate so beautiful as in the middle of winter. Except on rare days the air there is mild and soft, and the view from the house is much more impressive than when the trees are heavy with snow or foliage. Mount Vernon is happily free from modern innovations, and without a violent stretch of the imagination one might fancy himself transported to the eighteenth century. The view from the brow of the hill overlooking the Potomac is superb, and through the leafless trees of the grounds one can see the stretch of the river for miles. The pleasure-boats are in winter quarters; the noble river as a place of traffic of all kinds as on the day when George Washington died. The wharf for the steamboats which convey the tourists to the grounds is deserted. The place is behind a band in the river that is placed to intrude upon the scene; and the trolley line which brings the visitors to the grounds that none of the artificialities of clanging bells and broomstick-cars interfere with the quiet and naturalness of the place.

Without any actual funeral services there will be much in the scene at Mount Vernon on the anniversary day to suggest them. The river, sky, the day fading on the scene, the voices, which will begin at 3 o'clock, are still in progress, cannot but call up vividly the occasion which it is dedicated to commemorate. It is a remarkable coincidence that the first suggestion of the observance next year should come from the Grand Lodge of Masons of the State of Colorado, and that the first acceptance of the invitation to participate from Masons in foreign lands should have come from the Grand Lodge of the State of New Zealand.

New Zealand were places of which George Washington knew little. Of the latter he could have known only that Col. Cook, who was with him on his birthday the 22d of last month, looks but half his age, and says he feels "even younger."

Joseph Jefferson has announced his intention of delivering, in the near future, a series of lectures on the drama before several New York dramatic schools.

The youngest Roosevelt ever elected in New York State, being just turned 40, Gov. Black was 43 at the time of his inauguration. John A. Dix was 73 and Levi P. Morton 70.

The youngest governor ever elected in the United States, Frederick C. Brown, 25 years old, now on the Iowa, which is on her way to Manila. He will be the only chaplain in the fleet, since there is none on the Oregon.

It is remembered that Andrew Carnegie now so violently opposed to expansion, wrote a magazine article five years ago, advocating the union of England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Canada and the United States.

Calisto Garcia, second, a thirteen-year-old son of the Cuban general, has entered the West Chester, Pa., State Normal School. For the past three years he has been a pupil in the public school and a boarding school in New York.

The late Calvin Bricke's only explanation of his remarkable signature was that he "had always written that way and couldn't make it plainer." It was a more series of up and down marks which bore no similitude to English penmanship.

Charles Edward Bressler of Detroit, who has just died, was for many years a United States Consul in Venezuela, and had large business interests in that country. Through his son, A. L. Bressler, who is a general in the army of Venezuela, he wielded for a time much influence in Venezuelan affairs.

Wilson Barrett is the son of a gentleman farmer, and received an agricultural education. When young Barrett was 17 years old, a small company of

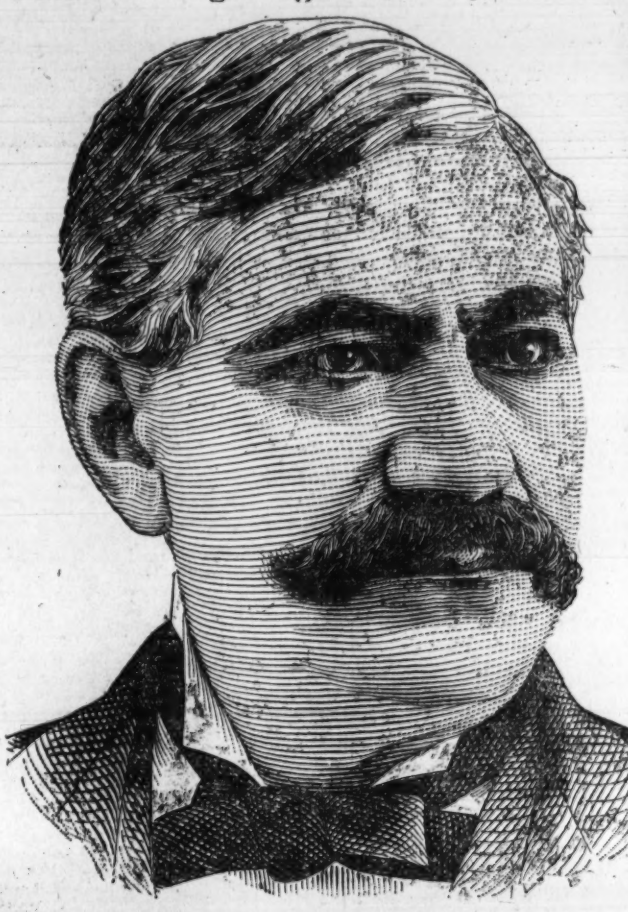
CLOTHED THE MUMMIES.

[Modern Mexico.] One of the sights that has always interested tourists who stopped over at the city of Guanajuato is the catacombs beneath the cemetery. Vaults in the thick wall of the pantone are sold for a term of years, and if at the end of the term the lease is not renewed, the bones of the departed are thrown into the common heap in the underground corridors. The dry, last 100 years, mummified the remains of many, and instead consigning these to the general pile, they have been stood up against the walls of the passages, against sentinels of death in death's abode. Many people visit the place out of curiosity, and the authorities recently decided that those mummies were an immortal sight. They have accordingly had white gowns made for them, and the watchers now keep their silent vigil modestly attired.

ANGOSTURA Bitters. Woolcott, 124 N. Spruce.

CONGRESSMAN MEEKISON, For Thirty Years a Victim of Chronic Catarrh.

Finds a Long-sought Remedy at Last.



HON. DAVID MEEKISON.

Hon. David Meekison, of Napoleon, Ohio, is a native of Scotland. He has served four consecutive terms as mayor of his own town. He established the Meekison bank of Napoleon, Ohio, which is well known in commercial circles. He was elected to the Fifty-fifth Congress by a very large majority, and is the acknowledged leader of his party in his section of the State. He has been afflicted with catarrh for many years. Speaking of Pe-ru-na as a catarrh remedy, in a recent letter to Dr. Hartman, Mr. Meekison writes as follows: "I have used several bottles of Pe-ru-na and feel greatly benefited thereby from my catarrh of the head, and feel encouraged to believe that its continued use will finally eradicate a disease of thirty years' standing." It is no longer a surmise that chronic catarrh can be cured. If cases from fifteen to twenty-five years' standing can be cured, that ought to settle the question as to the curability of chronic catarrh. Pe-ru-na cures these cases. Thousands are cured every year. Send for free book of testimonials.

CATARRH NINE YEARS.

Mr. Peter Hattenberger, Porterville, Wis., writes to Dr. Hartman under the following dates: "Aug. 1, 1890: I have been suffering with chronic catarrh nine years, and it has now settled into my head and eyes. I have all the symptoms of consumption. Dec. 1, 1891: I am still following your advice and am getting along. I am still improving in every way. I am now feeling better than I have for years. I feel perfectly well and happy."

CATARRH FIFTEEN YEARS.

Mr. S. I. Nance, Robertson, Tenn., writes: "I will state that I am entirely cured of my chronic catarrh. I was afflicted with it for fifteen years, and it was very aggravated. I was cured by the use of Pe-ru-na. I feel perfectly well and happy."

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Mr. M. M. King, Waterloo, N. C., in a recent letter to Dr. Hartman, makes the following statement: "I was afflicted for twenty years and I know what ailed me. My husband employed three doctors, but they did me no good. I took different medicines, but they did me no good. In 1885 a friend told me of Pe-ru-na. I had catarrh of the head and eyes. I had a bad cough and running at the nose all the time. I was advised to try Pe-ru-na and I took four bottles. I am now well. I feel perfectly well and happy. I am now feeling better than I have for years. I feel perfectly well and happy."

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EGYPT OVER AGAIN.

UNCLE SAM MIGHT PROFIT BY JOHN BULL'S BLUNDERS.

Englishmen Think Americans Do not Know Their Own Minds as to Their New Cares.

NO TIME FOR SENTIMENTALISM.

AMERICAN CONTROL OF PHILIPPINES FAVORED BY EUROPE.

Germany's Attitude is Friendly in All Respects—Even Spain Falls in Line—Encouraging News from Manila.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The Tribune's London special says: "Washington debates and dispatches from Manila are commented upon here as evidence that Americans do not yet know their own minds respecting the new care upon which they have entered with reluctance. Englishmen with their own experience fresh in memory, see Egypt writ large in Cuba and the Philippines. If they had their own work to do over again on the Nile there would be no pledges, no scuttling from Soudan, no futile attempt to evade the responsibility of empire forced upon them in the interest of civilization."

"It is easy to read between the lines of the leaders in the London press the conviction of the writers that the Americans are in danger of repeating English sentimental blunders. Observers who have made the closest study of the Philippine problem believe that the dangers of the situation there are exaggerated, but perceive that the difficulty of dealing with the natives increases with each day's delay in the ratification of the treaty. Veteran Indian officials smile grimly over the sensitiveness displayed by Carnegie and Bryan over the political fortunes of the hybrid East Indian races, which are incapable of self government. What practical Englishmen cannot understand is the plea that pledges should be incorporated with the treaty, when there is no accurate knowledge of the capacity of the Malay races for ruling themselves, and not the slightest necessity for making them. Their advice would be, 'Ratify the treaty, make no pledge, such as has hampered us in Egypt, and find out by actual experience what should be done. Don't load yourselves up with conscience clauses when no European power holds you responsible.'"

The New York Tribune's Berlin cable says: "What cannot fail to interest Americans is the remark made by Emperor William, which reaches the Tribune correspondent from unimpeachable source. The personage with whom the Emperor was talking was unable to retain his surprise at the Emperor's indifference to England's attitude at Fashoda, and his apparent apathy to events in Europe. The Emperor, noticing this, said: 'I care very little about what is going on in Africa. Even in Europe matters are thrown completely in the background by events in the Far East. I am convinced that it is there that German commercial prosperity is to be developed. My heart is set upon this. It was for this reason that I secured the ninety-nine years' lease of Kiau-Chau. What is now going on in the Philippines and elsewhere in the Far East, I consider to be of the utmost importance to Germany.'"

"It is owing to these views of Emperor William that in diplomatic circles here the idea gains ground that some means will be found at Madrid for ceding the Carolines to Germany, and that still greater surprises in connection with Emperor William's ambitious Asiatic policy will soon be divulged."

"Meanwhile a letter has been received at Paris from Marquis de Comillas, president of the Spanish Transatlantic Company, and the largest individual creditor of Spain, stating that, owing to the enormous amount of Spanish capital invested in landed property in the Philippines, the United States may be absolutely sure that no opposition will be offered by Spain to the establishment of American authority throughout the archipelago as speedily as possible, because this is felt to be their only salvation."

"In official and financial circles in Paris, opinion is unanimous that it would now be absolutely unworthy of the United States to shirk its responsibility toward the civilized world by abandoning the Philippines to anarchy, and that all the powers, including Germany, will hold aloof unless the United States utterly fails to provide security for the lives and property of foreigners established in the archipelago, thereby allowing the Philippines to become an Asiatic Cuba. In this case, it is firmly believed here that Germany would interfere at Manila, for the same reasons that the United States intervened at Havana."

GERMANY'S ATTITUDE. [ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

BERLIN, Jan. 14.—The Ambassador here of the United States, in an interview with a correspondent of the Associated Press, said that the whole surly of indignation in the two countries is just as baseless this year as last, and may even be more baseless. He said:

"In my judgment it emanates entirely from a small number of people who seek to fish in troubled waters. As a matter of fact, Germany knows and shows that she knows her only true policy in the East is to remain on good terms with the United States. She has no earthly motive to take the side of the Spaniards or the insurgents, or to stir them up. That there are some Germans at

Hongkong and elsewhere who think they do not like Americans is just as true as that there are some Americans there and elsewhere who do not like Germans. But such gentlemen direct neither the policy of our State Department, nor that of the German Foreign Office. The relations of our country and Germany were perfectly harmonious during the war, and since the war the Germans have acquiesced to our suggestions. They saw from the beginning how the war was to end, and they accepted the situation cordially. So far from quarreling at this late day over Pacific possessions, they are more and more inclined to work with us in the extension of commerce and civilization. Only about a week ago they telegraphed to their consular representative at Iloilo on no account to land any force for the protection of the Spaniards, but to leave the matter to the Americans."

"Respecting the meat question, there is every reason to believe that the new condition of things will be much more favorable to the United States than the old condition."

ENCOURAGING NEWS. [ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—The War Department officials were very much encouraged today upon the receipt of news from Gen. Otis at Manila that indicated a distinct improvement in the situation there. The general's dispatch completely negates the absurd story from Madrid that the American troops at Manila have mutined and refuse to proceed to Iloilo, necessitating the withdrawal of Gen. Miller's forces from that port. Gen. Otis is master wherever he has planted his foot and undoubtedly is able to carry out any policy as to the treatment of the natives the administration is likely to dictate. There are indications that encourage the officials here to believe the conciliatory policy toward the natives that was recently made without success at Cebu, cannot be expected of the Filipinos to be convinced at once of the absolute faith in which Gen. Otis is acting toward them.

SITUATION IMPROVED. [ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

MANILA, Jan. 14.—The situation here is improving. A native engineer at the waterworks, outside the lines, was murdered on Thursday evening by an organized gang of thieves, armed with various weapons. His wife barely escaped the same fate. The place was ransacked. The natives are being investigated. The affair, but the Filipinos disclaim any knowledge of the outrage.

SCHURMAN'S MISSION. [ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—The President has under consideration the name of President Schurman of Cornell University, in connection with a most important mission. The exact nature of the latter is not yet disclosed, but it is supposed that the President has in mind to send a special commission to the Philippines to recommend a plan for the treatment and disposition of the islands, something on the order of the Hawaiian commission. President Schurman may be designated as a member of such a body. It is also suggested that he may be sent to Spain either as Minister, or on a special errand.

GOVERNOR OF GUAM. [ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—Secretary Long today ordered Capt. Leary, at present commanding the San Francisco, to proceed to the island of Guam and assume the duties of naval Governor of the new acquisition. He will carry with him a proclamation to the natives informing them of the designs of the United States government toward them, precisely the same terms employed in the case of the acquisition of Porto Rico.

TRANSPORT SERVICE. [ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—The Navy Department today took initial steps to prosecute its plans for the formation of a naval transport service. It promulgated a schedule for the sailing of the two vessels now available for this service, by which the Solace, is to sail from New York for Manila in January and July, and the Buffalo is to run from San Francisco to the same port in April and October. The schedule will give a three-months' service to begin with, allowing the vessels ample time to refit between trips. They will carry stores for the forces in the Philippines, and Admiral Dewey will not erect a storehouse for the goods, but will have the Celtic and the Culgoa to use as refrigerator ships for storage of fresh provisions.

RECRUITS FOR MANILA. [ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

VALLEJO, Jan. 14.—In obedience to an order from Washington, all the available men on the Independence are preparing to go to Manila for duty on the small gunboats captured from the Spaniards. The draft will include about one hundred men, and they will leave next Tuesday on the steamer Celtic, sailing from San Francisco in charge of Lieut. Gill.

The torpedo destroyer Farragut is waiting for her officers and her crew. She is already to go into commission. The construction department will soon remodel the collier Nerax which will be continued in the naval service. The damage sustained by the torpedo boat Davis on her trip down the coast will be repaired at the navy yard, but the cost will be charged to the contractors.

CRUITS, so that it is not the same regiment of veterans that left Fort Sheridan last spring for Cuba. At this time, eight companies, comprising 540 men, landed and more than 200 of that number died in the island.

OFFICERS IN DISGRACE. [ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 14.—The steamer Nippon Maru, from the Orient, brought the following item from Manila under date of December 13: "Lieut.-Col. Fife and Capt. Max F. Ellerich of the First Washington Regiment, are under arrest and confined to their quarters. They will be tried by court-martial under the sixty-first article of war, for conduct unbecoming officers and gentlemen. Their arrest was ordered by Col. Whelly of the First Washington Regiment, on charges preferred by one of the captains, and sworn to by several other officers of the regiment. The charges include drunkenness and causing members under their command to become intoxicated. The trial will probably be prolonged through several weeks. All the papers in the case must go to Washington for final action."

ASTOR BATTERY'S JOURNEY. [ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 14.—The Astor Battery is expected to go east tomorrow night. They are being provided with suitable winter clothing, and arrangements for their transportation were made this afternoon. Thirty-five convalescents of the First New York Volunteers have been ordered to their home stations at Albany, Utica, Waton, Binghamton, Middletown, Poughkeepsie, Newburgh and Kingston, N. Y. The senior non-commissioned officer will take charge of the men, as far as Utica and at that point he will distribute them to their respective home stations. These men were to be sent east tonight, but there is no commissioned officer in charge of them, it was thought advisable to attach them to the Astor Battery for the trip to the East.

EMISSARIES OF AGUINALDO. [ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 14.—Among the passengers who arrived here today on the steamer Nippon Maru from Hongkong and Yokohama via Honolulu, are three emissaries of Aguinaldo, the Philippine insurgent leader. They are Señor Morio, Señor Lowde and Señor Lund. Three members of Aguinaldo's cabinet. They are en route to Washington on a special mission. The purpose of which they refuse to divulge. The Filipinos are very intelligent, and speak English fluently. They will probably stay in this city for two or three days, and then will go to Washington direct.

LIBERATION OF PRISONERS. [ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

MADRID, Jan. 14.—Delegates representing the Filipino colony have offered the Minister of the Colonies, Señor Romero Giron, their cooperation for the liberation of the Spanish prisoners held by the insurgents in the Philippine Islands.

CABLE FOR THE PHILIPPINES. [A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—Gen. Greely, the chief signal officer, has gone to New York to look after the execution of contracts for the supply of ocean cable for the Philippines. The arrangements are coming along rapidly, and Gen. Greely expects that within one month, at least, his specially chartered cable ship will have started from San Francisco for the Philippines, carrying the cable which is to connect the principal islands of the northern group with the American headquarters at Manila. One of the first links to be supplied will be a line between Manila and Iloilo, the islands first to be connected with Manila will be Mindoro, Masbate, Samar and Leyte. The cable may be extended to the Sulu archipelago.

AGREEMENT REACHED. Five Civilized Tribes and Cherokee Commission Come to Terms. [ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

MUSKOGEE, (I. T.) Jan. 14.—The commission to the five civilized tribes and the Cherokee commission, have reached an agreement covering the allotment of land and citizenship. All lands in the Indian Territory belong to the Cherokee tribe of Indians, except such as are reserved for railroads, town sites, cemeteries, etc. All be divided among the members of the tribe, so as to give to each member an equal share. The rolls of Cherokee citizenship are to be made in December, 1899, and will contain the names of all persons then living and entitled to enrollment.

TREATY SIGNED. [ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 14.—A special to the Republic from Muskogee (I. T.), says the treaty between the United States and the Cherokee Nation was signed by

the commission here tonight. Sargy Sanders and John Gunter, two members of the Cherokee committee, refused to sign the treaty. To become effective the treaty must be ratified by Congress on or before March 4, 1899, and by a majority vote of the Cherokee people.

COMPARISON OF EXPORTS. Statistics on Breadstuffs, Live Stock and Mineral Oils. [A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—A detailed comparison of exports of breadstuffs, provisions, and mineral oils compiled by the Bureau of Statistics, is as follows:

Breadstuffs—December, 1898, \$31,619,222; December, 1897, \$29,623,150; year 1898, \$308,767,343; year 1897, \$243,803,550. Cattle and hogs—December, 1898, \$2,213,153; December, 1897, \$3,640,567; year 1898, \$32,300,866; year 1897, \$35,735,912. Provisions—December, 1898, \$15,530,011; December, 1897, \$14,270,814; year 1898, \$163,947,861; year 1897, \$159,490,117. Cotton—December, 1898, \$39,656,765; December, 1897, \$28,280,741; year 1898, \$322,110,156; year 1897, \$212,533,620. Mineral oils—December, 1898, \$4,194,257; December, 1897, \$4,865,294; year 1898, \$38,551,048; year 1897, \$39,057,547.

PULLMAN DENIES IT. Says He and His Wife Have No Thought of Separation. [ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.]

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 14.—A special to the Post-Dispatch from Hot Springs, Ark., says Mr. Pullman, who is in that city, in answer to the question regarding the reported separation of himself and wife, stated emphatically that there was no foundation for the story. He said it must have originated with one of his servants whom he recently discharged. He had been married five months, and says that during that time he has never had the slightest unpleasantness with his wife. Mr. Pullman, who is sick, is here taking a course of baths. His wife, he says, will come here within the next week or ten days, and will remain with him until he returns home.

GEN. NETTLETON, PROMOTER. Files a Petition in Bankruptcy in New York. [A. P. EARLY MORNING REPORT.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—Gen. Alfred B. Nettleton, a promoter, with offices in Wall street, has filed a petition in bankruptcy, liabilities \$70,000, and nominal assets, \$99,000. The liabilities are said to be due to persons and banks in Minneapolis, Washington and Philadelphia. Shrinkage in values in real estate in the northwest, and failure of persons for whom he is indorsed, are given as causes for filing the petition.

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CHARGED WITH MURDER. Colored Woman Suspected of Killing a White Family by Poison. [ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

BALTIMORE (Md.), Jan. 14.—Martha A. Smith, colored, is locked up here charged with murder by poison of George Kiah, also colored, of Cambridge, Md. Kiah died on Monday under suspicious circumstances and a warrant was issued for the Smith woman's arrest.

Yesterday the remaining members of Kiah's family, consisting of eight persons, were poisoned and today his mother, Mrs. Jane Kiah, died in terrible agony. The poison had been traced to a barrel of flour. An analysis shows the presence of arsenic in great quantities.

To Colonize Negroes. CHATTANOOGA (Tenn.), Jan. 14.—An application was made today by S. J. Hutchins, J. E. Patton and other leading colored citizens of this city for a charter for the National American Colonization Association, the object being to organize branches in the Southern States. The association is formed with a view to colonize negroes in the West, and securing from Congress a concession to allow colonies so formed the right of State government and representation in Congress, etc. The plan was originated by S. J. Hutchins, a negro lawyer of this city.

BIG TYPEWRITER ORDER. The United States War Department at San Francisco just placed another order with L. & M. Alexander for ten more new model Smith-Premier typewriters.

BALSTON PAYS CAL CULTURE. Prof. Gilbert's class will meet, Odd Fellows' Hall, Tuesday evening.

BE SURE TO JOIN The Merchants Cash Premium Association.

Free Cure For Baldness

Trial Package of a Remarkable Remedy to Convince People it Actually Grows Hair.

Prevents Hair Falling Out, Removes Dandruff, Stops Itching and Restores Luxuriant Growth to Shining Scalps.



MISS EMMA EMOND.

(Before Sending for a Free Trial Package) (After Using the Free Trial and Following Directions)

Those who are losing their hair or have parted with their locks can have it restored by a remedy that is sent free to all. A Cincinnati firm has concluded that the best way to convince people that hair can be grown on any head is to let them try it and see for themselves. All sorts of theories have been advanced to account for falling hair, but, after all, it is the remedy we are after, and not the theory. People who need more hair or are anxious to save what they have, or from sickness, dandruff or other causes have lost their hair, should at once send their name and address to the Altshelm Medical Dispensary, 232 Selves Building, Cincinnati, O., enclosing four cents in stamps to cover postage, and they will forward prepaid by mail a sufficient free trial package of their remedy to fully prove its remarkable action in quickly removing all trace of dandruff and scalp diseases, and forcing a new growth of hair. The remedy is not a new experiment, and no one need fear that it is harmful. It cured John Bruner, postmaster of Millville, Henry C. Ind., and he strongly urges every one to try it. A Methodist preacher, Victor A. Faigaux of Tracy City, Tenn., was perfectly bald on his forehead for many years, but has now a fine growth. Mrs. C. W. Castleman, 848 Main St., Riverside, Cal., reports her husband's shiny head now covered with soft, fine hair, and she, too, has derived wonderful benefit. Among others, who have used the remedy are Geo. Diefenbach, Genl. Agt. of the Big Four R. R. of Dayton, O., whose wife was entirely cured of baldness.

The president of Fairmount College, Sulphur, Ky., Prof. B. T. Turner, washes his hair with it, and now has a splendid growth of hair from having tried this remarkable remedy. Write today for a free trial package. It will be mailed securely sealed in a plain wrapper, so that it may be tried privately at home.

What a Trial Package of a Remedy Did For Her.

The portraits of Miss Emma Emmond show what a striking difference is made in a person when the bald head is covered with hair. Miss Emmond was totally bald, the hair follicles not only upon her head, but upon her eyebrows, being completely contracted, not the sign of a hair being found. Of course she was the object of many experiments, all of which failed, and the offer of a well known dispensary to send a free trial of their remedy was peculiarly alluring to her. She sent for the free trial, followed all directions faithfully and soon she was rewarded by a growth of hair which, for thickness, quality and luxuriance was as remarkable as the result was gratifying. Miss Emmond lives in Salem, Mass., at 276 Washington St., and naturally feels very much elated to recover from total baldness. An itching scalp to people who are blessed with hair is a sign of coming baldness and should be attended to at once. The remedy that caused Miss Emmond's hair to grow also cures all scalp itching and diseases, removes dandruff and keeps the hair and scalp healthy and vigorous. Trial packages are mailed free to all who write to the Altshelm Medical Dispensary, 232 Selves Building, Cincinnati, O., enclosing four cents in stamps to cover postage.

W. W. SWEENEY, 313 SOUTH SPRING ST. Under Ramona Hotel.

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Cleveland Bicycles

\$40 \$50 \$75

BURWELL DETACHABLE TIRES.

BURWELL BEARINGS.

Ride Like Pullman Cars

Durable, Light, Rigid, Compact

Carloads of '99 Models.

WHOLESALE RETAIL

Cleveland Cycle Co.,

332 South Main St.

Westminster Hotel Block.

AGENTS WANTED.

L. B. WINSTON, 815 Broadway.

Sub Agts. H. WILEY, 100 North and Olive.

RALPH HAMLIN, Cor. Wash. and Main.

All Work Guaranteed One Year

Watches Cleaned 75c

New Mainspring.....50c

New Case Spring.....50c

New Roller Jewel.....50c

You can send your watch or broken jewelry to us by registered mail and it will be promptly repaired and returned.

Geneva Watch and Optical Co.,

353 S. Spring, Phone Brown 1312.

Store Open Evenings.

A Mean Trick

You serve your eyes a mean trick every time you abuse them. You abuse them every time you use them improperly. Let us fit you with glasses if your eyes see need them.

BOSTON OPTICAL CO.,

235 South Spring St.

Formerly 238 W. Second St.

D.D. WHITNEY TRUNK FACTORY

423 S. Spring Los Angeles.

LE BRUN'S FOR EITHER SEX.

This remedy being injected directly into the seat of those diseases of the Genito-Urinary Organs, requires no change of diet. Cure guaranteed in 1 to 3 days. Small plain package by mail, \$1.00.

CURE

Wolfe & Chilson, cor. 2nd and B'dway, L. A.

DR. SOMERS

Treats successfully all Female Diseases and irregularities; and all nervous and chronic diseases of either sex. Twenty-five years experience. Consultation Free.

Rooms—213-214 Currier Block, 215 W. THIRD.

BARGAINS IN BICYCLES

NEW AND SECOND HAND.

COMET CYCLERY,

434 SOUTH BROADWAY.

City Briefs.

Mrs. Weaver Jackson's opening Monday. The beautifully refitted hair-dressing and toilet parlors of Mrs. Weaver-Jackson, No. 315 South Spring street, will be thrown open to the ladies of Los Angeles tomorrow. There will be made both in the morning and evening. Free samples of some of Mrs. Jackson's fine toilet preparations will be presented to visitors, and a pleasant time is promised.

Ladies if you want a sewing machine nearly new, call and see the twenty machines we will offer at special sale Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. All leading makes, New Home, Domestic and Wheeler & Wilson. Office 349 S. Spring street. R. B. Moorehead, manager.

Ornith feather and boa, old and new, eyed in every color, made in new style; also antique and modern lace and lace curtains cleaned, repaired; best references. E. Deste, 533 S. Broadway.

French conversational classes are going on at Kramer's Hall, 930 Grand avenue every day except Wednesday and Saturday at 10 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. at the rate of \$1 per month.

Turkey dinner at the Natick dining parlors from 4:45 to 7:30 p. m. today at the usual rates, 25 cents, or twenty-one meals for \$4.50. Music by Arend's Orchestra.

I guarantee to cure rheumatism or make no charge. Nothing internal. No electricity. Address M. Mendelson, Capistrano, Orange county, Cal.

Ladies, great reduction on corsets made to order for next thirty days, satisfaction guaranteed. Mrs. May Oswald, 337 S. Broadway.

Will person who brought letter from Dawson for Mrs. Butler, St. James Park, mailing it January 3, please call.

Commencing tomorrow we will place on sale poster pillows at 25 and 50c. Reegan & Hendee, 323 S. Spring st.

Boynton Normal prepares teachers for primary and grammar certificates; begins January 16, 525 Stimson Block.

Electric wires and fixtures installed under contract; one-third saved. E. V. Griffiths, 515 S. Broadway, or white 131.

Woodham wants to buy, sell and exchange second-hand furniture; prices satisfactory. 243 S. Main street.

Look at the announcement of Fisher's Music House on page 5, part III, in today's Times.

Latest arrivals, three carloads of wallpaper. Walter, 627 S. Spring; Tel. Main 1055.

Dr. Eugene Campbell, homeopath, removed to Laughlin building, rooms 627-628.

Bekin's Van and Storage ship goods to all points at cut rates. 436 S. Spring. See Lawyer Heath about it; reliable; low fees. Office over German Bank.

Zimmerman's button factory, 254 S. Broadway; room 11, corner Third.

Vaccination, 50 cents. Dr. Brown, 103 Avenue 23, East Los Angeles.

Mrs. McDermid's home-made milk bread at No. 343 S. Broadway.

The Maison Dorée for a good French dinner. 145 N. Main.

Nitwinger, 19 situations. 226 S. Spring. Dr. G. W. Burelgh, new Douglas Bldg. Dr. Minnie Wells, 127 E. Third st.

The Army and Navy Republican League will hold an open meeting at Elks' Hall on Monday night.

Mrs. J. M. Griffith, president of the Red Cross Society, has been called to Chicago by the serious illness of her sister.

Rev. Joseph H. Johnson will preach on "The Bible" in St. Paul's Protestant Cathedral this evening at 7:30.

President George W. White of the University of Southern California will speak at the Y.W.C.A. gospel service today at 3:30 p.m.

A lecture on "The Grand Cañon" of the Colorado will be given by the Rev. Chester P. Dorland on Friday evening, January 20, in the East Los Angeles Congregational Church.

William Donaldson and family are here from Minnesota to spend the winter. Mr. Donaldson is the owner of one of the largest department stores in Minnesota.

There are delivered telegrams at the Western Union Telegraph office for Frederic Carter, Dr. Witt Smith, Dr. J. Grant Lyman, G. H. Manning, William G. Blakely, Mrs. W. W. Huntress, R. J. Dyer, C. A. Rice, C. B. Justice.

Rev. Spaulding of Philadelphia, who is to take charge of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in this city, is expected to preach his first sermon here a week from today. The coming clergyman is a nephew of Bishop Spaulding of Colorado. He will succeed Rev. John Gray.

The regular triannual election of officers of the Y.M.C.A. Debating Lyceum resulted as follows: President, Hugo M. Burgwald; vice-president, A. Bacon; secretary, D. Cadwalader; treasurer, L. W. Burdette; reporter, Theodore L. Syvertson; sergeant-at-arms, L. V. Bryant.

George Nickens called at the Receiving Hospital for medical attention shortly after 6 o'clock last evening, as the result of becoming too intimate with a sausage-making machine. While making hash with the machine in an East First-street restaurant he mixed the meat with the second finger of his right hand, and sustained several severe cuts on the protruding digit.

Marriage Licenses.
The following licenses were issued yesterday from the office of the County Clerk:

Frank J. Pollok, a native of California, aged 27 years, and Be Brown, a native of California also, aged 22 years; both residents of Los Angeles.

Loren E. Spencer, a native of Kansas, aged 24 years, and a resident of Los Angeles, and Helen N. Barr, a native of Kansas, aged 18 years, and a resident of San Luis Obispo.

Horace M. Pate, a native of Illinois, aged 26 years, and Carrie E. Rhea, a native of Nebraska, aged 26 years; both residents of Los Angeles.

William A. Nevel, a native of Ohio, aged 29 years, and a resident of Santa Monica, and Lillian D. Rhoades, a native of Illinois, aged 28 years, and a resident of Los Angeles.

Funeral Notice.
Members of the Independent Order of Foresters are requested to meet at C. D. Howry's parlors, Fifth and Broadway, Monday morning at 9:30 o'clock to escort the remains of our late Brother Robert A. Scherer to the Santa Fe depot. Under the auspices of Court Central Avenue. By order of the CHIEF RANGER.

SUTCH & DEERING FUNERAL PARLORS
Nos. 506-508 South Broadway. Mrs. Spooner, embalmer for ladies and children. Tel. M. 662.

HAPPY PROPERTY-OWNERS
are those who have profited by the experience of others. It has paid them well for using P. & B. waterproof products. If you are not fortunate enough to be of this class better join at once and learn what it is to be free from leaky roofs. We will mail you our descriptive matter if you wish, telling you all about P. & B. and what it will do for you. Address Paraffine Paint Co., 312-314 West Fifth street, Los Angeles; 118 Battery st., San Francisco.

LOS ANGELES TRANSFER CO.
will check baggage at your residence to any point. No. 218 W. First street. Tel. M. 249.

SEE W. H. Duffield, 127 North Main street about papering and decorating your homes.

MAIT Vivian, 3124 Ocean. Woollytail.

Cleveland's Baking Powder

BISHOP'S

Be sure to order

BISHOP'S.

Soda Crackers. The name is on every cracker.

Crimp Soda Crackers in bulk. Princess Soda Crackers in boxes.

BISHOP AND COMPANY

SODA CRACKERS

The "Premier" brand stands for the very best of California wine product. You can order it from your dealer or from the winery direct by telephone.

Charles Stern & Sons,

901-903 MACY.

City Depot—Billington Drug Co., corner Fourth and Spring.

SOLDIERS' HOME.

SOLDIERS' HOME, Jan. 14.—[Regular Correspondence.] A consolidated statement compiled from reports of the various branches of national homes shows that on January 1, 1889, there was an aggregate membership in the homes of 24,103. This number, when compared with the total number of survivors of the various wars (993,714) is very small. The comparison is still more noteworthy, when it is shown that since the organization of the Pacific branch in 1888 there have been admitted to that home but 469 members altogether, while the present total membership is 2140. In the territory on the Pacific Coast there is a total of 290,000 survivors of the civil war alone.

Encampment No. 128, U.V.L., invited their friends to a public installation on Friday evening in Assembly Hall. This organization is growing rapidly. The year closed with 124 members in good standing, and with fifteen new applicants for admission.

After the regular business was over, the stage was taken by a number of bright young people from Los Angeles, who entertained the veterans with music and recitation. Among these were the Misses Grace Bainter, Ora Burke, Hanne, Ethel Ingram, Fay Bainter, Dane Burgess and Evaline Lovejoy.

Joseph Enderlin, late Co. G, First United States Artillery, has been detailed as clerk in the surgeon's office, vice Macy Smith, resigned, on account of ill-health.

Members present today, 1610; absent on furlough, 630.

DEATHS.

John Clynes, late Co. F, Ninth Massachusetts Infantry, admitted from Redwood City, Cal., June 24, 1896, died January 8; aged 52 years.

Levi Rack, late Co. A, Seventy-fifth Indiana Infantry, admitted from Santa Monica May 22, 1895, died January 9; aged 74 years.

Henry M. Multry, late Co. K, First New Mexico Cavalry, admitted from Bakersfield, Cal., October 8, 1889, died January 9; aged 74 years.

Andrew Melvina, late Co. K, Fifth California Infantry, admitted from Vermillion, S. D., December 6, 1894, died January 9; aged 73 years.

Herman Eastman, late Co. E, First Nevada Cavalry, admitted from Winnemucca, Nev., August 19, 1896, died January 12; aged 73 years.

BIRTH RECORD.

CARTWRIGHT—January 12, 1890, to Mr. and Mrs. B. Cartwright, Alhambra, Cal., a son.

DEATH RECORD.

MARLEY—At his late residence, No. 1016 West Washington street, January 12, 1890, Robert Marley, aged 72 years 5 months. The funeral services will be held at the Church of the Nazarene, on Los Angeles street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Friends invited. Interment Rosevale.

CARTWRIGHT—At Alhambra, Cal., infant son of Mr. and Mrs. B. Cartwright.

STOLL—At her late home in this city, Margaret Stoll, a native of Germany, aged 77 years 8 months.

Funeral from the residence of H. W. Stoll, No. 844 South Hill street, Sunday, January 15, 1890, at 2 o'clock p.m. thence to First German Lutheran Church, northwest corner Eighth and Flower streets. Friends and acquaintances invited. Interment Rosevale Cemetery. (Milwaukee Herald and Germania please copy.)

FARQUHAR—At Toronto, Can., Mrs. James Farquhar, in her 84th year.

METZGER—January 12, 1890, Nettie Metzger, beloved wife of Theodore Metzger, a native of Iowa, aged 27 years.

HOWARD—In this city, January 13, 1890, Ernest Raymond Howard, son of the late Col. James G. and Elizabeth H. Howard, aged 22 years 8 months.

Funeral notice later.

SCHERER—At 1152 East Adams street, Jan. 10, 1890; Robert A. Scherer, aged 30 years.

Remains will be taken to Raymond, Ill., for interment.

MASSEY—In this city January 14, 1890, Barbara Massey, beloved wife of Charles Massey, a native of Texas, aged 42 years.

Funeral from late residence, No. 431 College street, Monday at 2 p.m. Friends invited. Interment Evergreen Cemetery.

GOLDSTEIN—In this city, January 10, 1890, Henry Goldstein, aged 62 years.

Funeral services at the parlors of Robert L. Garrett & Co., No. 249 North Main street, Monday, January 16, at 2 p.m. Friends invited. Interment Evergreen Cemetery.

FUNERAL NOTICE.

Members of the Independent Order of Foresters are requested to meet at C. D. Howry's parlors, Fifth and Broadway, Monday morning at 9:30 o'clock to escort the remains of our late Brother Robert A. Scherer to the Santa Fe depot. Under the auspices of Court Central Avenue. By order of the CHIEF RANGER.

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LOS ANGELES TRANSFER CO.

will check baggage at your residence to any point. No. 218 W. First street. Tel. M. 249.

SEE W. H. Duffield, 127 North Main street about papering and decorating your homes.

MAIT Vivian, 3124 Ocean. Woollytail.

WE'RE CLOSING OUT

SPEAK OF DRY GOODS

The first week of this wonderful sale is past—and a mighty week it was too, notwithstanding the inclement weather. But tomorrow it starts with added vigor. Thoughtful, provident folks can't afford to neglect it. There's a decided saving on every article offered—Goods, too, whose quality is unquestioned, for this is not a compulsory sale.

Spear's Black Dress Goods.

700 yards Black Dress Goods, including Jacquard's plain weaves, etc.; Spear's price 40c; ours..... 17c
650 yards Black Dress Goods in Bayadere stripes, satin soles, Berbero crepons, etc.; Spear's price 50c; ours..... 25c
250 yards 44 inch Black Crepon, heavy raised effect; Spear's price 75c; ours..... 39c

Spear's Colored Dress Goods.

300 yards Colored Dress Goods in brocades, checks, stripes, etc., good width; all colors, Spear's 25c; our price..... 8c
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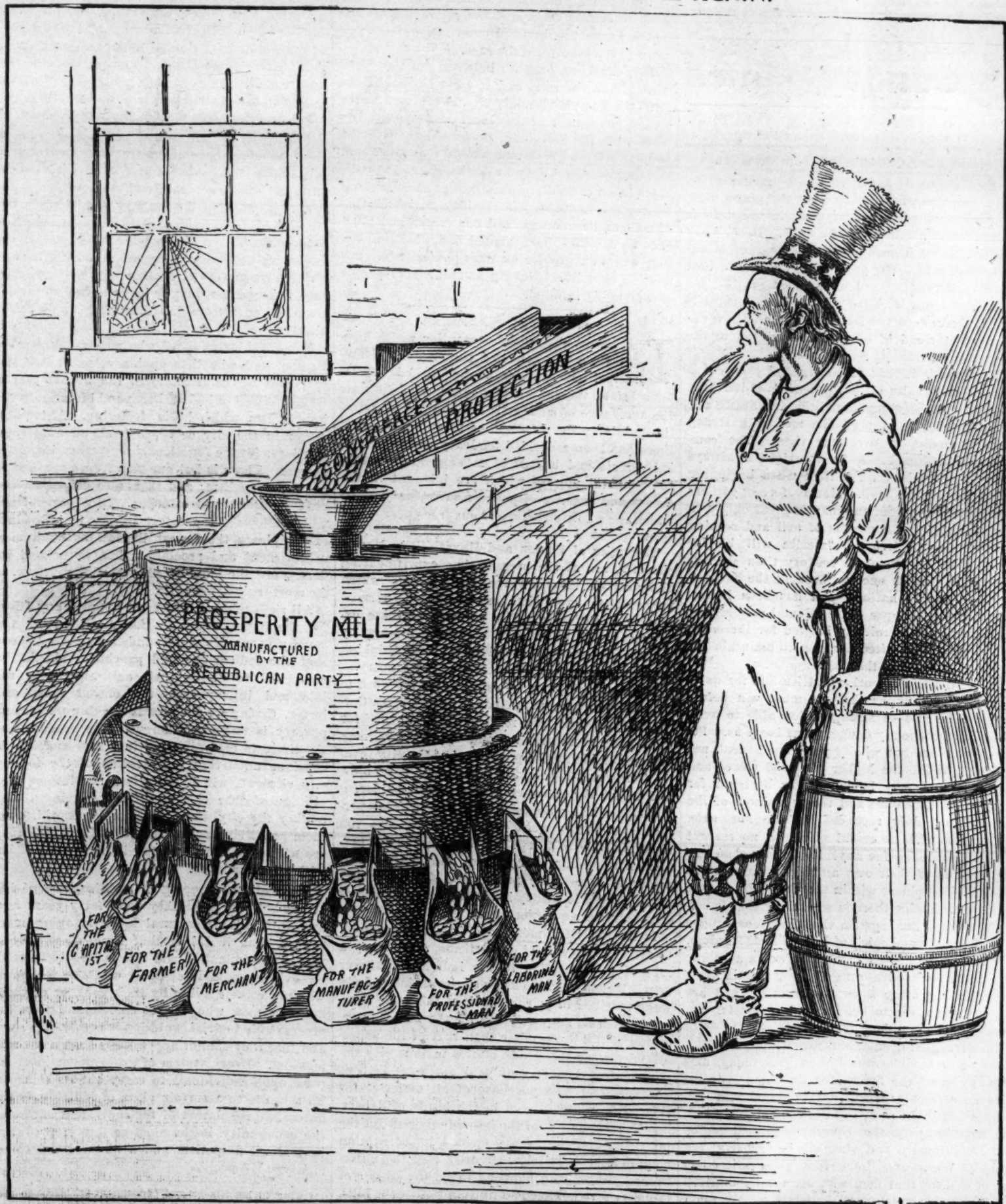
Los Angeles Sunday Times

Part I.—32 Pages.

JANUARY 15, 189^a.

Price, 5 Cents

THE "GOOD OLD TIMES" HAVE COME AGAIN.



Uncle Sam: "Well, it does me good to see the old mill working again."

THE MAGAZINE SECTION.

[ANNOUNCEMENT.]

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE SECTION constitutes, regularly, Part I of the Los Angeles Sunday Times. Being complete in itself, the weekly parts may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes of thirteen numbers each. Each number has 28 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 magazine pages of the average size.

The contents embrace a great variety of attractive reading matter, with numerous original illustrations. Among the articles are topics possessing strong local and California color and a piquant Southwestern flavor; Historical and Descriptive Sketches; the Development of the Country; Current Literature; Religious Thought; Romance, Fiction, Poetry and Humor; Editorials, Music, Art and Drama; the Home Circle; Our Boys and Girls; Travel and Adventure; also Business Announcements.

The MAGAZINE SECTION is produced on our Hoe quadruple perfecting press, "Columbia II," being printed, folded, cut, inset, covered and wire-stitched by a series of operations so nearly simultaneous as to make them practically one, including the printing of the cover in two colors.

Subscribers intending to preserve the magazine would do well to carefully save up the parts from the first, which, if desired, may be bound at this office for a moderate price.

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ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE SECTION.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

HOW TO ACCOMPLISH OUR MISSION.

MAN'S needs are often God's opportunities, the time when he hews out the grand highways of advancement wherein the nations may walk to attain to nobler ends. Results are often different from what we anticipate. Moral forces enter into the great conflicts of life that work vital changes and unexpected results; yet when the strife is ended we see how natural it is that the unexpected has occurred, and how the whole vast trend of occurrences pointed to the end which was finally reached.

How true is it that no substantial progress is made in the affairs of this life without battling. The evils that beset municipalities and States and whole peoples must needs be met with strong moral weapons to overcome them. The community that does battle for the right is always stronger after the conflict than when beginning its warfare upon evil. Moral force gathers strength from action, and man is great only as a warrior fighting the powers of evil and seeking to overcome the wrong. America will be far stronger in the twentieth century than she has been in the present one, not because she has conquered a "dying nation," and has been instrumental in the collapse of its colonial empire, but because she has heroically battled for the cause of humanity, and lifted her arm to maintain the inalienable rights of the race.

But still there are other battles left for us to fight, other triumphs that we must win before we shall be safe—a strong nation able to overcome all of the many dangers that beset us. Politically we are not wholly pure, nor honest, nor upright. While the higher places of power and political trust may be bought or bartered for gold, or for influence, and the sacredness of the ballot is not duly regarded, we are not safe. While men with no moral principle, no respect for law, no desire for anything higher than the gratification of their own ambitions, dare aspire to the highest places within the gift of the people, fearless of rebuke, there is something that is rotten in our political system that threatens danger to the very life and spirit of our political freedom.

It cannot be denied that while we as a people have made noble advancement along certain lines, we are along other lines degenerating, and are proving ourselves to be, in some respects, unworthy of the grandeur of our past.

The struggle for office was never more unscrupulous or more determined than it is today, and in many cases the fitness for the same is in no wise as seriously considered as it should be. Where this is the case, and unfit men are elected, the machinery of the government must suffer and its integrity and strength be greatly impaired. We cannot hope that good will come out of evil, or that men who are totally unfitted for legislative trusts will legislate wisely upon the most important questions that concern our life as a nation.

As a people we should recognize these evils

and promptly set about the work of remedying them. We should lay the ax at the very root of this wrong by placing our standard high as we choose the men who are to serve us, and we should never forget that the warfare of this nation should be directed, not against tyranny alone, but also against political dishonesty and the prostitution of high place and power for selfish and unworthy ends.

We have a past that is rich in the wealth of noble deeds and immortal names, and also in the blessing of Divine Providence, and we owe it to Almighty God that we remember His goodness to us, and seek, for the glory of His name, to maintain good government, just laws and our political uprightness as a people whom He has signally blessed, and whom in the future He may wish to employ as one of the great instruments in His hands for the fulfillment of His most gracious purposes toward the race.

This ceaseless warfare between good and evil is as old as the race, and it must be fought out until the good is triumphant. Every man in the nation has a part in this battle. Responsibility rests with the individual no less than with the body politic, and each man should remember that he has a personal duty to discharge, and that he must fulfill it boldly, unhesitatingly and without fear or favor. Then will the blessing of the God of nations be upon us, and our power and influence as a strong, enlightened and Christian nation will wax greater as time passes, while our mission as a liberty-loving and Christian people will be nobly fulfilled.

MUNICIPAL SOCIALISM.

THE greed and official corruption which have too often characterized the conduct of municipal governments in the United States, have led to various experiments having in view the avoidance of such evils and the promotion of the public good. In some of these experiments there has been a decided tendency to delegate to individuals and boards of management, certain fundamental powers which are inherent in the theory and practice of popular sovereignty, upon which the whole structure of our free government rests.

The cities of Boston and Haverhill, in Massachusetts, are at the present time experimenting along certain lines of "municipal reform," which verge closely upon what may properly be termed municipal socialism. The outcome of these experiments will be watched with keen interest by political economists, sociologists, and thinking people generally, in all sections of the country.

The contract system of competition for work to be performed by a municipality has its evils. Corrupt city officials may receive "inducements" for the letting of contracts, and contractors may unite to divide up the proceeds, but the city invariably reserves the right to reject any and all bids, and to let the contract to the lowest bidder, a guarantee being deposited for the faithful performance of the work. The city has also the right to refuse to accept any work that is not performed according to contract, and has the full power to investigate prices paid for labor and material, and to satisfy itself that the demands of contractors are not exorbitant.

In the two cities mentioned, it is now proposed to abolish this sort of competition, and to pay a rate of compensation to the individual laborer nearly 20 per cent. in excess of the ordinary daily wage received in private work of the same character, with no responsibility for the faithful execution of the work, other than that of the superintendency of the heads of the various city departments. An army of paid overseers is thus necessitated. The purchase of all material for this work is also vested in the heads of departments. The power of the individual "pull" of the politician and the avenue opened for corruption may thus be infinitely increased, and the unfortunate person who happens to be the owner of property may be taxed ad libitum to foot the bills.

A municipal printing plant that employs "union labor" only is another feature of the government of Boston, and union labor to be em-

ployed in all city work is the plan proposed in Haverhill. In the latter city the poor are to be relieved of providing food and clothing for school children, are to be furnished land, seed and tools, rented or purchased by the city government for their use free of cost; and when they have nothing else to do, they are to work upon the construction of city bicycle paths, through all the roads and thoroughfares, and upon the improvement of the highways.

The only man to be distrusted, oppressed and condemned, according to the theory of municipal socialism, is he who by his industry and energy has removed himself from the rank of "the poor." It is tacitly agreed that the vast bureaucracy that is to give to the trades unions the powers held by the guilds in the "free cities" of 500 years ago, that were able to defy the will of the nation for their own individual advantage, are composed of angelic and far-sighted men, with no greed of gain, with a perfect understanding of social evils and remedies, and completely divested of all impulses to use their despotic power for their personal profit or their political aggrandizement.

Professing the utmost abhorrence of corporations, municipal socialism transfers to the most formidable and powerful sort of corporation the care, not of the general good alone, which is the proper province of the State or municipality, but the care of the individual good of its citizens. The more complicated the machinery of state, the vaster its bureaucratic organization, the less restricted its powers of dealing with private interests, the more crushing is its force and the wider its divergence from the theory of Anglo-Saxon liberty.

The "anti-imperialist" who makes his lair in Boston, and who lifts up his voice against the extension of the territory of the United States, would do well to look at home and investigate the imperialism which he is fostering. Autocratic power in the city or State tends to autocratic privileges for the functionaries representing those powers. There is but one step from populism to State paternalism; and thence to despotism the road is broad and alluring. That government which allows the greatest liberty to individual effort, places the fewest limitations on human achievement and proclaims that virtue and industry are the ideal attributes of the citizen, is the most truly democratic.

All right-minded men must approve any effort for the improvement in the condition of the worthy poor. No right-minded man can believe that the industrious and provident should be compelled to divide their substance with the idle and intemperate, the chronic tramp and loafer. Caring for the poor is one thing, fostering poverty is entirely different. The tendency of the times is centralization in cities, and it will continue until that immigration of the foreign city element, which comprises the largest percentage of "the city poor," are convinced that neither the city, the State, nor the world, owes them any living other than that for which they are willing to work honestly in open competition with all other labor.

With all the necessities and luxuries of life at one-half the price they were forty years ago, and with all agricultural labor bringing more reward than it did at that time, discontent is widely disseminated, and this is largely through the evil propaganda of those would-be reformers who make their living by their cant, or of those honest men who cannot understand that the process of industrial evolution is necessarily slow, and that they cannot appreciably hasten the millennium. Every system of government must depend upon individuals to carry out its schemes. To relegate to a certain class of individuals the autocratic regulation of the individual affairs of the community, is the most certain step toward centralized despotism and a blow at the sovereignty of the people.

Owing to his illness and consequent inability to produce the play this season, Sir Henry Irving has transferred "Cyrano de Bergerac" to Charles Wyndham and London will, therefore, see that clever comedian play the big-nosed hero.

A FAMOUS ARTIST'S STRUGGLE UPWARD.

HOW WILLIAM CHASE PAINTED HIS FIRST SUCCESSFUL PICTURE.

By a Special Contributor.

FROM Fifteenth street, facing Livingston Place, there is one of the prettiest views in all New York. To the north are the red brick buildings of the religious society of Friends, and beyond the old stone church of St. George. In an imposing old-style house commanding this view lives the famous artist, William M. Chase, and in his drawing-room I talked with him the other day regarding his early struggles and his first successful picture.

The walls of the parlors are hung with many of the paintings which made Mr. Chase's working rooms in the old Studio building, in Tenth street, the show place of New York for nearly twenty years. There is the portrait of Carroll Beckwith, the Lady in White, and beautiful Mrs. Chase watching her children at play in the broad hall of the summer house in the Shinnecock hills.

"Whatever success I may have attained," said Mr. Chase, "comes from my love of art for art's sake only. I always wanted to be an artist, and I came to be one this way: My father owned a general store in Williamsburg, Ind. You know what a general store is. He kept everything and sold to farmers and village people.

"When I was about sixteen, he went up to Indianapolis and started the largest shoe store in that city. One part of it was separated from the rest and devoted to ladies. It was carpeted. It was the first ladies' shoe store in the West. One day my father came to me and said: 'William, you have spoiled wrapping paper enough here. Put on your hat and come with me. I'm going to take you up to Hayes.'

"On our way to the artist's rooms he explained to me regretfully, how sorry he felt that his endeavors to make a business man of me had failed; that he hadn't much hope or faith in my art predilections, but was willing to give me a chance, and he thought that a studio was a better place for that chance than a shoe store, and thus I began my studies with B. F. Hays, the artist, in his studio next to the old postoffice.

"Mr. Hays set me to work copying things which were of no earthly advantage to me as an art student. For instance, he had me copy in oil, a steel engraving of one of Rosa Bonheur's pictures. After I had been with him for a year or so, however, he did do me a genuine service. He advised my father to send me to New York.

"I came to this city with several letters of introduction to wholesale shoe dealers, who were requested to keep a kindly watch over me, and another letter to the late J. O. Eaton, a western artist, who had attained considerable reputation in the metropolis. I went into Mr. Eaton's studio and upon his advice I entered the Na-

tional Academy of Design. When I was 20 years old my father failed in business. He might have taken advantage of the bankruptcy law and saved a respectable fortune. But it was an honest failure. He regretted very much that he could not continue supporting me, and he wondered what use I could make of my art training. I didn't know exactly what to do.

"I gave the matter considerable thought. I had had one year's experience in the shoe business, and I had learned how to sell a lady a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her. I was very successful in that, and I had made up my mind that if it came to the worst, I would go into a shoe store as a clerk. But fortunately I didn't

have to. I laid the matter before Mr. Eaton, and he advised me to paint flowers and fruits, in which line of work I had been moderately successful. Through his influence I was able to sell some of these. There are a number of them now up around Yonkers, which I would like to recall. I was so successful that by Christmas I had saved up enough money to go to St. Louis, where my father had reestablished himself in business, and I decided, after looking over the field, to open a studio in that city.

"Now in every large city that I have ever been in, there are one or more men who feel a personal interest in art. They are natural art patrons. I met two such men in St. Louis. One of them was named Hodges and



"THE WOMAN IN BLACK," WILLIAM M. CHASE'S FIRST SUCCESSFUL PAINTING.

the other was Samuel Dodd. They were both very wealthy. One day I overheard them talking in my studio about me.

"What do you think we had better do?" said Mr. Hodges.

"Send him abroad," answered Mr. Dodd.

"We'll get commissions for him to be executed on the other side, and we will have the money advanced to him for his studies."

"When this plan was laid before me, I very willingly gave up my studio and went to Munich, where I entered the academy of which the great Piloti was the director. I took with me several hundred dollars and I filled every commission according to promise. The most expensive commission was for D. A. Cole, one of the best-known collectors in the West. He had advanced \$150. The picture I painted for him is now in the Widener collection in Philadelphia. If I had to do it over again I would not do it for ten times that much.

"After entering the academy I had a pretty hard time of it. I foresaw that my money would be spent long before I had acquired the requisite training, and try as hard as I might, I could not sell my work to the local dealers. I had been more or less of a revolutionist in the school. I had objected to painting pictures to order, and it was not the way of the master.

"At last I got down to bread and cheese. Even my canvas and my paints were supplied by my fellow students. I had been in Munich two years and a half. I had worked hard and conscientiously. I had been unable to sell anything. I had received, it is true, the highest medal given by the academy in each class, but I had been severely criticised by the teachers for my independence and the dealers would have nothing to do with me. I know what despair means."

The artist rose to his feet, walked across the room and looked out of the window where the maid was bringing home his child from their morning walk.

"It was the turning point in my life. I don't know how much longer I could have kept up the struggle. I was fortunate in having secured quarters with some people who had confidence in me—sufficient confidence to let me owe them two years' rent—but I could not have held out very much longer, and I knew it. It was then that I painted my first successful picture. It came about this way: I painted a study of a woman in black dressed in a riding habit. It now hangs in the reception room of the Union League Club in this city. I sold it for \$300. It was bought by S. P. Avery, and now belongs to the club. It was not the money that I got from this picture, though, that brought me success, because I did not sell it until several months afterward. I took the canvas to Piloti and asked him what he thought of it. He looked at it, and then he said: 'Mr. Chase, I want you to paint the portraits of my children. I will advance you one-half of the price before you begin work.'

"Within a day, everybody in Munich art circles knew that the great painter had commissioned me to paint the portraits of his children. My reputation was made. The dealers who refused to notice me, crowded my studio and asked for paintings, studies, anything that I had. The seal of approval had been set by the highest authority of his day. I had money—Piloti's money—and I was independent, so I told these dealers 'No,' to go away, to let me alone, that I would have nothing to do with them. I paid my rent. I walked on air. The whole world looked bright. There was sunlight everywhere.

"I won't tell you how I painted these portraits or what has become of them, for that has nothing to do with the matter we are talking about. A curious sequel, however, to this little siege of the Bavarian art dealers,

came to pass only last month. Let me tell you about it. One of the dealers had in his store a portrait of a girl smoking a pipe, by Wilhelm Leibl, even at that time a famous painter. I enjoyed studying this picture more than almost any other in Munich, and it occurred to me that so long as my work was in demand I would exchange some of my pictures for it so that I could study it at my leisure in my own studio. I gave three studies of heads in exchange for it.

"Now at the Stuart art sale last year one of Leibl's pictures sold for \$15,000. About a month ago the art dealer who arranged the trade in Munich more than twenty years ago, wrote to me asking whether I still had this picture, and if so, whether I would sell it. I replied that I had it, and did not care to dispose of it. In answer to this I received a letter asking me to put my own price upon the canvas. This was a different matter. So I wrote to my old-time friends, telling them that if they would send their agent to me with \$2000 I would part with the picture, never thinking that my offer would be accepted. But they cabled their acceptance and they've got the picture now, and I don't know whether to be sorry or glad."

"How did Piloti happen to ask you to paint his children's portraits? I thought you said he was a severe critic of yours," I suggested.

"It was not wholly my study of the Woman in Black, as I afterward learned, because, although the great painter was a very harsh critic, he had a rather high idea of my ability, which I possibly did not deserve. I'll give you an illustration. I told you how I resented the method of manufacturing pictures employed in the academy, of my desire for independence, and all that. This happened a month or so before I received my commission. I had all the sensitive independence that goes with unrecognized ability and grinding poverty. I resented almost everything. That was my mood. One day the master said to me that he wanted competitive compositions from the pupils, and he had selected the subject of Columbus before the council, because there were a number of Americans in the academy. Now, I knew how Piloti wanted those compositions to be made. I knew where he would place Columbus and where he would put the members of the council, but I determined that if I were compelled to paint it, I would follow my own ideas. Two days before the time for submitting the compositions arrived, some of my fellow pupils asked me what I was doing with Columbus. I told them nothing. 'You'd better do something,' said one of them. 'The chief expects something very important from you.' I laughed. They insisted, and more as a joke than anything else I laid out my composition. I said to one of the young men, 'There is no authorized portrait of Columbus, is there?' No one knew of any. 'So,' I continued, 'I'll paint the back of the discoverer and I won't put him in one corner of the picture, but in the center.' And so I did. I made him face the council in a position that I knew would not entirely please the chief. The more I worked at the thing, the more interested I became, and before I had been painting an hour I was engrossed in it. After I had finished it I laid it one side and thought no more about it. But I finally entered it with the other compositions. To my intense surprise it received the medal. As soon as the award was announced Piloti came to me, indignation written in every line of his face.

"It's an outrage," he said. 'I don't understand how the committee came to give you that medal. You don't deserve it. The idea of making so bad a use of so great a subject! Now, this is what you want to do. Put Columbus over one side, paint a side view of him. Do it this way,' and he illustrated with his expressive gestures how the figure was to be drawn. 'Now, don't paint on your little canvas. I'll give you a studio that three men have now. I'll turn them all out. You can have it by yourself. There we'll put a canvas thirty feet wide and I want you to paint this picture this way. In one, in two years, you will have produced a painting. If I have any influence with your government it will be in Washington. It will be in the Capitol. It will make you famous.'

"Of course I was pleased. I was more, I was touched. But I didn't have money enough to work one or two years, or even one or two months longer, and I told him so frankly.

"You don't need money," said Piloti, 'the academy, the government will pay your expenses, will hire your studio, give you your paints, buy you your canvas, engage you your model.'

"I thanked him, but I went back to my studio and resumed my single canvases and tried to reach the hearts of the Munich art dealers. This will show you how the master regarded me even before I had submitted the picture that gave me my first successful order. While I was painting the portraits of the children, Piloti asked me how I was getting along with my Columbus picture. I had not begun it. I never had any intention of beginning it, and I didn't know exactly what to say to him. Suddenly an inspiration came to me.

"Do you think, Herr Director," said I, 'that Munich is the place to paint this picture in. Isn't Salamanca a better place?'

"Quite right," returned the master. 'Of course. Come to think of it, your models here are all Bavarians. You want Spaniards for models. Wait until you go to Salamanca. Do it there.'

"That is the last I ever heard of my Columbus composition. But I have the original among my paintings in my studio now."

"What is your rule for success in art?" I asked.

"Years ago," said Mr. Chase, as he led me to the front window and pointed to the trees in the park and the half-withered grass, "I thought that Nature was master. Now I know different. Art transcends Nature. One must paint what is behind the eye of the artist. As I paint, and I love to paint, there is somebody standing by my shoulder who says to me, 'Don't paint that,' or 'paint that,' and I follow these directions. I almost see this somebody. It is conscience personified. It speaks to me. It directs me. Every day I paint whenever it is possible, whether it be well done or badly done. I paint if I have to scratch it out the next morning. I work because I can't help working. I love work."

"And your best picture, Mr. Chase?" I suggested.

"My best picture? In my studio there is an empty canvas. My best picture is painted there. It's in my mind. I am always painting my best picture. I am always at work on it. If I only could paint the pictures I have in here—" and the artist touched his forehead. "I don't suppose, though, that I ever shall. My best picture is still unpainted, and I hope the time will never come when I shall look at that canvas and say, 'There is my best picture.'"

BENJAMIN NORTHROP.



Autograph portrait of William M. Chase.

THE PELEE ISLAND CLUB.

WHERE STATESMEN AND MILLIONAIRES
GO FISHING.

By a Special Contributor.

ABOUT ten years ago a half dozen enthusiastic sportsmen held a significant meeting in Chicago, the result of which was the formation of the wealthiest and most aristocratic and exclusive fishing club in the world. That organization, about which little has ever been written or published, is the Pelee Island Club, and its membership list bears the names of most brilliant statesmen and distinguished citizens; men who helped to make the history of this glorious republic and whose names will ever adorn its pages; warriors and diplomatists, kings of commerce, and magnates in the realm of finance, many of them multi-millionaires with "money to burn."

The headquarters of the club is on Pelee Island, the largest of the famous Lake Erie archipelago, and situated in Canadian waters, being embraced in the province of Ontario. It is a place which is little known, generally speaking, but the green waters which lap its sandy beach are, at certain times, fairly alive with the gamy and pretty black bass, the favorite fish of many anglers; and this is the Mecca to which the members make swift pilgrimages two and sometimes three times a year, some of them going a thousand miles or more

ident Chicago and Northern Railway, Chicago; S. H. Chisholm and Ralph W. Hickox, Cleveland; Edward Whittaker, St. Louis; Henry Elliott, J. P. Marquard and John McGinnis, Jr., New York; Jay O. Moss, Sandusky; Erskin M. Felch, J. W. Jones, J. A. Sprague, J. C. Peasley, C. J. Blair, Morgan A. Ryerson, William T. Walker, Charles Counselman and A. C. Barclay, Chicago.

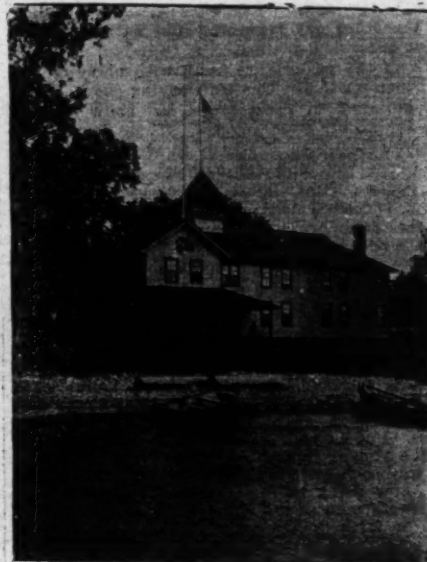
On its roll of dead, already growing long, the club has the following names: Gen. Phil H. Sheridan, the dashing cavalry leader and hero of "Sheridan's Ride;" Walter Q. Gresham, Secretary of State under Cleveland's administration; Gen. Anson Stalger, the late Bishop Beckwith of Atlanta, George M. Pullman, inventor of the car which bears his name, a chevalier in the nobility of Italy, many times over a millionaire, founder of a model town and the revolutionizer of railway traveling, whose death occurred but little over a year ago, was a member and an active one at that. P. E. Studebaker, the millionaire wagon manufacturer of Indiana, whose demise was recorded about the same time, was also numbered among the membership. The places of these two, it is understood, have not yet been filled.

The past season the usual scenes were enacted and the usual sport enjoyed at Pelee Island, and the catch was particularly good, both as to numbers and size. To say that the members of the club have jolly times, in their luxurious quarters as well as on the fishing grounds, is expressing it mildly. When the soldiers, statesmen and men of business don their oiled and gum boots and "go down by the sea," dignity is thrown to the winds and many an amusing and interesting episode occurs for which the world is never the wiser, though it would make good reading. "Great men at play" is the

because there was something to hunt and fish for. Men recuperated and rested their physical and mental energies then by living closer to nature, but it is different now, and they are the losers.

"The West still has plenty of game, but it is being wantonly slaughtered by those same 'game hogs,' and the fine forests are being ruthlessly destroyed and soon that section of the country will suffer also. The forests should be more rigidly preserved and the game and fish more carefully protected before it is too late. I understand that the national and State governments are doing something in this direction in California, Oregon and Washington, and the policy is certainly most commendable.

"Did it ever occur to you that the greatest men Amer-



PELEE ISLAND CLUBHOUSE.

ica has produced, or at least many of them, were sportsmen? Washington had his game preserves and his favorite fishing streams and spent much of his time there. Once he caught a poacher in his woodland and gave him a severe trouncing for trespassing on forbidden ground. To the name of the man who never told a lie, even after a day's fishing, those of others of the country's greatest have been added, forming a bright galaxy of statesmen and sportsmen—two words which sometimes seem not far from synonymous.

JOHN L. VON BLON.

A SEASONABLE PICTURE.

[News Letter:] Septuagenarian though he was, Annis Merrill was one of the few fin-de-siècle elderly gentlemen who acquired the use of the bicycle after attaining three score years and ten. Never weary of relating his bicycling experiences to his many early-day acquaintances, he frequently declared that his daily spin in the park made him feel younger day by day.

On the last day of the year, the old gentleman was on his wheel as usual, and proceeding along an unfrequented path, encountered a small boy whom, with the youthful enthusiasm which sometimes happily accompanies advancing years, he challenged to a race. Of course, no true boy ever refuses a challenge, and although three generations apart, these two strangely-assorted competitors were soon speeding along the track with as much eager enthusiasm as if all present and future happiness depended upon bicycling supremacy. Mr. Merrill gradually forged ahead, and when he was three lengths in advance of his boyish antagonist, the racers came within the view of the members of a junior bicycle club.

"Gee whizzar!" shouted one, who had been studying the newspaper cartoons appropriate to the season. "If there isn't Old Father Time being run out by the New Year!"

TOO MUCH FOR THE WOMEN.

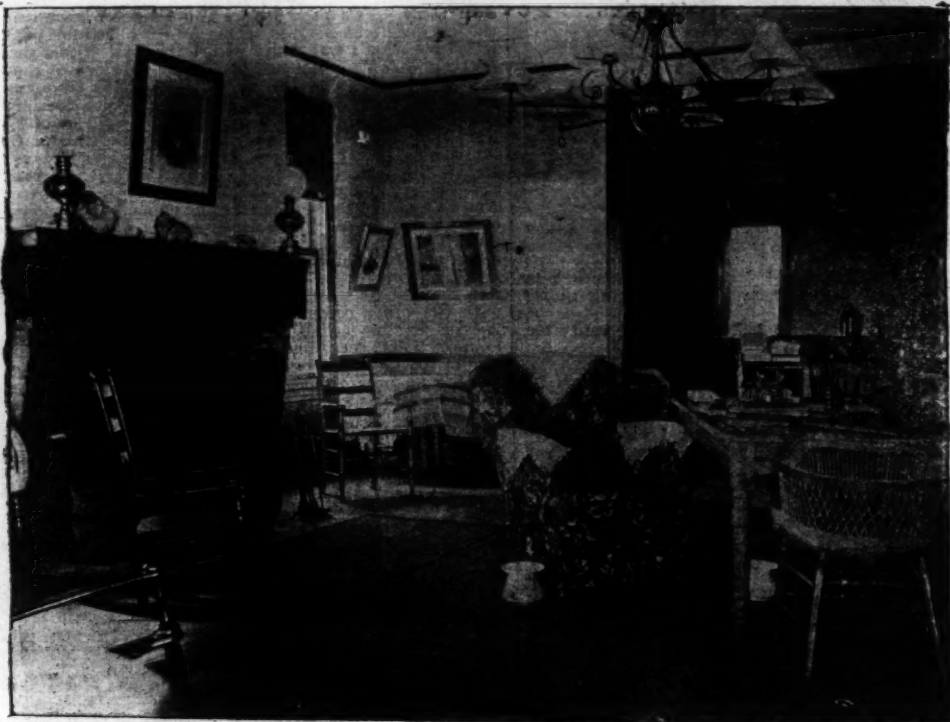
[News Letter:] It was unconscious comedy and unintentional tragedy. The magnificently-clad and perfectly-groomed English major attended the most fashionable church in town on Christmas morning, and treated his fellow-worshippers to a very unedifying spectacle.

The major wore a long Newmarket, the morning being raw and cold, and laid the garment aside in the sanctuary, and, at the conclusion of the service, marched down the aisle with the Newmarket over his arm. It was then perceived by all beholders in the rear that his suspenders were hanging loose below the tails of his London-made frock coat.

The combination of that self-satisfied smile, that patronizing air, that stately bearing, and those dangling braces would burst a vitascope. It was a delicious spectacle for gods and men, but, unfortunately for the major, the women beheld it too.

THE LESSON SUNK DEEP.

[The Wave:] A clergyman of Chicago was preaching about the Father's tender wisdom in caring for us all. He illustrated by saying that the Father knows which of us grows best in sunlight, and which of us must have shade. "You know you plant roses in the sunshine," he said, "and heliotrope and geraniums; but if you want your fuchsias to grow they must be kept in a shady nook." After the sermon a woman came up, her face glowing with pleasure that was deep and true. "Oh, Dr. —, I am so grateful for that sermon," she said, clasping his hand and shaking it warmly. The pastor's heart glowed for a moment, while he wondered what tender place in her heart and life his words had touched. Only for a moment, though. "Yes," she went on, fervently, "I never knew before what was the matter with my fuchsias."



RECEPTION ROOM OF THE CLUBHOUSE.

for a week's sport and temporarily leaving in the care of others business interests so extensive that they themselves cannot tell their value. The club owns fifteen acres on the west end of the island and has elegant and commodious quarters, the fine club-house, boat-houses and keeper's dwelling representing an outlay of nearly a hundred thousand dollars. This, however, is a trifling item when the aggregate wealth of the membership, said to be not far from a hundred millions of dollars, is taken into consideration.

As to the island itself, it may truly be said that it is a remarkable place, for, though only nine miles long and six wide, its interior is one of the wildest jungles in America, never trod by the feet of white men, and inhabited only by monstrous snakes, fierce panthers and catamounts and myriads of mosquitoes, reputed along the lakes to be of extremely large size and able to crack hickory nuts with their teeth. In summer the island is a lovely spot and the scene its beauties present under the shimmering light of a mellow autumn sun is one of grandeur never to be forgotten when once beheld. Now, however, the driven snows and winter winds, which sweep over the frozen lakes with unrelenting fury, lend it a bleak and forbidding aspect and the few desolate fishermen who have the hardiness to dwell there, are shut off from the rest of the world.

The Pelee Club aims to have a membership of twenty-five and never more. When death lessens that number—none have ever left the club otherwise—the deceased either leave their memberships as bequests to suitable successors, or they are chosen by ballot from among the many men of prominence in public and private life who are always seeking admission. It has been reported that Grover Cleveland, who would rather fish than observe Memorial day, was an applicant for membership while President of the United States. If so, he was rejected. The present personnel of the organization, as furnished the writer by the manager, is: President, B. C. Turner, Chicago; vice-president, Hon. J. Russell, Chicago, Minister to Belgium during all the years of Grant's administration; Charles L. Milla, Sandusky, O., manager and treasurer; Maj.-Gen. J. M. Schofield, U.S.A. (retired); Marshall Field, Chicago; Robert T. Lincoln, ex-Minister to England, Chicago; T. B. Blackstone, pres-

way an observer expressed it when he saw the Pelee Club members at their sport, and a charming story might be written upon that subject.

AMERICAN PEOPLE A RACE OF SPORTSMEN.

One of the most highly distinguished members of the Pelee Club, whose name is weighty in connection with important matters of state, was interviewed by the writer some months since and made these interesting statements with reference to the above subject: "The American people," said he, "have been a race of sportsmen from the days of the illustrious 'Father of His Country' to the present, in the truest and broadest sense of the term. The tendency in that direction continues and it would be stronger still, but for the felling of the forests and the robbing of the rivers, all of which has taken much of the pleasure from hunting and fishing. The despoiler of the woodland and the 'game hog' are responsible for this condition of affairs, which is to be deplored. The change it brings about must be for the worse. It means that deterioration of the universal mind and body which is necessarily brought about by a more general and almost incessant application to business and a constant mad struggle and rush for gain in crowded cities and stuffed offices on the part of many who would otherwise enjoy an occasional day or week in the fresh, pure air of nature's grand domain, away from the rabble and battle of commerce and remote from distressing financial cares and strains.

"It is the free in and out life that has made us what we are, and when we give up the sunshine we become morose and degenerate. The life of variety is the ideal life and the life that strengthens and ennobles not only the individual but the nation, which is, after all, but a whole formed of 80,000,000 parts. Since the forests and game and fish are passing away the people of this country do not longer live as they once did, for when there is no use for the rifle and gun and rod, vacations are of little consequence to the average man. The East has already suffered greatly and will suffer more from this very fact, and the rate of mortality here is higher now, in proportion to the population, under more favorable conditions otherwise, than in the good old days when nearly every professional man, merchant or mechanic, took the time for an occasional hunting or fishing trip,

THE FESTA OF TORQUATO TASSO.

HOLIDAY OF AN AMERICAN GIRL IN SOUTHERN ITALY.

By a Special Correspondent.

LORRENTO, Dec. 15.—The past week, from first to last, has been crowded with interest. On leaving Naples, we had had no intention of going to the top of Vesuvius, as the thought of calmly gliding up the wicked old mountain in a railway carriage, in company with a crowd of Cook's tourists, was extremely unromantic and uninviting; but, during our stay at Pompeii, we were seized with the desire of ascending Vesuvius in the old way, that is, partly on horseback and partly on foot. Accordingly, we left the hotel at sunrise on the third morning, in a very rickety little carriage, which, as we rattled along at a good pace, seemed in imminent danger of breaking down, but which, nevertheless, carried us safely to the village of Torre del Greco at the foot of the mountain. Here we were provided with horses, each one having a ragged bare-footed boy to hold the bridle, and we galloped along between hedges and green fields, the

boys keeping always close to the horses' heads and running with the greatest ease.

After a while all vegetation ceased suddenly, and the road narrowed into a bridle path which grew steeper every moment, winding in and out among the masses of black lava, which in hardening has taken the most grotesque and varied shapes. The desolation of the scene is appalling—for miles around, nothing but cinders, ashes and lava, without a single spot of color to relieve the somber monotony. At the foot of the steep cone which forms the summit, we dismounted, as the horses could go no further, and spent an hour in scrambling over big blocks of lava, up an almost perpendicular ascent and along the side of the crater of "72," which, by the way, is still smoking.

But the view which burst upon us on reaching the summit amply rewarded us for our toilsome journey. Separated from us by the blackened opening of an old crater was the present crater with banks of lava piled loosely around it, so soft and crumbling that they seemed ready to fall at a touch, while from its mouth poured a huge column of writhing steam, tinted by the glow of the fierce fire within. At intervals, with the most terrifying sounds of smothered explosions and rumbling and hissing, quantities of red-hot lava burst from the opening and, flying high into the air, fell back

with a pattering noise. The ground under us was hot and trembled perceptibly, while from every crevice came small jets of steam, which, crystallizing as it reached the air, covered the rocks near by with coats of many colors.

As soon as we could take our eyes from these wonders, we turned to the view spread out below us and which the force of contrast made all the more beautiful. The green of fields and woods had never seemed so rich nor the waters of the bay so blue. In the distance lay Naples, gleaming white in the bright sunshine like a beautiful jewel with the soft-green hills for a setting. The descent, through loose cinders, into which we sank almost to our knees, was anything but agreeable, and when in the course of time we drove up to the hotel we all looked considerably the worse for wear.

We had ordered a carriage for that afternoon to drive us to Sorrento, and had barely time to repair some of the ravages of the morning's excursion, and fortify ourselves with lunch before the landlord announced its arrival. I sat upon the box next to the driver, who told me the greatest quantity of interesting things about the various towns through which we passed, but, his English being almost as incomprehensible to me as his Italian, I was obliged to call my imagination into service to supply the defects of my understanding. The road, after following the curve of the bay almost the entire distance, began finally to ascend between orange and lemon groves, with every now and again an opening—the trees forming a frame for an exquisite picture.

On arriving at Sorrento, we found the picturesque little town in gala attire and learned that the people were celebrating the birthday of their beloved Tasso by a grand "festa," which was to last three days. Our driver informed us that we were particularly lucky in being here at this time, as the "festa" only takes place every hundred years. These three days we have enjoyed to the utmost, entering into all the celebrations, beginning with the flower corso, when many carriages, filled with picturesquely-attired girls and men, passed slowly up and down the principal street, the occupants carrying on a merry and animated war of flowers and words with the people who leaned, laughing, over the vine-covered balconies, and with the crowds which thronged the street. How often since I have been in Southern Italy have I longed to be an artist, for at every turn one sees an enticing subject for a sketch.

Last evening, in the large open square where a crowd had gathered to see the illumination of the only straight street of the town, a young boy, with a sort of portable counter strapped around his shoulders, was calling attention to the array of pink and green tarts spread out invitingly upon it, when a party of ragged urchins surrounded him. One of their number, by fair means or foul, had come into possession of a penny which, followed by the admiring eyes of his comrades, he threw down upon the counter, with a lordly air demanding a tart and his change. He pocketed the half penny and walked calmly away, munching his tart, while his friends looked after him disconsolately.

Almost every group is a picture, rich with life and color. This morning there were speeches in the Town Hall, one of them being delivered by Marion Crawford, who seems to be a great favorite with the people, and whose address called forth a deal of noisy admiration and approval. The "festa" seemed inspired by a real love of the great poet who had called the humble little village his home, and I think the love and enthusiasm of the simple villagers are as great a monument to his genius as the beautiful marble tomb which rises over his last resting place in the Church of St. Onofrio at Rome.

ADELE M. DONOVAN.

LATEST WRINKLES.

UP-TO-DATE HINTS ON HOUSEHOLD DECORATION.

IT IS now quite the thing to festoon old fish-net in unexpected corners of one's home and to hang dead star fish, sea mosses, shells and other bits of wreckage therein. This decorative idea is admirable—it makes one's apartment look like a young lady's studio and it is also excellent discipline for the man of the house when there is company, as his first impulse is to indulge in questionable rhapsodies when his coat buttons catch in the net.

Do not arrange flowers in a shallow bowl for your dining table; put them in a red or yellow or purple vase and set on small table in bay window, in the most prominent position possible.

Arrange the contents of your china cupboard and all your mantel ornaments on top of your piano. It deadens the sound of the instrument and, to the caller who naturally looks for such bric-a-brac in its old accustomed place, it is a pleasing surprise. Dare to be original.

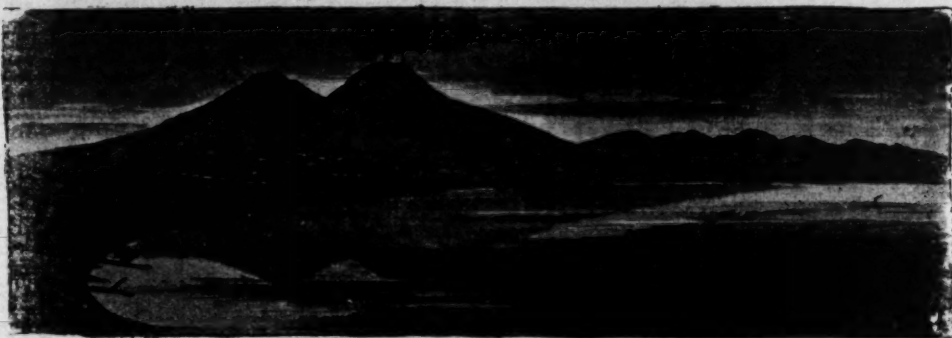
Do not serve your callers tea from your tea table; but have the tea made in the kitchen and brought in, in your ordinary cups. This will suggest to your caller that she is hardly up to the standard of the china on your little 5-o'clock tea table—that there are far more elegant dames on your visiting list. You will be much sought after.

If you have a showy jardiniere, silver water set or bit of statuary, remember that its proper place is on a brass and onyx table in your front bay window. It would be well to economize, if necessary, at one's grocer's or butcher's in order to provide one's household with such an essential, so diverting to the passers-by.

Provide plenty of silk, hand-painted, beribboned pillows for your divans and window seats. The most economical filling for such pillows, by the way, is a combination of excelsior and dove-colored cobblestones of assorted sizes. For covers, be sure to select such colors as turquoise blue, shrimp pink and Nile green, as no man would ever dream of sitting familiarly near such daintiness—and your pillows will always look new and immaculate.

OLIVE PERCIVAL.

Thomas Q. Seabrooke, the well-known comedian, went into bankruptcy a few days since, with tabulated indebtedness amounting to \$39,075 and accumulated assets represented by one scarfpin—value not stated. Many friendly words of deep and tender regret were expressed along the Rialto, only one discordant note sounding in the chord of sympathy. This from a seedy gentleman just in from nowhere, who said, huskily: "Thirty-nine thousand and seventy-five dollars! Holy smoke, if I could only owe that much!" It was the amount that did it. Thomas Q. Seabrooke was envied



THE WICKED OLD MOUNTAIN.



185. ROMA - Chiesa di S. Onofrio - Monumento di Torquato Tasso eretto da Pio IX (opera del De Fabris).

MONUMENT OF TASSO.

THE PHILOSOPHER OF SANTA CATALINA.

STORY OF "UNCLE" AND HIS LIFE OF SIMPLE USEFULNESS.

By a Special Contributor.

NEAR the northeastern end of Santa Catalina Island, against the cliff in a wild little cove, there is a strange-looking, ruined structure of stones. Too regular to be the chance work of the forces of nature; seemingly both too irregular and too small to have been built by man, one might fancy it the abandoned nest of some gigantic bird.

In shape it is a rude square. Neither mortar nor any substitute was ever used to fill the chinks between its ill-fitting stones. At its best estate it could have not much more than broken the force of the winds, which at times blow here with great fury. It would have been a misuse of words to call it a shelter; few would have sought it even for a refuge when the winter breakers were snarling on the rocks below it. Yet here, for two winters, lived a poor nature-lover.

Originally there was a second story on top of the one now fast falling into shapelessness, and a roof, probably of a sort to match the walls. In storms the water sometimes came in over this upper floor. To add to the wildness of the place, the ravine close at hand, in the rainy season became a roaring torrent. Nearby acres of soapstone have slid, either from slight cohesion or loosened by an earthquake, and it lies in overlapping layers, like a half-shuffled pack of cards. This slide occurred, however, after the old man had left the place. It may have been the jar of it which toppled his rude hut into ruin.

same brother, of whom, years later, when he was almost helpless and very heart-hungry for his own people he made moan: "Why doesn't my nephew write to me? Why doesn't Theodore's son write to me?"

For two years he cut wood on the hills and then his nephew bargained to sell the schooner in which Uncle had earned so much for him, for eight cords of wood, delivered at Avalon, where he had a boarding-house and bakery. It was an unaccountable thing. Perhaps the malady which finally consigned him to a living grave had already touched his brain. The purchaser hired Uncle to help him cut the wood. The schooner was loaded and tied to the shore. At a great storm snapped her cable and reeled. Nor word was heard of more. Some openly said it was a judgment, that Uncle had earned the boat over and over again and should have had her. He loved the old craft. He was a Cape Ann man sailor and fisherman to the backbone—shy, gentle, solitude-loving, inoffensive, caring for naught after which the heathen of this world rage imagining vain things. The voice of the sea was as the voice of his mother to him. He loved the dumb universe and its elemental forces. When an old, old man, very feeble, alone in the poor hut, I shall hereafter describe, he was asked: "Don't you dread the winter here? Doesn't your house leak badly?"

The last question he passed over as of no moment. A fine enthusiasm lighted his poor, marred face. Into his dim eyes came the look of one who sees beautiful visions.

"Oh, no," he cried fervently, "I do admire to see the rains come down the cañon."

The wood-cutting at an end, he came back to Avalon, and his old love the sea. One of the fishermen gave him a boat, already time-worn. After a few years of service the bottom became so spongy and worm-eaten that there was little but the paint to keep the water out. In this shell would Uncle venture miles from shore, to the haunts of his favorite sand-dabs. When the tide ran strong against him he was too weak to row

fervent faith, to anyone who had done him a kindness, that, or a "mess" of sand-dabs. Shark oil and sand-dabs were his all-sufficing currency.

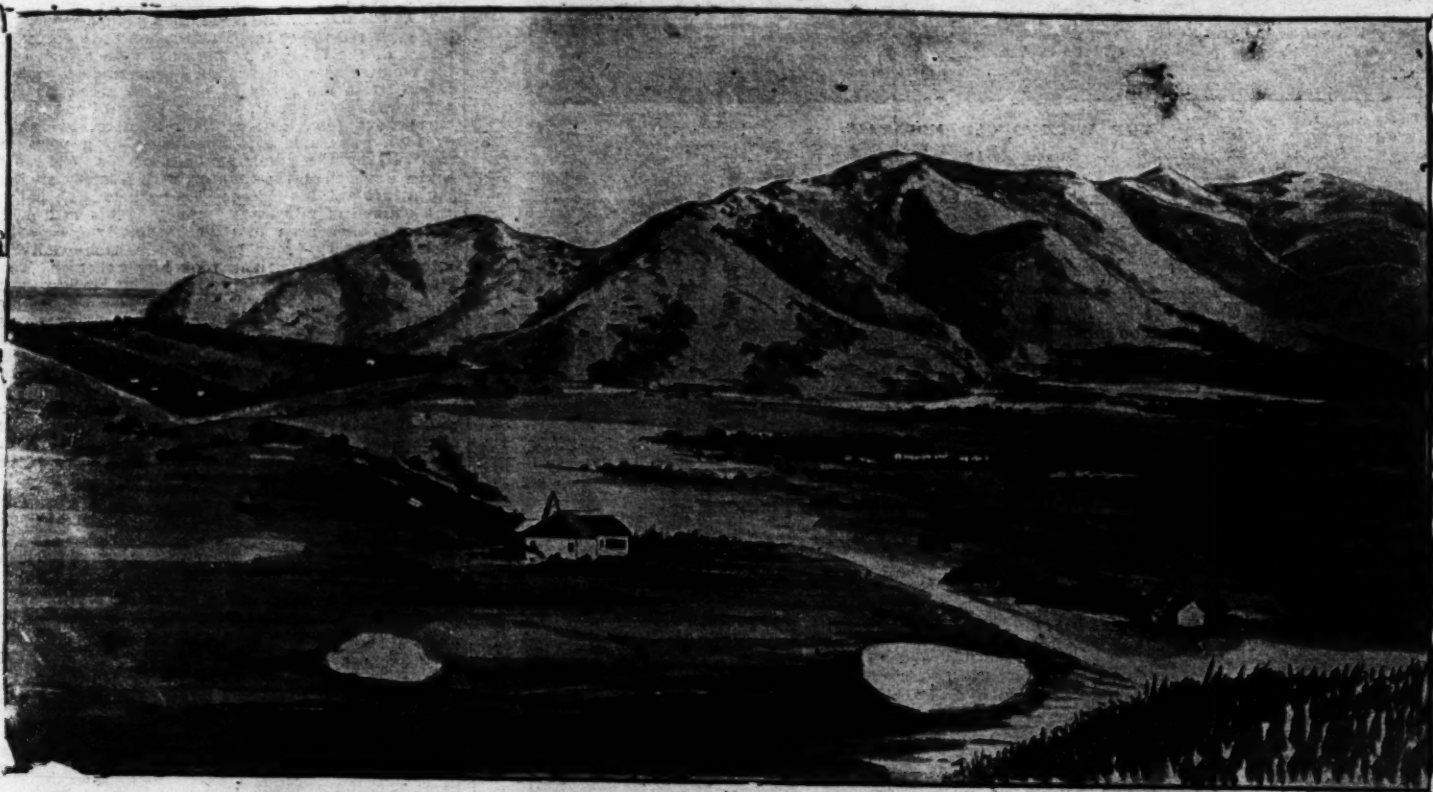
His nephew, meanwhile had bought a number of cows, and one day said to Uncle: "Uncle, I will give you two-bits a day if you will take care of my cows, and sell the milk."

"I wouldna have thought Uncle would ever have given up his fishing to take care of cows," said his best friend, a Scotch woman who had at one time been in the nephew's employ, and who remained devoted to Uncle to the last, "but that seemed a nice little bit of money to live on, and he took the offer. He worked hard, did Uncle, and I doubt he saw little enough of the money, but he was always awful true to those people. Of course his nephew thought Uncle wasted his money, but Uncle had to have hooks and lines—a hook and line was his life, but his nephew couldna understand that. Of course his board didn't cost him anything—it didn't cost his nephew anything either. He kept hotel, you know, but Uncle was so shy he'd never wait for the girls to help him—just snatch up whatever was left on the plates and off with it to a shed or something, and eat it off a box or something."

During this service came a rainless winter, the springs dried up, cattle began to die of thirst. All that season Uncle spent his spare time gathering cactus fruit and burning off the spines. The moisture in them took the place of water, and thus he saved his nephew's cows. It was not so much to save them as property he did it, but because he could not bear to see them suffer. When famished sheep came down from the mountains, he treated them the same way.

About this time his twin brother died and was buried in the cañon, a little way above Uncle's hut. The old man was passionately fond of his own people. Long years after this brother's death, his Scotch friend tells me that during his sick spells (of which he came to have one or two a year,) fearing he might need something, she has sometimes stolen up the cañon in the night and has heard him talking softly to "that old fellow," as he always called this brother.

He had a sister, also, older than himself, who lived with his nephew. When he went to see her they would sit for hours, holding each other's hands like sweet-



THE NEW WEATHER-PROOF HOUSE.

It was his work to cut wood on the hills and bring it down to the water for shipment to the mainland. To this day the winding trail he made and used scars the mountain; to this day those who knew him, speak of the place where he lived as "Uncle's Cove." The heavily-shod stone-boat on which he hauled the freshly cut, sap-dropping logs, was only a couple of years ago burned by some vandal campers.

His nephew was his employer. It was his nephew's schooner on which he loaded the wood, and when she was ready for a trip, "Uncle" was both captain and cook. One might say crew, as well, for he seldom had more than a boy to help him.

Lame, bent, more than half-blind, he was still the most cheerful of men. He loved to work. Good will and long hours took the place of strength, though he was not without a certain wiry endurance. It is doubtful if he ever received regular wages. His clothing was worn and tattered, though he made some attempt to pull the rags together with thread, or even yarn, of any color that came handy.

He was infinitely loyal to his nephew. Like many another handicapped soul, against odds, doing more than the average able-bodied man, he depreciated his value as a worker, and was grateful to his nephew for furnishing him the means to earn an independent living. To be free and independent, making full return for all the world gave him, that was, and remained, his ideal.

It must have been about this time, while suffused with this glow of independence, that he refused an inheritance of a thousand dollars, his share from the sale of the old family homestead. He had a sickly young brother.

"Give it to him," he said, "he is not able to work and needs it. I am strong and can take care of myself."

I do not know whether or not it was a son of this

back against it. Sometimes it carried him far up the coast, even to White's Landing, and he could by no means get back until it turned. More than once he was caught in storms. In one of these, for three days and nights, he was alone with winds and waves. He had a master-hand with sand-dabs—could conjure them from the vasty deep when no one else was catching any. Occasionally he made as much as 35 cents in a day. This he told boastfully to his crony. On these good days he had dreams of putting a new bottom in his boat and thoroughly overhauling her, even to putting in a regular mast and sail in place of the sapling and flour-sacks which now gerved in their stead.

He had built him a kind of house in a lonely spot up the cañon, not a piece of new lumber in it, the boards of all shapes and sizes—some evidently pried up out of the mud—put on as God willed, so they covered the holes. It was larger than some dog kennels, and smaller than many smoke-houses. It soon looked like the latter, since Uncle cooked over an old sheet-iron can half filled with ashes, and had no chimney. Van Dyke might not have scorned to paint those smoke-encrusted walls and blackened shelves, but the shrunk, bent, peering figure that gazed about in the dim light from two set window-panes had nothing in common with his gay, full-blooded, roystering models.

Bright days Uncle would build a campfire out of doors. He used fish hooks to hang his kettle, a fish hook to latch his gate—a superfluous care, for the broken fence kept nothing out—fish hooks, in short, were his universal makeshift, as became his calling. The place was redolent of shark oil. A wick floating in a saucer of shark oil supplied his only light. Rusty cans, half full of shark oil, stood here and there about the yard, in the house were bottle and jars of it. Uncle, bent and crippled himself, yet deemed it a sovereign cure for rheumatism. It was his wont to proffer a bottle of it, in

hearts, while they talked of old Cape Ann. His interest in those times did not fade, although for nearly forty years, in all, he lived among these channel islands, or on the adjacent mainland. At one time he made his home on Deadman's Island, at San Pedro. He seemed always to be drawn to wild, bare, inaccessible spots.

Aside from the wild strain in the man, this choice of solitude may have been partly due to consciousness of his changed appearance, for a succession of accidents had left him marred and crippled.

"He had an awful lot of trouble, Uncle did, an awful lot," said his Scotch friend. "Once, when he was a young man, piling lumber off by himself—Freeport, or somewhere—some boards fell on him and broke his nose and made his eyes the way they were. He couldna get help in that place, so he got into his boat and rowed to Boston, or somewhere, and when they first saw him they were afraid to go near him—he couldna take care of himself, you see, on account of having to row the boat, and he was all bloody from head to foot. The first time his sister saw him she said: 'That isn't my pretty brother!'" (This was the same sister whose hand he used to hold.) "Then he hurt his knees and went lame, then he fell into the water and rheumatism bent him over."

Lonely as Uncle's life had been, it was destined to be lonelier. His nephew went insane, and eventually the whole family moved back to the East. They wanted Uncle to go with them, but he said: "I cannot leave that old fellow up there on the hill."

The cows, and all his kin being gone, he went back to his fishing. Every fair morning saw him on his way to the beach, bent over the old wheelbarrow, without which he rarely went to the village. In it would be his hooks and lines, perhaps; perhaps some bits of old iron he had picked up to add to the mass of such rubbish which formed his anchor, but always an old can

or coffee-pot in which to carry back the sand-dabs for his own eating. He held that a sand-dab to be rightly edible should never leave salt water. No one, he thought, could dress or cook them like himself. In his little conceits he was as open as a child. As for "supplies," he never had much of a load to carry home. The disproportion between his big wheelbarrow and small parcels must have often struck those who saw him after he had been marketing, and this was by no means every day, nor every other day. The real use of the wheelbarrow was as a handy receptacle for any old cans, iron hoops, or wire, or rusty nails which came in his way. Then there was always the possible flotsam and jetsam of the sea. His yard was full of this old junk. It was the last flicker of his New England thrift.

In his last days he became too weak to manage the wheelbarrow. He began, then, to carry a stout stick cut in the chaparral. If one spoke to him he answered the greeting cordially, for he was the politest of men, but did not slacken his pace nor look anywhere but straight ahead. "I'm just going to the beach," or "I'm just going home," he would say as the case might be, "and as I cannot walk rapidly, I must be getting along," and off he would hobble, at a great pace—for to the last he retained a surprising spryness—reaching far forward with his stick, as if to pull himself ahead the faster.

He was neat-handed, too, would carry his saucer of shark oil about, or manage a ticklish kettle over his campfire without spilling a drop.

Inquiries after his health, such as have passed mere forms with the insincere multitude, he answered painstakingly, in childlike good faith. Pills were his favorite remedy for everything, and his voice was almost exultant when he said: "I'm taking pills now."

After his people went away, whatever his communication, he usually added: "I'm expecting to hear from my folks in the East, soon;" sometimes: "I'm expecting a remittance from my folks in the East, soon."

It came to be very pitiful, this expecting to hear from his folks in the East. Once in a great while a letter did come and once in a still greater while a dollar came in it, always a dollar, never more—small payment on his years of arrears. Sometimes Uncle would speak of this dollar with a dry humor as near bitterness as anything his gentle soul could harbor. The last week of his life he said, with a half-whimsical, half-pitiful smile, "my niece had better hurry up that dollar!"

But his nephew's poor wife could really do no better. Life had become almost a death struggle for her.

There were times of storm when no fish were to be caught, and times of sickness, when Uncle would undoubtedly have starved, had it not been for his staunch Scotch friend. Many others on the island would have helped him had they known the hours of his necessity—some occasionally did, but she only made it a daily care to know how it fared with him in his solitude.

There was a much younger friend—one who, when a boy, had helped Uncle sail his beloved schooner—who looked after the old man, more or less, during his summer stays on the island. To him, perhaps, more than to any other, the solitary one opened his heart, both because he belonged to his happier past, and because he, too, loved the out-door world, and by this token the old man knew the young one understood him.

His first task, after setting his own camp in order, was to bring Uncle's into some sort of discipline, and to cut the old man's hair and beard, else untouched; his



"UNCLE."

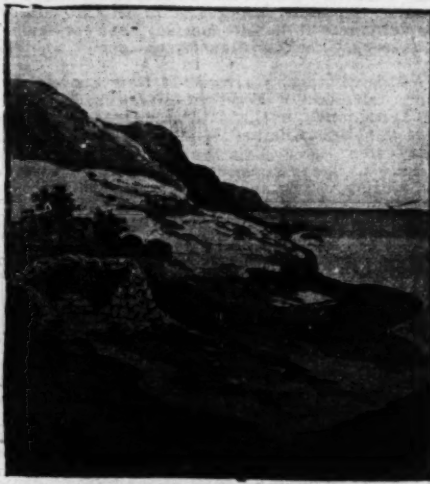
last, before he left for home, to paint the old man's boat.

To Uncle, Harry was always the boy who had sailed the "Ruby" with him. It was pleasant to see the captain's airs he sometimes assumed with him, and the young man's amused, genial way of taking his commands.

Although living so apart from the world of men, Uncle's interest in it was eager. He devoured any ancient magazine or newspaper which fell into his hands and his mind dwelled strongly on whatever excited his interest or sympathy. Apropos of nothing, he would break out: "It was a wonderful thing they got across in that yacht, wasn't it?" or "has the President granted the petition of those poor Indians yet?" or "it was an awful thing shooting that man for stealing food when he was starving, but I suppose they had to do it?" and only after ransacking your memory would you, perhaps, identify the incidents of which he spoke.

Uncle was a fluent talker. There was an elegance and finish about his sentences, somewhat in the Johnsonian taste. He also had a number of pet expressions, which were quaint and original. "Admire to see," which I have quoted, was one of these, "exceedingly excellent" another. His manners were fine, from their cordiality and simplicity. I never heard more warmth of voice than he put into his greeting of guests in his own house, and he always seemed to feel it a duty to be as entertaining as possible. I have met people who would not exert themselves to be agreeable, unless they felt in the exact mood.

During one of Uncle's sick spells, when he had become very thin and weak and almost helpless, some ladies, summer visitors on the island, came to take an interest in him. They were told it would be the most merciful thing for Uncle if he could be sent across to the poor-house on the mainland. Once before, when he had



"UNCLE'S" RUINED CABIN.

been brought very low, he had even seemed willing to go. The matter was laid before him. He would have food, shelter, company, freedom from anxiety and hardship, attendance when he was sick, beautiful trees to walk under, beautiful flowers to pick; you would have thought they were describing Paradise rather than the poor-house, and it was all true.

"I do not want to go," he said.

"Would you rather stay here and die alone? Would you rather starve than go?"

With sudden energy the old man raised himself on his bony elbow.

The old fire of independence lighted his dim eyes.

"I would rather die than go," he said firmly.

"Then you shall not go, and we will build you a new house."

That word put fresh life into the old man.

"It's more than anything else thinking no one cares for him that ails Uncle—his lost heart," one who knew him well had said, and so it seemed.

His old cheerfulness returned. As the preparations for building went on, there came new directness and meaning into his movements. From day to day his mind waxed bright; he was as if intoxicated with hope.

Youth came back to the old man. A true nature-lover is never really old. Sometimes youth lies dormant for a time.

He began to talk about fishing on a large scale, employing men, hiring agents in San Pedro, establishing a market in Los Angeles, making daily shipments. As his ambition grew he had visions of a fine new boat, a two-master at the least, built specially for this trade.

He would name her, perhaps, after the lost "Ruby," and Harry should run her for him.

"You know it could be done, Harry!"

The company, people generally, gave willingly for the new house. Soon the materials were on the ground. The day of building came. Some of the island carpenters had volunteered to help.

Those who could not work on the house for lack of space—so swarmed the helpers—were sent into the brush to cut wood for Uncle's winter fires. It was the rag-end of the season, but every young man left had either offered or been pressed into service. Even the girls took pieces of canvas and dragged in loads of twigs and small branches.

By night a new, weather-proof house with two windows, which would open, and a tile chimney, stood in front of the blackened hut, that, too, had been overhauled and tightened. Uncle was lost in wonder at the beauty of the wood work.

"It's all matched and dressed lumber—there isn't finer material in any house in the country," he said fervently to each newcomer.

In his excitement, he even pushed back the old hat that, in presence of strangers, either from shyness, or sensitiveness, or both—he was wont to wear pulled low over his nearly-closed eyes. His eyes themselves, out of which you would sometimes marvel he could see at all, were wide open and eager. In the new dignity of ownership he went from group to group, asking, with hospitable urgency, if they would not have hot coffee, and when 4 o'clock came he wanted everybody to stop work. That was a long enough day, he said, they could finish tomorrow.

"I am going to begin going out for sand-dabs soon, when I get a little stronger, and I will see that you are all well paid," said he. A boy who had helped, he afterward introduced as "one of my carpenters." It is doubtful if he ever gave up the dream of sometime paying for his house.

But when he heard that he was to have water on his own porch, he thought luxury could no farther go.

"Will the Bannings really do that?" he asked. "Can they afford to do it?" "Is it possible? Johnnie hasn't things as convenient as that!"

Even this was not all. One man gave him a bed, another a stove. Such a bed! and such a stove! Uncle could scarcely sleep at first, for the remarkable softness of the bed, and the surprising way in which it sank down when you lay upon it, and rose up again of itself, when you removed your weight. In like manner the taking qualities of the stove so filled him with admiration that he sat for a long time with the oven-

door open, forgetting to take out his first loaf of bread—not a raised loaf, but a stirred one, fat and round, such as he had been used to bake on board the "Ruby." When it, and the duck "Johnnie" had brought to celebrate his house-warming, were put upon his neatly-set oilcloth-covered table, even a not very hungry person might have accepted an invitation to tea.

"Johnnie" was Uncle's one crony—a bushy-bearded, twinkling-eyed, contented little man who lived still farther up the cañon, with no company but his chickens, turkeys, ducks and pigs. There was a slight touch of patronage in Uncle's manner toward Johnnie; sometimes, also, he would exhibit a naive rivalry, for there was a delightful amount of human nature in the old man. Nevertheless he was fond of his younger and more prosperous neighbor, and many a fat fowl, and many a backload of wood did Johnnie bring him.

Although Uncle had rarely sought human companionship, he had always been the most hospitable of men to all who came to his door. Anything he owned he would share freely with friend or stranger. If he had money it was the first comers', for the asking. But after his new house was built he became a little wistful for society. When some of the people who had interested themselves in him went away for a few days, he said to them on their return: "I got hungry to hear good voices."

He kept the names of those who had helped him in a book, partly out of gratitude, partly, I think, with a view to repaying them in sand-dabs, for he never let go his love of independence.

In his last days, it came to be quite the rule for "Johnnie," as Uncle always called him, to drop in of evenings once or twice a week.

"Sit right down, Johnnie, and I'll make you a cup of nice hot coffee," Uncle would say. He had more warmth and sincerity of manner than almost anyone I ever met. You could not help feeling he was glad to see you. So there the two cronies would sit, sometimes until midnight. There was rare talking done those nights. Would I were able to report it.

For quite a time Uncle's housekeeping remained orthodox and praiseworthy. Then he began to find it easier to have things "handy." What did it matter, after all? There was no one but himself to please.

For very hot days he had a retreat in the thicket somewhere, which he called his "Bowery." We never found it, although we looked for it. Thither he would go, usually with his Bible, for he was a deeply religious man, although not tied to dogma.

His fishing trips became more and more infrequent, as his life waned; he might have gone oftener, perhaps, but for an old shark which followed and stuck by his boat, watching, watching. It took his bait, mangled the fish he caught, and seemed only waiting for Uncle himself. The old man began to have a horror of it. It haunted him even on shore. "Oh," he would say, "he had awful eyes—how he looked at me. He'll get me yet. He would have got me the other day if I hadn't cut the line."

There came the last time. The old man would go out upon the sea no more. When he grew so weak that he could not make out even with her daily visits, his faithful Scotch friend took him to her own house and cared for him to the end. He suffered much, but every day it was: "I think tomorrow I'll be well enough to go for sand-dabs." He died, at last, as peacefully as a child goes to sleep. The Scotch woman and Johnnie were alone with him.

"It was so strange," she said, "he went off so quiet you couldn't tell whether he was alive or dead. I can't tell you how I felt when I saw poor Uncle lying dead. I had a box of clothes some boys who went to the Klondike left with me. Poor boys—I knew they would never come back. They wanted me to put on Uncle's old clothes, but I said no, he deserves it and he shall be dressed right. So I put a nice shirt on him—a fine shirt, and done up so nice, and a nice dress suit and a necktie, and all. I took all the things out of the boys' box. He looked fine when he was dressed. When the preacher and the other people went into see him, they said: 'It doesn't look like Uncle.' We laid him out on the lounge in the tent—the tent was fixed so nice—you wouldn't believe how nice it looked. I had a big picture of McKinley—I was very patriotic, and Uncle thought so much of McKinley—and I put that upon the wall above him. I worked all night fixing things and in the morning the people began to come in to see him. I can't tell anyone how I have felt sin' poor Uncle died."

They buried him beside his twin brother, "that old fellow," in the little graveyard up the cañon. It is still a lonely spot, but Avalon has begun to encroach on Uncle's dwelling-place. Several rude cabins have been built nearby. The new golf links are close at hand, one of the "greens," with its gay flag, almost under his window, and two of the five little Spanish-Portuguese boys who now live in Uncle's house, earn many a dime as "caddies."

His old boat, worn and sea-stained, lies on the beach of Avalon. The rotten thing survived its owner. Uncle loved it, as he loved every timber which ever carried him upon the sea. His Scotch friend mourns because he has no stone to mark his grave. "Sometimes I think I'll have his old boat hauled up there and plant it full of flowers," she says. A more fitting monument he could not have. Perhaps his name may be painted on the bow—there any reader who cares to know it may read it. To everyone on the island he was "Uncle"—that only. But he bore a famous name, and although it was not he who made its fame, he was a natural gentleman, a man who might have been a scholar; a poet, though he never wrote a rhyme, since in his inmost soul he felt and treasured the unwritten Iliads of earth and sea.

M. E. M.

AN UNGRATEFUL CITIZEN.

[News Letter:] At a Christmas Sunday-school entertainment, one of the numbers was "Remember the Maine," which was greatly enjoyed by the bulk of the audience. One spectator, however, admitted that he was sick of hearing about the good ship.

"Our parson," he said—he does not attend St. Alban's—has preached about the Maine till I am very weary. When I was in Los Angeles last week, my brother took me to visit the public library. The most conspicuous object as we went up the staircase was the picture of an exploding vessel, with the same old legend under it: 'Remember the Maine.' And here is the cursed thing again!

"Do you know"—and he spoke with bated breath and whispered humbleness as if he feared that he was uttering constructive treason—"I almost wish that the Maine had never blown up!"

MILLIONS OF TREASURE NEAR CUBA.

TONS OF GOLD, SILVER AND JEWELS
AMONG THE ROCKS AND REEFS.

By a Special Contributor.

OUR new islands in the West Indies furnish one opportunity for Yankee speculative genius that has been curiously overlooked. On the submerged rocks and reefs and in the dangerous passages around Cuba and Porto Rico lie untold wealth—millions of dollars in gold coin, silver bars and jewels. In the past, Spain's rapacious rule has prevented the recovery of much of this treasure, although several men have been made millionaires by the findings of divers in Cuban waters.

During the early years of Spain's rule in the New World, hundreds of galleons sailed yearly from Mexico and the shores of South America for Spain, stopping at the ports of Cuba and passing out into the Atlantic through the Windward Passage. For more than a century there was a close rivalry between the buccaneers and the hurricanes to see which could sink the greater number of these treasure fleets. In many cases the location of the wrecks is now definitely known, while in many other the records at Madrid and at Havana show the location only approximately. West Indian waters outside of the harbors are exceedingly clear, so that it is oftentimes possible to see to the depth of eighteen or twenty feet, making it easy for divers to make the necessary exploration. Indeed, with some of the recently-invented submarine boats, such a boat, for instance, as Simon Lake's Argonaut, which crawls on the bottom of the sea, it would be a comparatively easy task to prow around on the bottom of the sea and discover these old wrecks and loot them of their gold.

A little research into the musty records of Madrid shows that during the early part of the seventeenth century over \$30,000,000 worth of silver alone were shipped from Spain. During the latter part of the seventeenth century, one mine, the Valenciana of Guanajuato, employed 4000 slaves and the company owning

fifteen buccaneers, each crept around the western end of Cuba and came suddenly upon one of His Majesty's treasure ships, bound from Caraccas to Havana. They swarmed over the side of the great vessel like so many rats, and threw every Spaniard overboard. The uncouth victors ransacked the vessel for booty, but to their disgust, found only a small quantity of wine in the officer's quarters, and in the hold a lot of greyish metal, which some wiseacre on board decided to be tin ore, and, not wishing their newly-acquired vessel to be laden with such trash, the leader ordered it to be thrown overboard; and there it lies to this day, not far from the Colorado banks, not less than fifteen tons of fine silver bars.

Sir William Phipps, a baronet of New England, who was once Governor of Massachusetts, enriched his ancestral house and left his descendants among the wealthiest in New England by sharing the secret of a smuggler, who saw a plate-ship go down in a storm, about half-way between the nearest points of Cuba and Hayti. "Phipps's fortune" has been famous ever since. And yet it is said that he found only one of the sunken ships of the fleet containing not less than thirty-two tons of silver, with jewels enough to make \$2,000,000. The remainder of the vessels still lie off the eastern point of Cuba, and they are estimated to contain many millions of dollars.

Another treasure wreck is the center of a most romantic and thrilling story of crime. In the year 1717 Charles Vane, a notorious pirate of the West Indies, captured about \$80,000 in pieces of eight that were being taken by divers from one of five plate-ships that had gone down in a storm just east of Key West. The silver bars, as they were brought to the surface by divers, were stored in a little fort on the mainland to await the Guardacosta, which was carrying the treasure in installments to Havana. Vane learned of this and made a sudden descent upon the fort, captured the treasure, rowed out to the vessel where the divers were at work, captured the ship, and sailed away, leaving the destitute crew and divers marooned on the barren key. The plate-ship of five galleons, on which these divers were working, was carrying \$4,000,000 in bullion when it was wrecked, and less than one-fourth was recovered and captured by Vane. The old records estimate that \$3,600,000 still remains in the sea at this point.



it lost \$1,000,000 every year by pirates and accidents at sea without in the least impairing its credit in European markets. Most of these enormous losses strew the ocean bottom around the West Indian Islands. A careful search of old Spanish records would reveal the approximate location of scores of the treasure wrecks, so that they could be visited with very little difficulty.

My researches have been limited to such ancient Spanish records as may be found in America, and from these alone—and their number compares with the immense libraries of such works in Madrid as a drop to a stream—I have unearthed the stories of more than a score of vessels and fleets, the wrecks of which now lie in American waters.

East of the Isle of Pines are the Gardinillos, or famous Jardine rocks, where lies a whole fleet of good ships. It was here that the daring buccaneer captain, Bartholome Portugues, lost the richest prize he ever took in his adventurous career, and it lies there today, awaiting the lucky submarine explorer. The accounts of the wreck in the old books is most circumstantial.

Bartholome Portugues had fitted out a small vessel at Golpho Triste, on the Gulf of Campeachy, and with a crew of thirty men he had captured a treasure galleon bound from Carthagena to Havana. It was a lucky adventure. The inventory of the ship's goods showed over \$100,000 worth of gold and silver bullion, with as much more in coin. Portugues set his sails for Tortuga, but as they were passing Cape Corrientos, three swift-sailing guard vessels from New Spain swept down upon the ship and captured him and the entire crew, and took them in irons to San Francisco in Campeachy. The old account tells how Portugues escaped that night, and after an almost incredible journey through the swamps, secured a canoe from a friehd, enlisted thirty men, and actually recovered the ship that had been taken from him. Then he sailed away again for Tortuga, that island of blood and spoil.

Off the Isle of Pines a hurricane brought down vengeance upon him and carried him irresistibly on the Jardine rocks, and the galleon with all its treasure went down. Some of the hardy buccaneers escaped in a small boat to tell the story, but the gold and silver bullion for which they risked so much is still heaped in some hollow of that rock-bound bed of the sea. This treasure would pay richly for the recovery.

Another account of sunken treasure is told as a musty joke on a musty tome. In 1650 three canoes, manned by

Another circumstantial but incomplete report tells of the wreck of several treasure galleons in the Gulf of Florida in 1676. Of this treasure \$8,000,000 in pieces of eight were recovered and carried to Havana. Fifty thousand more, after being stored on the shore were captured by the famous Capt. Jennings, who had hastily equipped three sloops in Jamaica. After this assault the Spaniards abandoned all further work on the sunken galleons and lost all knowledge of their exact locality. There is no question that a little exploration here will reveal this sunken fleet, which still contains, according to the old records, several million dollars in gold and silver.

Somewhere a few miles southwest of the Isle of Pines there is a princely fortune in diamonds and gold awaiting the hunter who will travel the bottom of the Caribbean Sea and cast a searchlight carefully over the hulls of sunken treasure ships. It is the remains of a Spanish ship in the royal service, whose commander, Don Sebastian Jeminez, touched at Santiago de Cuba in 1560, on his way to Spain. He was carrying the "King's fifth" from the silver mines of Guanacaboa, amounting to nearly twelve tons of good silver bars and unknown but immense quantities of personal treasure shipped by home-going merchants. Upon sailing from Santiago he was caught in a terrific tempest which tore the ship from its anchor and drove it upon the rocks within sight of the observers on the bluffs at Santiago. No vestige of ship or crew was ever seen again. The galleon probably lies not far from the recent naval battleground between the Spanish and American fleets, and it offers a princely lure for the bold submariner who will conduct a patient search.

Another, and probably the richest of all treasure ships lost in the West Indies, was wrecked in 1679. A notable company of officials, ecclesiastics and citizens of New Spain were on board, bound for Spain, at the invitation of the King. They carried the most costly personal possessions. The record tells of diamond crosses of enormous value and presents that were to win the favor of the great King of Spain, besides many tons of silver bullion, which was actually used as ballast. But many times richer than all these were the bars of gold which most of the officials were carrying with them back to Spain, in the hopes of living the rest of their days in distinguished opulence. One of the ladies, Dona Inez Escobedo, was taking with her an Indian slave as a

present for her brother, who was Governor of one of the Canary Islands. The few negro slaves on board were servile enough, but the Indian, whose name the records do not give, was unmanageable and grew more obstinate at every punishment.

One morning, when the ship was a few leagues south-east of the Isle of Pines, the captain was horrified to find that water was pouring into the hold. He was about to descend through the hatchway to discover the cause, when the warning voice of the Indian declared that the first man to appear through the opening would be shot. Immediately those who gathered about heard the blows of a hatchet upon the bottom of the vessel. The horrible truth then dawned upon them that the untamable Indian intended to escape slavery by wrecking the ship with all on board. They drove down a negro slave, believing that his body would receive the fire of the Indian, but everything above the hatches was plainly visible from the darkness below and the negro lay where he fell, stupefied with fear, while the blows of the hatchet rained faster than ever, and the roar of the water constantly increased in volume. At last an old officer, José Nunez, sprang suddenly through the opening into the hold, waist deep in water, and charged upon the Indian, sword in hand. He was followed by half a dozen others. They splashed around and finally found the Indian under a beam, beneath the water, where he had crawled and drowned himself. The most frantic efforts were made to stop the leak, but the ship sank, and it was with difficulty that even one boatload of the passengers was able to escape.

Numerous attempts were made by the Spaniards to recover the treasure from this ship, but divers never could find it.

These are only a few of many score of similar wrecks, the records of which can be found in the old Spanish reports and histories. They will indicate in some measure the enormous richness of these hitherto undescribed resources of our new possessions.

C. M. STEVANS.

HE WANTED A PENSION.

[Chicago Times-Herald:] Opie Read tells a funny story of a colored man who had conceived the idea that he could get a pension from the government. He went to a pension agent to learn what steps it would be necessary for him to take to bring about the desired result.

"Were you really in the army, Sam?" asked the agent.

"Yas, sah; indeed I was, sah; I was in de army for more'n a year, sah."

"What regiment were you in, Sam?"

"Wall, sah, I don't just this minute recomember, but I've gwine to bring you all de papers and dat will explain de matter."

"But you surely remember whom you were with, Sam?"

"Oh, yes, sah; I recomember dat all right; I was wid my young master."

"Oh, then, you were in the Confederate army, were you?"

"Yas, sah; yas, sah."

"Were you ever wounded, Sam?"

"Yas, sah; indeed I was; see dat scar, sah; I got dat scar in de army, sah."

"What was it hit you, Sam?"

"Wall, sah, it was a skillet, sah; indeed it was; a big iron skillet, sah."

"Now, see here, Sam, what chance can you have to get a pension? In the first place, you were in the rebel army, and then the only wound you received, anyway, was from a skillet; what in the world has our government got to do with your case?"

"Wall, sah, it was a government skillet, sah."

HIS PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

[The Wave:] Frederick the Great at one time requested his generals to submit to him plans of campaign for a supposititious case. A number of most elaborate plans were submitted. Hans Joachim von Ziethen, the famous cavalry general, produced a queer diagram in black ink. It represented a big blot in the center, intersected by two black lines, whose four terminals ended each in a smaller blot. The King was furious, and upbraided his old comrade-in-arms bitterly for what he considered disrespect. In explanation, Von Ziethen said: "Why, Your Majesty, I am the large blot in the center—the enemy is any one of the four smaller blots. He can march upon me from the right or left, from the front or rear. If he does, I simply advance upon any of the four lines and lick him where I find him." Frederick was satisfied.

FINERTY'S SERMON.

[The Wave:] Before ex-Congressman John Finerty became famous, he was one of the best reporters in Chicago. He was on the Tribune, and one day his city editor decided that Mr. Finerty should be disciplined. It was Saturday, and some time after midnight. Mr. Finerty was assigned to report the morning sermon of an obscure minister way down on the South Side. Finerty was the senior, and his associates were thunderstruck. They expected an explanation, at least, but Finerty remained calm and dignified. "Then he will resign," they thought; but Finerty walked out and made no sign. He reported next day as usual, and turned in an abstract of the sermon. Everyone read it on Monday morning, and it was certainly an eloquent and carefully-reported sermon. That afternoon a man of clerical cut called on the city editor and asked to see the young man who had reported his sermon the morning before. Mr. Finerty was introduced. The man of the clerical cut would like to see Mr. Finerty alone for a few moments. Out in the hallway he asked: "Of course, you were not at my church yesterday morning?" "No," replied Finerty. "Well, I simply stopped to thank you for the sermon. It was far more eloquent than the one I preached." Finerty had composed the sermon in a neighboring beer cellar on Saturday night.

POLITENESS IN ST. LOUIS.

[Chicago Times-Herald:] While Mrs. D. Y. Van Dyne was entertaining her fashionable friends a well-dressed stranger appeared at the door and without ceremony said he desired to use the parlor while he had a fit.

Somewhat astonished, Mrs. Van Dyne ushered the stranger in and then retired from the room, wondering if she were being made the victim of a practical joke.

The stranger entered a side parlor, lay down on the floor and had his fit. When it was over, he thanked his hostess and departed, without giving his name.

LIBERTY FOR THE FILIPINOS.

QUESTION OF THEIR FITNESS FOR GOVERNING AND CITIZENSHIP.

By a Special Contributor.

THE government and all the conditions of life of 7,000,000 men, women and children, inhabitants of the Philippine Islands, have been profoundly affected by the decision of the Paris Peace Commission. It is a little singular that, while the disposition of the islands has been thoroughly discussed from the point of view of the Americans, the English, the Germans and the Japanese, the Filipino has hardly been consulted as to his desires and inclinations regarding the future. Ramon Reyes Lala, a native of the Philippine Islands, educated in England and now temporarily a resident of the United States, who is thoroughly familiar with the conditions in the Philippines, appears as the champion of his people, and in the following article he makes some exceedingly valuable suggestions for the future government of the Philippines, showing vividly the needs and hopes of his countrymen:

"There has been not a little curiosity shown by the American public as to the future of the Filipino, and not a few wiseacres have croaked most dolefully about his worth as a citizen. I therefore wish to show that my countrymen are not as black as they have been painted and that there is enough stamina in the race to warrant cultivation and a high citizenship.

"True, we have no world genius to show you, we have no grand literature, no distinct national art—but there are, I think, enough evidences of our capacity for these things to cause Americans to give us a genuine Yankee welcome.

"For opportunity to prove ourselves, our manhood, our talents and our hopes is all that we feel entitled to. Let the American people help us to a realization of this long-desired opportunity, and they will win our eternal gratitude.

man so well knows the intricate Spanish laws, the customs and the character of the people.

"I have merely made mention of these names to prove that a few of us at least are ready for even the duties of American citizenship—high as these are—and I do not underrate them when I say this. Indeed, we can show not a few others who would rank on the same intellectual plane with the gentlemen mentioned above—and there is no reason why, in the course of a generation, there should not be thousands where now there are scores. It will cause some surprise when I state that no subject possesses greater interest to the Filipino mind than civics and law. There are today already more than 1000 Filipinos who are full-fledged lawyers—graduates of the University of Manila, and some of them of the best schools in Europe. The average native also is much interested in the affairs of his village, and there is usually as much desire among them to hold public office as among the rulers of free America.

ANNEXATION MAY CHANGE THOUSANDS OF NATIVE NAMES.

"Annexation will possibly have the peculiar effect of changing family names in the Philippines. As a paterfamilias, the Filipino has no superior, here or elsewhere; for nowhere, I verily believe, is there more family affection than among the natives of my country, but the mother is really the head of the home; her word is law and she gives the surname to her offspring, who hold her in peculiar awe. Necessarily, much of this will be changed by the advent of western civilization, and I confess that I am sorry, too, for there is a great deal that is lovely in these eastern domestic customs. However, the elastic nature of the Filipinos will easily adjust itself to new conditions, and will retain its inherent virtue.

"I do not believe, as some of my countrymen do, that the Filipino will disappear before the incoming tide of American emigration, as did the American Indian. There are good reasons for this belief. One is, we are of the tropics tropical, and not even a hundred generations could completely acclimatize the American, nor adapt him to the conditions of this sultry zone. There is no more danger that we will be supplanted by the Americans than that the Dutch will supplant the Malays in

"It can thus be easily seen why the natives have manifested so little business enterprise in the inglorious past. Believe me, let them once know that they will profit by the results of their labors and they will be encouraged to labor and to industrial art.

KEEP OUT AMERICAN LIQUORS AND POLITICS.

"Millions of acres of arable land are yet untitled. They wait an era of demand to impel them to fruitfulness; and America will create that demand by an increasing commerce, that will redound to her double advantage. For, in exchange for the products of the islands, she will give the thousand and one articles of civilization manufactured in America. Send us prayer books and missionaries for our rice and hemp if you wish; but keep out American liquors and American politics. No one can drink the strong beverages of the temperate zone in the Philippines and live. Many foreigners, it is true, insist upon their arrival in Manila on calling for whiskies and brandies; but such indulgence is sure, even if continued only moderately, to superinduce a fatal fever, or some other tropical disease. Many of the foreigners who have died there owed their death to the daily tippie alone. For this reason the climate has not been so dangerous to the natives of wine-drinking countries, like France and Italy. American troops should be cautioned in regard to this insidious danger, and strong liquors, both for your sake and ours, should be kept out of the colony.

PROTESTANTISM WILL NOT FLOURISH.

"Protestantism will not flourish in the Philippines. The pomp and ceremonial of the Catholic church appeals most strongly to the native imagination, and no religion which is wanting in splendor and in grand music will find a foothold in the islands. There is thus little danger of the Filipinos ever becoming Quakers. They are a very musical people. Every village has its native orchestra, and in the processions, of which the natives are so fond, and which occur every few days, the music is the chief feature. Indeed, it may be said that every Filipino plays some instrument, and even little children five or six years of age play the piano or guitar amazingly well. It is refreshing to go through the suburbs of Manila on a fine summer's eve and to hear the happy people on the wide verandas of their houses singing and playing popular airs, which the passers-by below will take up, so that the whole street resounds with melody. Music is truly a great civilizer, and it has doubtless been a powerful instrument in the hands of the church to win the natives to the standard of the cross. To the native, however, all music is divine, and it is music of the stirring, operative sort that most appeals to him. It must be full of movement. The soft, tender airs of sentiment, or the music of emotion do not affect him. Thus in the churches and at funerals it is a common thing to hear lively marches and the latest waltz—while the audience listens entranced—keeping time with hands and feet.

FILIPINOS IN ART.

"Strange to say, the Filipinos, notwithstanding their great love for music and their wonderful ingenuity in inventing and constructing musical instruments, have no distinct school of their own, preferring to play the compositions of European composers than to take the trouble to write their own. I believe, however, that they are capable of a high order of composition, for one of the gifted Luna brothers, whom I knew very well, composed some pieces of extraordinary merit—and I am sure others also have the genius to do so.

"I must make some reference, also, to the Filipino in the realm of art. We have produced few great painters—and yet another of the Luna brothers, who studied in Madrid, took prizes in the Art Academy there, and gives promise of a remarkable career. This, however, shows of what the race is capable, and I am convinced that we have many Lunas. Out of primitive conditions, also, we have evolved a style of architecture eminently suited to our environment. The prevalence of death-dealing tornadoes and of destructive earthquakes—those iconoclasts of the Philippines—have forbidden the erection of splendid temples and of imposing piles. The finest edifices at present are of Spanish design, but how could it be otherwise, when the Spaniards superintended the construction of every building in the colony?

LARGE ESTATES SHOULD BE PROHIBITED.

"I believe that large estates should be prohibited by law, for I fear that a few scheming Americans may soon own the greater part of the islands, and will therefore soon have a great part of the population on their estates, educating them for a future of dependence and for political subservency. At present every native owns his own house and his own little patch of land, and is contented and happy. Let him continue undisturbed in his humble possessions.

"The chief necessity of the islands are good schools, and we hope that the Americans will not long withhold from us this long-desired boon. Comparatively few natives have had the advantage of modern methods. At present the educational facilities are most meager and the methods of the native schoolmasters, as well as of the Spanish priests, are most antiquated. Only Spanish books have as a rule been allowed, and the whole course of colonial education has had a theological bias. The groundwork of superstition, however—reared with such infinite labor during the centuries of Spanish priestcraft—is fast giving way. The eyes of the natives have at last been opened. They will no longer tolerate the delusions of the past, but will eagerly embrace the doctrines of the new. Under American dominion, a glorious future awaits the Filipino. He will for once be able to hew out of the rock of opportunity the statue of his own worth."

RAMON REYES LALA.

Heroes Have the Call.

Another era's dawning. Things that charmed the world before
Are losing their attractions, hour by hour;
The idol of the masses finds his glory almost o'er.
Like the fainting fragrance of a withering flower,
No more the politician moves the multitude to cheers;
No more for orators the music plays;
No more men wait with laurels for successful financiers;
You've got to be a hero, nowadays.

Dame Clio takes her pen in hand and turns another page,
The records of a marvellous year to trace,
And thousands crowd and struggle her attention to engage,
But the old-time winners aren't in the race.
In vain the mountebank proclaims his presence with a drum;
In vain does Art perform her polished lays.
The echoing of the cannon makes all else seem sadly dumb.
You've got to be a hero, nowadays.

—[Washington Star.



PHILIPPINE ISLANDERS AND A NATIVE HOUSE.

"We have, I repeat, already given evidence of a capacity for civic functions. Though living amid the most discouraging conditions and under the most oppressive government in the civilized world, my countrymen have ever proved tractable and law-abiding, where the law was based upon equity and right. Nay, they have done more than this. It is said by all travelers that no other people in the world would have endured as much as the Filipinos, and therefore they can surely not be accused of a rebellious disposition. And when, finally, the dogs of war were let loose, it can surely not be said that these 'blood-thirsty and cruel Malays' did much havoc among the hundreds of defenseless Spaniards who were in their power.

GOVERNING ABILITIES OF THE FILIPINOS.

"But it is not upon this capacity to refrain from bloodshed in times of great provocation that I would base the right of my countrymen to citizenship. I claim that we have shown for generations—ever since the Spanish occupation, and even long before—the capacity to govern ourselves, for the most of the gobernadores or governors of townships, and many of the provincial governors, have been native Filipinos. As the township, under an American régime, would also be the unit of government, it follows that the same administrative talents that have made the Filipino communities models of domestic peace hitherto, will keep them the same. As to the larger offices of state, the majority with us, as well as with you in America, are probably unfitted. And yet we have men among us who would, I think, be fit to assume any task that the United States might impose upon them—even to the Governor-General of the colony itself.

THREE MOST FAMOUS FILIPINOS.

Aguinaldo, though young for such a position, has surely shown remarkable ability, and would, I believe, always handle himself with discretion. Agoncillo is another man who has shown an uncommon talent for affairs—while Cayetano S. Arellano, the eminent Manila jurist, is, in my mind, as capable as any American whom it has yet been my fortune to meet. This man is a profound lawyer, and is of untarnished reputation. He is widely traveled, and conversant with the history of other countries as well as with every detail of the life of his own. He should be put at the head of the Supreme Court of the islands, if the United States decide to assume the task of governing them, for no other

Java. The body of the population must ever be native-born and in that physiological necessity and ethnological fact, lies our national salvation. Therefore, even in the event of American annexation, the Filipinos will in the main rule themselves; nor can anyone else do it so well.

American annexation will give us not the rule of a hated foreigner, but the opportunity of political equality—where each individual can work out his own destiny on lines of individual choice.

OTHER EFFECTS OF ANNEXATION.

"The Filipinos are by nature agriculturalists. The farm suits them better than the store or factory. The Chinese and the foreigners, indeed, almost monopolize the trade of the islands; the natives being in the main producers, or else in the professions. And right here will come the great opportunity for American commerce; for the carrying trade of the islands, as well as the various kinds of manufacture will soon be in American hands, and the chances for large profit will soon draw many investors to those golden shores.

"The hemp, tobacco, sugar, lumber, indigo, rice and cocoa industries will thus alone receive a magnificent impetus and the production of these articles of export will be stimulated, so that within five years their yield will be increased threefold. Hitherto there was little incentive to work hard for oneself, since the profits were shorn for the benefit of the oppressor. Woe to the Filipino who prospered; he was fleeced in a thousand ways by the officials of the state and of the church. Thus ambition was atrophied and enterprise of every sort was dwarfed into apathy. Foreign investors also were similarly discouraged, and many were only allowed to leave the scene of their unprofitable investment after they had lost their last dollar. I remember two Englishmen who had discovered a great ledge of coal. They were allowed, at great expense, to develop it until the point when it was about to become profitable. Then the government began to impose restriction after restriction, until every further endeavor was attended only with loss. The investors were finally forced to give up in despair, as the Spaniards intended that they should; and both of them left the islands in disgust. Another investor, an American friend of mine, Thomas Collins, went into the lumber business and seemed on the high road to great wealth, when he became involved in a lawsuit which a corrupt judge decided against him, leaving him penniless as the result of an unjust decision.

SALMON FISHING ON PUGET SOUND.

HOW THE SILVERY BEAUTIES ARE CAUGHT AND CURED.

By a Special Contributor.

FAIRHAVEN (Wash.) Jan. 1.—Over clear waters, lightly dancing to the soft music of a gentle breeze wafting its way from the snow-clad peaks of the Cascades over that great inland sea called Puget Sound, our steamer with its gay crowd of eastern visitors slowly swings up toward a salmon fish trap, one of the sights peculiar to this region.

We had steamed through a vast school of salmon. We had seen them in countless multitudes flashing through the limpid waters, or now and then in exuberance of sport throwing themselves from crest to crest of the waves. Yet that trap, with its 20,000 imprisoned salmon, making an almost solid mass well high forty feet square and forty feet deep, the whole, acted on by the tide, swaying in such manner as to cause the trap owner much uneasiness, was the crowning sight of all.

"Tie up to the trap piles?"

"By no means." A single line from our steamer with the slightest pull might tear out the whole trap, and \$2000 worth of fish be lost.

So we steam easily forward and back in front of the trap and watch the trap-crew with a large band-net dip out fifty to a hundred sock-eye salmon at a lift until we have seen two thousand or more transferred from the water to the scow.

Practically all the salmon canned in the world is packed in Northwest America, that is, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia and Alaska. Salted salmon are put up to a small extent on the Siberian Coast, and the market is found in China and Japan, but as no means have been taken to keep the supply of fish on the Asiatic Coast, they have been rapidly depleted, and today the oriental nations are looking to this country for their salted salmon, and orders have been sent to Puget Sound which cannot be filled this season.

England and Australia draw their entire supply of canned salmon from this section, mainly from British Columbia, while the United States draws its supply from Alaska, Oregon and Washington, and now the new markets of the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines, China and Japan will secure their canned salmon from the same source.

California in 1897 put up about 28,000 cases of salmon on the Sacramento River, but 28,000 is a mere drop in the bucket compared with the output of this section for practically 3,000,000 cases of salmon were packed that year in the Pacific Northwest—Alaska, British Columbia, Oregon and Washington, each packing in round figures one-third of the output.

In following the salmon from the cradle to the grave, which, perhaps, is a less offensive manner of statement of following its fortunes from the natural spawning bed or hatchery to—well, the dining-table, where it appears as canned salmon, many things strange and unusual are to be noted.

As stated, the pack of the world in 1897 was approximately 3,000,000 cases. Each case consists of forty-eight one-pound cans; hence the number of cans used was at least 144,000,000. Three million cases of salmon are worth at the place of production between \$10,000,000 and \$12,000,000. At least \$9,000,000 capital is handled in producing this quantity, thousands of men, women, girls and boys and Chinamen are employed, and along both the Oregon and Washington shores of the broad Columbia, up the coast in Willapa and Gray's harbors, farther up into Puget Sound, at Point Roberts, Blaine, Semiahmoo, Fairhaven, Anacortes, Friday Harbor, thence up the Fraser River into British dominions, on up the British Columbia coast, up in the nooks and rivers of Alaska, all is life and activity during the canning season.

In the State of Washington alone, which in 1897 packed 689,926 cases, the investment in twenty-two canneries, including all appurtenances, was \$2,582,000; 6800 men were employed, receiving \$1,450,000 in earnings, and the pack was valued at \$2,582,000. And yet this business, so far as Puget Sound is concerned, is only in its infancy, for in five or six years it has grown from nothing to its present magnificent proportions. In 1897 Washington packed 22 per cent. of the pack of the world; the Puget Sound district put up 72 per cent. of the State pack, and Whatcom county, in which Fairhaven is located, put up about 60 per cent. of the pack of the district.

The varieties of salmon in Puget Sound are locally known as the Chinook, tye or spring, the sock-eye, the humpback, the silver, dog and steelhead. The sockeye is the choice canning fish. The flesh is a rich red, the meat is fine fibred, the oil is rich in coloring, and what makes this fish particularly desirable from the canner's point of view is the fact that this species moves in countless schools. Five thousand salmon in a scow is an ordinary sight. Thirty or forty thousand fish on the floor of a cannery makes a showing.

The sockeye is artificially propagated in hatcheries, and spawns in a natural state as well. From 3000 to 4000 eggs make the product of one female. The female lays her eggs as far up a creek or river towards its headwaters as possible, and, after spawning, dies. Were it not for this provision of nature, coupled with the attacks of enemies without number, for it is estimated that but 2 per cent. of the eggs hatched naturally arrive at maturity, there would soon be no Pacific Ocean—nothing but fish stretching from the Pacific Coast to the Orient. This statement seems extravagant, yet the logic of calculation proves it. It is calculated that the productiveness of the female sockeye salmon is 3000 eggs. Assume that all arrive at maturity and that half that number develop into female salmon. The first generation would consist of two, the second generation of 3000, the third generation of 1500 times 3000, or 4,500,000; the fourth generation of—well, the linotype cannot keep up with the procession of "o's." Or, to put it in another way, it is estimated that 5,500,000 sockeyes were caught in this county alone in 1897. If half these fish had been females and all of their eggs

capacity had developed into mature salmon, their progeny would have numbered 8,250,000,000 fish.

When a few months old the young sockeye descends the river, and goes to sea, and no man knows where it spends its time until the fourth year, when the school returns to its place of birth to fulfill the function and complete the round of nature.

It is on the return, just before or just after entering the river that the fish is taken by traps or seines. Traps are necessarily used in the clear, phosphorescent waters of the Sound. In general a trap consists of a row of piles driven from the shore out into the deep water. This row is frequently several hundred feet long. From above the line of high water to the bottom of the Sound a net is hung, making, as it were, a fence. As the schools of salmon sweep along the shore they encounter the net, and leading along it enter the heart of the trap through an entrance which, however, does not serve as an exit. The heart, or trap proper, is a large bag hung from the piles, and is generally forty feet squares and forty feet deep. From the trap the salmon are taken in scows to the cannery. As they are thrown from the scow into a hoist which lands them on the cannery floor they are counted for the first and only time.

In most canneries Chinamen are employed to do the work. They are paid by the case. A canner, for instance, makes a contract with a Chinese contractor to furnish men enough to pack 25,000 cases, at a price ranging from 40 to 45 cents per case. If the output is over 25,000 cases, the Chinamen are paid for the surplus. If less, the canner has to settle with the Chinamen for the difference between the amount packed and his guarantee.

The first operation in the cannery is called "butchering," that is, the head, fins and tail are taken off, and the entrails removed. The fish now go into the "slimming" tank, where they are partially washed, thence into a second tank, where they are washed thoroughly. Let me say here that while canneries do not post up a sign, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," they live up to the rule with a thoroughness that is admirable. But candor compels me to say that cleanliness about a cannery is an absolute necessity, or—the product might be damaged.

The fish now go to the power-cutter—a series of revolving knives which cut each fish into the length of a can. Next, by hand, the fish is cut lengthwise into pieces that will go into a can. The can has no top on up to the present. There is a small quantity of salt in the can, and the fish is put in on top of that. It is in filling the cans that the majority of white labor is utilized. The Chinese will butcher the fish, Chinese and whites will wash and cut the fish, white labor will fill the cans, and the rest of the process is largely carried on by Chinese.

The can, now filled with fish, goes to the washing-machine, which not only washes the oil off the outside of the can, but also packs the meat down in the can to permit the "chip" to be put in and the top to be put on. You have doubtless noticed two little drops of solder on the top of a can of salmon, one in the center, the other anywhere. Both of these drops fill holes, but the top, which is now placed on, has only the open hole in the center of it. The can now goes to a crimper, which squeezes the edge of the top down against the body, and directly from here the cans roll on their sides in an inclined position, with the head lower than the bottom, through a bath of acid and then through a bath of solder kept hot by fires underneath. If any steam generated in the can during this process the top would not stay in place, hence the little open hole in the center to permit the steam to escape, and hence that "chip" of tin to keep the fish from plugging the hole at this and another point in the operation. From the soldering-machine the cans roll down a long incline, the hot solder meantime settling in the seam. This part of the process of canning salmon is mechanical, but there is a fascination in watching cans dodge around the crimping-machine, take a taste of acid, struggle through the hot solder, and then chase one after the other down the incline at the rate of 200 a minute. At the end of the incline they run under a spray of water to cool the hot solder, and are there caught and placed in "coolers." These coolers are iron baskets about three feet square and three inches deep. The cans are placed on their bottoms, and every can hole sealed with solder. Now for the first test, and tests come frequently. Each cooler is lowered into a tank of clear water. If any can leaks the fact is betrayed by little bubbles. Those that leak are taken out and carried to the hand-solderers, who are remarkably expert. One cooler of cans is placed on another on a small iron cart until they are about six high. One cart after another is loaded, and they are all rolled into a steam box, where the fish are given the first cooking. This is an occasion of surprise to many. But it is a fact that the raw fish is cooked for the first time in a tightly-sealed can. The temperature is about 212 deg. After being about an hour in this temperature, the cans are rolled out, and the top of each can is punctured by striking it with a mallet which has a steel point in its face. The oil and steam spurt out, and there is many a merry little fountain. As soon as the fountains cease this second hole is plugged with solder and the cans rolled into the retort, a thing looking something like a boiler, except that the whole end opens to admit the cans. Just before going into the retort the cans are tested again in a similar way into the described. In the retort the salmon gets a second cooking at a temperature of about 240 deg. When the coolers are taken out of the retort they are washed in a bath of caustic soda, then washed off with fresh water and carted to the cooling floor, where they stand until cool. Then they are tested again, but this time they are tapped with a little steel rod, and the sound given forth determines whether the can is tight. Now lacquering comes. This is to keep the can from rusting. Next the label is put on showing the brand of salmon inside. Then the can is wrapped in tissue paper, then put in a box with forty-seven mates, shipped by rail or boat, and you get your share, declaring when you eat it that the "sockeye" salmon put up at Fairhaven is the choicest you ever ate.

The sockeye is not the only salmon canned. The tye or spring, the silver, the humpback and the qualah or "dog," are also packed. They are all choice food fish,

but the epicurean world has gotten accustomed to looking for the red color in salmon, and will take nothing else. The world needs educating, however, in the salmon line.

At the height of the season, when 200 to 300 people are fairly jumping to pack 20,000 to 30,000 fish in a day, the sight about a cannery is an enlivening one. The wages paid are good, unskilled help, sometimes at filling alone, earning \$2 per day. On the other hand, while the construction of a cannery involves an investment of \$10,000 to \$25,000, the amount of capital to handle the product is about \$3 per case; hence it may safely be assumed that a cannery that produces 150,000 cases in a season must have a working capital of about \$450,000.

At times fish have come in such numbers as to be a drug on the market, unsalable at any price whatever, down to 2 cents a fish, though these times will probably never come again. The writer has seen 4000 fish thrown away because they could not be handled before they spoiled; has seen fish sold at 2 cents, and has seen the same kind of fish sold at 25 cents each. Some years there is a rare profit in the business of canning salmon; other years the balance is on the other side of the ledger.

The sportsman will sigh as he thinks of the millions of salmon caught for commercial purposes, with no regard for his feelings. Well, all salmon are not to be tempted into taking a bait of any kind, but some of the most royal sport to be found the world over is here on Puget Sound at certain seasons of the year.

The steelhead salmon, which is doubtless an ocean trout, and not a salmon at all, is now running, and will be caught in nets during the next two months. Probably this fish might be allured into taking a bait, but the wet winter months do not tempt sportsmen out for experiments. The steelhead is the great shipping fish for winter, and commanded during the latter days of December 25 cents a pound wholesale in New York City.

The spring salmon will follow the steelhead in March, and will be caught as late as August. This fish sometimes reaches seventy-five pounds in weight. It does not take a bait.

The sockeye salmon will come in July, and run in countless schools. It will weigh six or seven pounds. Neither does it take a bait, and in fact few men can tell what it lives on, for nothing is found in its stomach when caught.

In September and October the silver salmon come, and every second year the humpbacks come with them, or shortly after, and then follow the qualah, or "dog" salmon.

But the silver salmon is the sportsmen's delight. He will weigh ten to fifteen pounds, and is generally caught with a trolling-rod, sometimes on a light rod. He who gets a silver on a seven-ounce rod has more business to the square inch on hand than he often finds. This fall, out of a school of silver salmon within a few miles of this city, 60,000 fish were taken in nets. The sportsman who trolled among that same school took—well, a whole boatload, for they didn't count them.

Spearing is another form of sport resorted to in the rivers and creeks after the salmon have ascended them. The writer speared a thirty-pounder one time, and it was an even question for a long time whether the spearsman would get his fish or the fish would get the spearsman. It was this way: I stood on a narrow little bar, in the river, with deep water either side of it. I drove my spear at a big fellow passing the end of the bar, and the detachable point went through his lower jaw, leaving the string, which attached the point to the haft of the spear, leading out through his mouth. I would draw the fish out of deep water up to my feet, and with a mighty effort he would flop into deep water on the other side of the bar. And so we fought it out. But he was getting the better of the fight, for I noticed my cord was "fraying" badly. I wanted that fish, and finally I got him, though by the basest sort of stratagem. At the instant when I dragged him for about the fortieth time on the bar, I flung myself headlong on him, reached in my pocket for a knife, and in a dastardly way stabbed him to death. That echo you heard a few months from this country was nothing more than the horse laugh of my friend on the bank at my appearance when I rose dripping with water from that bar—but I had my fish, weighing exactly thirty pounds.

Leaving the great waters of the Sound, with their shore-lining traps and the steam and noise of the cannery, and the sportsmen with their rods and lines, let us go up the river and a tributary creek clear to the headwaters, and there in water that would scarce come to the top of a child's shoe, we see salmon floundering over the stones and gravel, their bruised and sore backs and bodies showing that their journey from the salt water up the river and creek has been full of pain and suffering. But what a change! Gone is that silvery brightness, that litherness, that powerful sweep of the tail. Instead of showing bluish, the back has deepened to a green, the sides from white into crimson, and here and there, generally the whole length of the spine, are repulsive sores, occasioned in the manner mentioned. Repugnant as the salmon is in appearance, the fish hatchery calls it "ripe," that is, the female is now ready to be killed and immediately stripped of her eggs, which are at once impregnated with the milt, the male salmon also being killed. Death would follow with all salmon after spawning, naturally, and it makes little difference whether it comes by a blow on the head or whether the fish yields up the ghost in the manner Nature prescribes.

It has been stated that less than 2 per cent. of the eggs of a female salmon develop and mature as salmon. By artificial propagation over 98 per cent. of the eggs reach the stage of young salmon. It is, therefore, to the present hatcheries, and to the proposed large increase in the number of hatcheries, that the State of Washington looks for the perpetuation of her important salmon industry.

EDWARD MILLER.

G. P. Putnam's Sons are preparing a unique publication in an exact reproduction of a volume issued in London early in the seventeenth century by Samuel Crouch. The somewhat lengthy title of the book is "The Ingenious and Diverting Letters of the Lady —'s Travels into Spain, Describing the Devotions, Nunneries, Humors, Customs, Laws, Militia, Trade, Diet and Recreations of the People; Intermixed with Great Variety of Modern Adventures and Surprising Accident, Being the Truest and Best Remarks Extant in the Court of Country." Archer M. Huntington, who will edit the reprint, will also supply an introduction.

MADAME CLEO, THE MAN-EATING LIONESSE.

Christchurch (N. Z.) Weekly Press.

WITH a tiresome, monotonous motion the elephant swung his dingy trunk to and fro, stopping occasionally to dispose of an offering of biscuits from some youthful admirer. The giraffe craned his long neck, and compared it to the boa constrictor, which passed the time in sluggishly twining its length about a pole set up in the snake's cage. Monkeys chattered and hyenas snarled. But all in vain were the several savage attractions displayed before the public in attendance at Morris Bros.' great show. Even the Royal Bengal tigers were left to snap at each other, and blink their eyes in the sun without attention, for all the people were clustered round Mme. Cleo's cage.

This object of the general curiosity was not a wild "lady" from Borneo, but a great, gaunt African lioness, and, on an unsensational basis, she merited observation. But that which held her spectators spellbound, was, as is usually the case with the dear public, a horrible atrocity of which the madame had been guilty. Beneath her long ribs reposed the remains of a man. On the afternoon of the previous day she had killed her feeder and had made a comfortable meal of him.

So the people walked about in awe-struck silence before the grim old animal's cage, watching her tawny hide rise and fall in silken undulations as she moved restlessly about, or uttering low exclamations of admiration at view of her superbly muscled limbs.

And all the while she gazed on them with furtive, shifty glances, her cruel eyes now staring into the limpid orbs of a high school girl, and again transfixing the gaze of a plump matron. The plump matron could not repress a shudder of horror as Mme. Cleo luxuriously licked her chops, thinking, no doubt, of the splendid dinner she could pick up if those horrid bars were only out of her way.

The Empress of the Desert had just sent the wondering onlookers back from the ropes with cries of terror by opening her red cavernous mouth to its utmost extent, when a newcomer sauntered up. He was shabbily dressed, in fact, it would be no slander to say that he was ragged. His beard knew not the touch of a razor, and his tangled hair had never been acquainted with a comb. That is to say, apparently. Soap and water were strangers to his face. As he advanced to the ropes, with steady gaze and unmoved features, the old lioness looked down upon him. The eyes of the man and those of the animal met.

It seemed that the lioness saw something in his hard, defiant optics pleasing to her, for she quivered from head to foot, and looked steadfastly into the vagabond's face, with her great flaming, yellow orbs.

Quietly the man returned her gaze without flinching. Then the great cat stretched out her neck to him, wagged her long tufted tail, and purred as softly as a frolicsome kitten.

Quickly stepping across the ropes, the man went close up to the cage. Passing in his arm he patted the thoroughly friendly animal on the head, while cries of horror rose from the vast throng of spectators, and the plump matron fainted dead away.

Then several feeders with pitchforks came running up, fearful that Mme. Cleo had devoured some of the lookers on. But to their amazement, they found, instead, a tramping-looking individual stroking the old man-eater's shoulders, thrusting his arm in her gaping mouth, and playing with her as if she was a harmless pussy cat.

While the men stood astounded, and the spectators, recovering from their frantic fears, gazed with solemn silence at the daring vagabond, one of the owners walked up. Taking in the situation at a glance, he beckoned the tramping individual to follow him. Manifesting no surprise whatever, the man did as he was told, and his conductor led him to the ticket office.

"Now, sir," exclaimed the showman, sternly, "you were playing with that lioness. Why did you do that?"

"Because I felt inclined to," answered the vagabond. "Do you know that she ate a man up yesterday as you would a beefsteak?"

"Oh, I read about it in the paper. That's what made me come down here."

"Twas, eh? Now, then, what's the game?" queried the circus man, with a look of admiration in his eyes.

"Well, mister, it's just this. I'm a hodcarrier by trade, but have been out of work nearly three months. Now, I'm no more afraid of that lioness, or anything else that goes on legs, than you are of a week-old puppy. So, things being pretty blue, I decided to come down and get a job playing with that old cat to amuse the people."

"What salary do you expect to get?" asked the showman.

"Twenty pounds a day'll do," replied the hodcarrier, nonchalantly.

"How much did you make at your trade?"

"About 4 shillings a day. Sometimes as much as 5."

"And you want me to give you £20 a day. A bit of a rise that, don't you think?"

"Yes, but you see there's a great deal of difference between man-eaters and carrying mortar. I might not get the chance to pet my man-eater very long at £20 a day," answered the man with a laugh.

"Well, you'll be worth it, so I'll take you up," said the showman. "You'll have to give two exhibitions a day, besides which you must ride with Mme. Cleo in her cage during the morning parade. And you must sign an agreement freeing me from all responsibility for your safety."

Scintillant with flashing tinsel, and strapped into uncomfortably tight fleshings, the ex-hodcarrier advanced with steady steps to where Mme. Cleo was pacing to and fro with impatient strides behind her bars. As he approached she lowered her head, and, with the tawny tuft at the end of her tail waving gently, gave vent to

the low purring sound which assured him that he would be in no danger.

An attendant stepped forward and handed the tamer, whose name was Jonas Webb, a short, heavy whip. Webb coolly cracked it over the man's back, and then tossed it on one side.

Without a tremor he sprang into the outer cage. Between him and the lioness remained a barred partition. The daring fellow fastened the bars behind him, and strode fearlessly to the inner door.

Every voice was hushed. Every heart throbbed fearfully. The falling of a pin would have been audible.

The news had gone broadcast that a common workman would enter the cage of Mme. Cleo, the man-eating lioness, and thousands after thousands crowded into the big tent that they might see what manner of man this was who dared meet the ferocious brute on the ground of brute force unassisted by artifice or ingenuity.

Despite a previous display of audacity not one man in a hundred would have given sixpence for Webb's chances of life. Therefore, when they saw him unlock and throw open the connecting door, they saw the tawny lioness stretch herself lazily, while, accompanied by gentle purring, she rubbed her lean body against the tamer's legs, their amazement knew no bounds. For the duration of ten seconds, the most intense silence brooded over the assembly, and then, as with one voice, they raised a shout that echoed and reechoed through the dome of the great tent and out into the streets. It rolled along in a wave of sound in every direction, causing as much excitement outside among the folk who were not circus-goers as a fire alarm.

From the first time he entered her cage, Jonas Webb and Mme. Cleo were fast friends. With him she always displayed the gentleness of a pet pigeon, but to the attendants whose duty it was to place food and water within her reach at proper intervals, she was as ferocious as ever. When Webb was in her cage she would rub herself against him and would nestle her immense head against his bosom. She would open her red, yawning mouth and playfully take his arm between her jaws. He would ride upon her back round the cage, and would stretch himself at length on her back as on a couch. They rolled about each other, man and beast, like a pair of clumsy schoolboys wrestling.

Webb's performances were appreciated by the management of the concern also. John Morris, head of the Morris combination, had his lion-tamer out to champagne suppers of the most ornate description. True it was that Webb's experience as a hodcarrier had not fitted him for polite society, but he was always defiant and at ease in his attitude, however coarse or unconventional it might be. And this faculty of believing in oneself, together with an impervious moral cuticle, is sure to seat its possessor at the right hand of kings.

Jonas Webb, like many other men of great daring and phenomenal recklessness, had a weakness for feminine charms. He was not married. He and his old mother had for years lived together. Not being possessed of a saving character he could never feel able to support a wife during his hodcarrying days. But now, with half a year's wages coming to him every day he saw his way open for the realization of his fondest dreams. Therefore he began to look about him for a sweetheart, and they are easily found by a man with £700 or so a month.

Jonas Webb, the lion-tamer, was a great catch, and all the pretty actresses set traps for him. But she who won the prize was Morris Bros.' great equestrienne, Señorita Teresa, or in plain English, Miss Martha Jones.

Webb and La Señorita were in the habit of taking a walk every evening just after supper. As to the way in which they spent their time while on these delectable expeditions the reader much inform his own conclusions. One evening on returning from their star-gazing and love-making trip, they passed through the animal tent, which at that time was empty except for the snarling beasts and a few of their attendants. Just in front of Mme. Cleo's cage Webb stopped, and in whispered tones begged his companion for something she seemed loth to part with. For a time she was laughingly obdurate, but at last yielded to her escort's persuasion. He bent his face close to hers and pressed his moustache against the rosy lips of his fascinating charmer. In short he kissed her. And there, behind the bars, was Mme. Cleo, watching with blinking eyes their interesting performance.

It was Saturday night, and the tents were crowded to their utmost capacity. About an hour after the return of the lovers from their ramble, and before the ring performance, Webb strode toward Mme. Cleo's cage, dressed in his most resplendent outfit. The tent was packed to suffocation with breathless people, who strained forward, trying to see the "most daring act ever performed on British soil," as the bills vauntingly declared.

When Webb approached her cage the old lioness gazed at him with dull and seemingly indifferent eyes. But those who watched her closely saw the lifted tail was motionless. The trainer opened the outside door and stepped into the first compartment. Still the man-eater stood silent and grim, with her eyes looking out over the expectant throng.

The performer closed the outside door and proceeded to unlock the inner one. While he was inserting the key in the lock Mme. Cleo made no sign that she knew he was about. Nor did she move immediately when he flung the door wide open and stood before her.

After a moment's pause, which seemed an eternity to the crowd, she turned, and her fiery eyes glared straight into his. What he saw smote him to the heart, for there in those savage, rolling balls of flaming ferocity, he saw his death.

One low growl, and she leaped upon him, crushing him to the floor of the cage, and smashing his head into a shapeless mass.

A groan of horror went up from the throng. The murderer turned and gazed at the people with dull, expressionless eyes, while her right forepaw rested on the breast of her victim. At that moment there came from behind the horror-stricken mob a frenzied scream of rage. The spectators parted right and left, and through

the passage thus formed swept Teresa, her face convulsed with terrible passion, and an enormous revolver in her hand. When she reached the cage, coming face to face with the silent lioness and her victim, she raised the weapon and pointed it straight at a spot just behind the man-eater's left shoulder. A moment's pause, and she pulled the trigger.

Crack! The heavy bullet went true as a die to its goal, and found a home in Mme. Cleo's heart. With a low moan the beast fell beside her victim's body.

Then all the people saw how it was that Jonas Webb had entered her majesty's presence so often with impunity. She loved him. Loved him with an almost human love. So nearly human was it that she could not resist the pangs of jealousy. Stretched out there at the side of the one man who had ever dared to place his hand upon her head, she licked his mangled face, and gazed with melancholy woe at the woman who had supplanted and destroyed her.

And all the while her heart's blood was leaping in spasmodic jets up from a round hole in her side. Lower and lower sank the massive head. Duller and duller became the erstwhile flaming eyes. Slower and slower came her labored breath. And then, with a long, deep sigh, she sank upon her master's breast. Mme. Cleo was dead.

BURIED TREASURE ON THE CORNISH COAST.

A correspondent writing to the Western Morning News, tells a curious story of vast treasure which it is said lies under the sea in the Lizard district. Every now and then, he declares, Spanish dollars more or less battered are found on the beach to the back of Gunwalloe Church, about five miles from the Lizard Head. In 1784 a galleon was wrecked on the spot, having on board, it is alleged, \$17,000,000, besides bars of gold, which were to be deposited in London for safety during the unsettled state of national affairs in Spain. The greater part of this vast wealth is still buried deep between the sands and rocks where the vessel went to pieces, not far out from the cliff. At low tide the water is about six feet deep, but owing to the exposed character of the coast and the fury of the broad Atlantic waves, the sea has never been smooth sufficiently long to give those a chance who have at different times gone to considerable expense and labor to recover the sunken treasure. From time to time hundreds of dollars have been picked up, and quite recently one was found. On one occasion a few years since, a gentleman found so many that the fact was reported to the Board of Trade, and a share of the spoil was handed over to the government. Scores of coins have also been found in the fissures midway up the cliffs, where they had been washed by the waves in a gale.

PROPER RECOGNITION.

[Omaha Bee:] This story is told of Senator Mason of Illinois, apropos of his resolution of inquiry into Germany's discrimination against American pork: A big pork packer from Chicago called upon him the other day and said:

"I cannot express to you how deeply appreciative all of us are of your thoughtfulness in introducing this measure. I listened to the reading of it and commend it as I commend you. It is well worded and meets the emergency. This act of yours shall not go without proper recognition, be assured of that. Our firm—"

"No, no," interposed the Senator. "I did no more than my duty to my constituents demanded. I seek no recognition."

"But it shall be done; it is due you," returned the Chicagoan. "Upon my return our firm, as I was about to say, will have a ham named after you."

The Midnight Waul.

Thou brave black cat,
That singst so sweetly on the nether wall,
What inner torment vexes thy sad soul
That all thy plaintive melody is made
In minor key? Hast thou some grievous cause—
Some strutting Tom, with whiskers fierce and curled,
Thy mistress filched? Some pert, rat-catching puss
Upon a rival smiled? Alack, sweet cat,
Thy pain, whatever its source, is manifest,
And seems to rack thy very diaphragm.
So bitter is thy wail. Now, haply, cat,
The liver fed thee by the kindly cook
Hath feasted in thy vitals (and I trow
Dyspepsia may raise biases with a cat
As with a human.) O, I think the moon
Gave quite a little lurch to starboard when
Thou gavest forth that last three-cornered yowl,
Which stopped the clocks in Harlem and dealt death
To half a million Hudson River shad!
Yet what o' that? Have birds the right to sing?
Ay, marry, have they! And a dog to bark?
A horse to laugh? A barnyard cock to crow?
Then why not yield thee right to enterwaul?
Shall I, because thou choosest to salute
The night with music, straightway paw the air
In a distemper, and emit strange oaths,
Heave brickbats at thee and a plague call down
On all thine ancestry? Not so, O cat!
Long mayst thou live to dodge the fusillade
Of scoundrels, logs, rare books and furniture,
Lead pipe, old boots and other bric-a-brac
Shod at thee by the boarders. For, I vow,
The serenade thou'rt giving us tonight
Is not more fiendish than the grewsome plaint
Some violinist, in a future age,
Will wring from out thy poor defenceless gut
When thou art dead!

—[Harold Vynne, in Musical America]

The Army in the Drum.

A soldier sought the battlefield
Where first in coat of blue
He passed before the Angel Death
In swift and stern review.
The broken swords were sheathed in mold,
The rusty cannon dumb,
But in the tangled grass he found
An army in a drum.

The sticks were gone that rattled once
Tattoo and reveille,
The shell that took the drummer's life
Had burst the head in three,
But from the shattered sheepskin rose
A low, continuous hum,
The murmur of the rank and file—
The army in the drum.

For there the bees had built a hive,
And stored the sweets away,
From blossoms born of soldier blood,
The mingled blue and gray.
Where once the morning sky beheld
The charging columns come,
They pitched in peace their waxen tents—
The army in the drum!

—[Minna Irving, in the Criticism]

O TOMI, THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE.

A STORY OF SUMA-BEACH, NIHON.

By a Japanese Contributor.

O UR veranda looks upon the sea. Far enough from a modern shore called the City of Kobe and near enough to an idyll of a beach of the name of Maiko—Maiko? Why, it has been the home of poetry for many a century; and it was there, too, I take delight to tell you, that a tenjo, heaven-maid, in a happier time than this, came down with the twilight and danced to the melody of waves and of pine needles. Our cottage commands the entrance of the far-sung, widely-gossiped Inland Sea of Japan—of Nihon, I meant to say.

One autumn morning I was up before the sun, wishing to see the first awakening of things. The incredulous bay was rubbing its eyes at me, to see whether such an impossible miracle had, in these perverse times of ours, really come to pass. Just how long I remained there in that attitude I cannot say. One must indeed have the indifference of a mathematician, and the callousness of a man of the world to count the moments that pass with the ever-shifting charms of dawn off the Cape of Wada.

By and by to my right I saw a line of fishwives laugh their way toward the city. And one of them stopped at our cottage.

"Ohayo, good morning, O Tomi."

We had been buying from her for over two years. I could hardly hear her reply.

A second passed and she raised her eyes to me. That was meant for a very, very brave effort to smile through a heavy tide of tears. But it was a touching failure. Her eyes were red and she breathed in sighs.

"Why, what in the world is the matter with you, O Tomi?"

A little shudder—so a sob shakes a woman, when it is too rigorously suppressed—and that was her only answer.

A young woman of scarce twenty she was, brown with the sun and health and her oval face was very good and kindly to behold; her eyes looked with all the frankness of sea and her nature was as simple as the curlew. And from her hair and grace of figure, her neighbors came to know her as "our mermaid."

Naturally I would know the cause of her tears. And the story was told me.

II.

"So long, mother . . . off again! O, it's a jolly night tonight. The sea is dead and the fishes are there huddled together for the net. I'll bring you home the finest mess of fishes you ever saw!" This was the farewell which O Tomi's husband gave to his mother.

"Good-by, fair sea and a good luck!" The mother's greeting came from beneath the futon, or thick padded cotton quilts, spread on the floor of the fisherman's hut. For after the persistent wrestle of many, many years, time at last had succeeded in throwing her down with no promise of ever putting her on her feet again.

III.

On the sands of the beach he was sitting—the sun's love caress left it still warm—the sea was calling to him. The smoke curled from his pipe just to show heaven and earth, the laziest thing dreamable. Meanwhile, happy fisherman, the twilight and his wife by his side, were trying to outdo each other in being meltingly tender to him.

The boat, net, bait, hooks—all were ready and he rose to pat the prow of the boat and give it a hearty hug.

"When are you coming home, my man?"

She knew it well enough, but through habit, she asked the question every evening.

"O, early, early," his usual answer.

Swash! and the sea gurgled and laughed about the rudder, like a merry little girl hugging her chum.

En-ya, en-ya, en-ya!—half grunt, half chant of the fishermen and to the music they sculled away, her husband and his mate.

The wife struck up one of those fishermen's songs. And the idle breezes turned into an Aeolian harp.

IV.

O Tomi walked out of her hut. The morning breaths were just waking up, and arm in arm with Dawn they were treading out brocade on the yet sleepy surface of the sea.

Already a few boats were home. She walked down the grade and joined a group of fishwives at the water edge. By twos and threes, the boats came in and lighted the simple faces of the women waiting for their husbands.

"How is the catch?" and the response, "Nothing much . . . sikataga naiwa!" were heard.

O Tomi was silent—she was still waiting. The very last boat except her husband's came home.

By and by one could see how the fogs which had been trying to erase the dark outlines of the Awaji Mountains, were discovered by the sun and chased away pell mell into nothingness. Still the boat for the sight of which O Tomi's eyes were aching was behind the head land of Awaji Island.

At last it came.

When it was within hailing distance, "How's the catch, uncle?" O Tomi shouted.

"Uncle" was the pet name which she gave to the partner of her husband.

The "uncle" sculled on without a word. The boat stuck its nose into the sandy beach. O Tomi jumped at the prow.

"El! take care!—it's dangerous!" Then he did not say any more; he did not look at her.

"Tell my man to come out here, will you? Is he in the bottom, uncle?"

The uncle was mute.

"What made you so late this morning? Hurry up, uncle, will you? I won't catch up with the rest of the wives today if you don't!"

But the uncle was still stone dumb.

"Uncle, uncle, uncle!" and she laughed, remembering only that the uncle had been often grumpy.

Silence.

And she remembered that she, for a second, had forgotten her man completely!

"My man! Oi Yokichi-don!"

When no answer came she straightened herself and looked at the uncle. But he had his eyes screwed on the board of the boat and did not see the look of the woman. She climbed up onto the boat. She said nothing, did not even think that she could not speak had she tried to.

"El! stop there! It's awfully dangerous."

He did not look up. He was counting the fishes and putting the largest ones into a basket, and one watching his intent gaze might have said that the uncle had never seen fishes before in all his life.

O Tomi ignored him. She was on a plank looking into the bottom of the boat. No shadow of her husband was there.

"Here," said the uncle, handing her the basket of fishes, "this is your man's portion. Take it!"

She took it. Too heavy even for her strong arm to hold, she dropped it with a bang. The uncle gave her all her man's portion and his own atop of it.

"But where's he?"

The waves beating the shore struggled into a speech. The uncle's lips were silent.

Calming down from the first fury of excitement, she asked: "Did he stop off at Awaji, uncle?" Her husband had done such a thing a few times before.

"Yes," said the uncle fiercely, looking at the water as if the innocent laughter of the Inland Sea were cursing his soul into an eternal perdition.

"Well, why didn't you tell me that before?"

Then looking at the few small fishes left in the fish well for the first time, she said: "Why, uncle, you've given me all the fishes; how's that?"

"Be quick about it, now. See there!" pointing at the fishwives who had finished their breakfast and were waiting for the slower sisters to join them to start out on their daily round.

O Tomi did not want to be late. When she staggered along with the heavy load on her arms a few yards from the boat, the uncle called after her: "Aa . . . he is not coming back, your man," he stammered.

"Not today?"

"No! Tomorrow, neither—he isn't coming back at all!"

There was a low groan, and the heavy basket and O Tomi were on the sands in a heap.

"I lied; he isn't on the Awaji Island!" exclaimed the uncle with that hideous emphasis of an assassin who, not satisfied with his first fatal blow, would strike time and again the heart of the victim.

O Tomi's eyes, without the light of understanding, glared at him.

"Lively, now, you'll be late!" the uncle cried.

Then the poor woman, as if she saw for the first time and all of a sudden, the fatal revelation in full, burst out in soul-wringing cries: "O Tomi . . . O Tomi-ya—O . . . O . . . Oi O Tomi!" the fishwives called to her.

When she heard them—strange force is the power of habit—she stopped crying like a child. She rose, opened wide her eyes, which were running over with tears.

"I'm coming!" she cried out to her comrades, breaking into a labored trot—the heavy basket made her gait very awkward. And a heavier weight—all the more crushing because it was right upon the naked heart in her bosom—was making her life a burden of lead.

She could not carry all that basket; she would leave the half of it at home; would come back for it later in the day.

"Will you wait for me a bit? I'll be with you soon," she cried to the fishwives.

"Hurry, O Tomi," they said.

With her foot on the sill of the hut, she thought of her mother-in-law. Hastily she emptied about half of the fishes into another basket.

"Mother," she called cheerily to the sick in the bed. "Yokichi won't be home today. He stopped off at Awaji. Do you need anything, mother?"

"No, O Tomi."

V.

After telling me the story—that is to say, I have gathered a very little of it from her words and vastly more from her sobs and tears—she sank down on our back steps. Her whole frame was a big, bruised, throbbing heart.

But in a minute, as if an idea shot like a firework through her mind, she hastily dried her tears with her sleeves and, turning her face full upon me, gave me one of the sweetest smiles that ever kindled a woman's eyes. What was the reason of her strange behavior, would you ask? Well, such is the way we have in Japan (and I am rather partial to our usage and the standpoint of view, as is very natural) of suppressing our painful emotions and so saving our friend from any additional pain other than those from his own. Sooner, aye, very much sooner—for the burden of our flesh is incomparably lighter than that of the heart—would a well-mannered Japanese throw a heavy stone from off his shoulder and heap it on that of his fellow-toller, than to poison his friend with the woe of his own heart. So this sudden checking of her tears was a brave effort on O Tomi's part. But, say and do what we may, there is something stronger in our hearts than politeness or any acquired grace. And a second afterward—more correctly the fraction of it—there was a flood where the bright star of a smile had been.

Quite nonchalantly—in the same tone, I ordered some fishes.

"We expect to have some guests today, what can you spare us?"

Her basket was opened before me.

"Is this all you have? We certainly need all of this—can't you bring us some more this afternoon?"

"Haf, certainly, honorable master!" she gasped, amazed.

No time to stop and cry over the death of her husband! And the fishes which had cost him his life had to be sold; food, and more important than that, the medicine for her mother-in-law must be bought.

And with the medicine the young widow hastened home. Her husband's partner met her at the door of the cottage. She stared at him awhile, but very soon

tears robbed her of her sight. She could not speak to him.

"Stop, O Tomi, don't go in."

"Why?" O, she knew that the uncle had no fault, but could not, somehow, help from using a sharp tone of voice.

"Because—"

She waited for his explanation; meanwhile fighting the tears which tried to throttle her.

"I've told it all to her, your mother," he said. "You could not have done it; I knew that."

And the spirit of murder, for the first time in her life, entered her child-like heart.

She rushed in, the arm of the uncle across the doorway making a very poor bar. How quiet it was within the cottage—so quiet that she at once poised herself on tip-toe. She thought, ah, the poor mother is sleeping the serene repose of a Buddha!

"I told you not to go in," thundered the uncle.

"Hush, hush!" she severely gave vent to her annoyance.

"Hush? Who can wake her up now? She is dead—dead, I tell you!"

He walked away.

The haggard, naked eyes of her mother-in-law had the gloss of a glass globe—in them there was no purpose, no light of life. Tomi felt her mother's brow. A marble chill responded to her touch.

"Mother, mother, mother!" she shook her gently.

No answer. Her finger, as if it did not know what else to do, pressed upon the lower lip of her mother-in-law. The lip parting disclosed the teeth—the teeth which were fast locked in death.

"E—e—eh!"

A heavy sound of a falling body.

At about noon she came to herself. She could hardly see the ceiling because of the eager faces bending over her. They watched the return of consciousness with a religious solemnity and hush, those simple fishwives. They gave her some little water. She stirred.

"El, what's the matter? Get up? Tohomonai! not by any manner of means! You must rest, O Tomi," her neighbor said.

"But I must—I must get up. I must go. I'm strong enough, I'm all right now!"

"Go where? What are you talking about?"

"O, she has lost her mind, poor girl!" was also heard in low whispers.

As she tottered down to the ground floor of the cottage, her neighbor, a good old woman, caught her by the arm. "What do you mean? Listen!"

She would not listen. When her friends fought her by force, she cried out as though her heart should be blown to pieces. What could they do.

She took her fish basket under her arm and started out.

"She'll kill herself, sure!" they sighed after her.

I had been expecting her for some time and when she almost fell dead on our steps, I was by her side.

"Spread the futons in your room, O San!" called I to a girl. "Let's carry this woman there."

O Tomi raised her face—ashy and colorless, like the sea looked through the gauze of fog. She shook her head sidewise. No, she would not go.

"Why in the world did you come when you are so ill?" asked I, quite exasperated.

"Pardon me, sir, pardon me. I had to sell the fishes; I had to sell the fishes. I have to pay for the coffin, and the priest, and the grave, too."

"Did you find your husband's body, then?"

"O, no, no sir." She broke down completely.

Between the thick-coming sobs: "His mother—my mother-in-law is dead—died while I was away!"

"What!"

"I did not tell her, but the uncle did! The news killed her!"

This companion of the laughter of the sea, there she lay, white as foam—this young wife of a fisherman, healthy and full of child-like charms, scarce out of the bud of life. The sea took her husband from her, and gave her no time even to wonder whether the sea weeds are kind under him in his lonely bedroom of rocks, in the cold, cold depth of the sea or if the sullen walls of an ocean current would mellow its tones as it sings a requiem over his frozen dreams!

Food must be had, and the medicine for her mother-in-law as well. So she must go forth and hawk the fishes which the sea gave back to her instead of her husband! No time even for breakfast. But that did not matter much, after all, seeing that she could not eat.

Medicine in hand, at the threshold of her home, she was told how uselessly she had spent her money! Her mother-in-law was no more!

No time was given her to weep. Again she was forced to march out, a basket of fishes under her arm. She must bury the dead; and she would not let her neighbors give her any money while she could get it herself.

Ah, what a thing is life!

And I, seated on a silk padded cushion, from day to day, and at the romantic death of an afternoon sun, drinking the pale gold saké-like twilight, utterly free from the thought how the morrow would bring its bread; never troubled how the cold may be tempered for my body and those of nearest me—and I cursed life because the letters would not arrange themselves to my satisfaction into a poem! ADACHI KINOSUKE.

A MARKED IMPROVEMENT.

[John C. Freund, in Musical America:] When the now defunct Ward McAllister issued an edict declaring that there were only "400" families in New York society he did not create anything like the sensation that has been caused by the publication of Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer's book, "New Yorkers of the XIX Century," the first volume of which has just appeared.

According to this good lady there are only thirty-eight families in New York society.

I am reminded of Robertson's celebrated play, "Caste." You remember the scene where the Dowager Countess is introduced to the drunken father of the pretty but virtuous ballet girl with whom her son has fallen in love. She is told that his name is "Eccles."

Regarding the man through her lorgnette she struggles with her memory for a time and then declares with decision, "There are no Eccles!"

When Ward McAllister reduced "society" to 400 families he rendered us all a service. Mrs. Van Rensselaer has rendered us all a greater service by reducing the number to "thirty-eight."

Just think of it. Only "thirty-eight" families to blush for out of a population of seventy millions!

Decidedly we are improving.

THE WOMAN OF THE TIMES.

THE Los Angeles woman who, clad in a waterproof dress of knee length and gum boots, turned a smiling and triumphant face to the pelting rain during last week's storm, evidently believes that the way to resume is to resume. There is in Brooklyn a Rainy Day Dress Club which has been meeting and talking regularly once a week for two years on how desirable it would be for women to wear appropriate dress in rainy weather. But not one of them has ever appeared outside her own dressing-room, even though she had to go to the club through the rain, in the costume upon which they have set their approval. It is suspected that they do not try on the dress even in the privacy of their own apartments without first drawing the blinds, locking the door and plugging the keyhole. There has been no palavering and no gab-festing in Los Angeles about rainy-day dresses, but, behold, the rainy-day dress is here, and its wearer braved the storm and waded the crossings without attracting more than an occasional admiring glance and word of praise. The rainy-day dress is bound to come, even as the bicycle suit has won its way. The bicycle has done many wonderful things, but the most wonderful thing it has done, indeed, the one impossible thing which it has accomplished, has been the revolution it has effected in woman's ideas about dress, or, rather, in woman's habits of dress. For the usual woman's dress is due rather to habits than ideas. The bicycle has accomplished in five years more than all the dress reform lectures and magazines and clubs could have done in as many centuries. It is as hazardous to prophecy what women will do in a case of dress as to predict what they will do in a case of love. But if the bicycle continues to hold its sway there are likely to be still more changes in her out-of-door raiment. Nobody, either man, woman, or crank, could wish her to make any change in her indoor costumes, unless to make them still more beautiful, with lovely materials, graceful outlines, sweeping trains, ribbons and laces and ornaments and all beautiful things. For there is little enough of the beautiful in our lives, at the best, and there is all the more reason that woman should cling to it in her costume, since man has thrown it so entirely aside. But as far as her outdoor dress in rainy weather is concerned—and sometimes in dry weather, as well—there is every reason to hope that the power of the bicycle has not yet reached its zenith.

San Francisco ought to have its sobriquet changed to the "City of Suicides." There is seldom a day when the news dispatches do not report at least one suicide, and there are often two or three in the city by the Golden Gate. A curious person recently kept track of these gruesome affairs for a few days, and found that in one week, which was merely an average one in this respect, fifteen residents of San Francisco attempted to eject themselves forcibly from life. Some people might say that to have to live in such a climate as that of San Francisco is enough to make anybody want to die, and that that alone is sufficient to account for the astounding number who grow weary of life. But no one ought to hazard such an explanation inside the city limits of San Francisco, unless he wishes to die. If he were tired of living, he could insure no quicker and surer death. There may be others, too, who would say that the suicidal tendency which is constantly epidemic in our sister city of the north is only one manifestation of the moral decadence which prevails there. Such a one would surely find himself welcomed with open arms and effusive tongues, for if there is anything the average San Franciscan yearns for more than death it is to be thought "devilish wicked."

O, thou American Young Person, ever adorable! What a constantly bubbling well of delight, what an unceasing spring of joy and amusement and interest and sentiment thou art, even in thy most practical moments! The novel writers of England loudly and frequently lament that they are so hampered and bound down to the humdrum and the common-place and the conventional by the English Young Person that their struggling genius is likely to die of its leading strings. Why don't they immigrate hither, where the Young Persons are better fitted to be goads and whips and stings and prods to a lazy genius, than weights to hold it down? The young woman, who went to Randsburg, declaring she meant to have a gold mine when the first of January made relocation possible, and spent the last days of the old year reconnoitering and deciding which gold mine she wanted, and, then, at midnight of the new year, accompanied by two gallant and protecting old prospectors, struck out across the hills in the darkness and cold of a winter night in the mountains, and made her location and secured the mine she was determined to have—was ever anything more typical of the dauntless, independent, straightforward, delightful young woman who grows up in the sunlight of our institutions and the free air of our mountains and plains? And the two old prospectors who gallantly gave their aid and protection to her enterprise—the picture would not be complete without them. The American young woman would not be possible in any other country, because no other country has produced the American Man.

The blessed rain has made some people think of the blessed snow it would have been in a colder climate, and long to make snowballs once again, and hear the jingle of sleigh bells, and feel on cheek and brow the tonic tingle of frozen air through which a cutter is rushing at a two-minute speed. A certain Angeleña, whose silver hair betokens 60 years, but whose eyes reveal not more than half that number, has been a loving and loyal citizen of Southern California for a quarter of a century. None can exceed her in love for our rose gardens and orange groves and delight in our sunshine. This winter she went back, for the first time, to the land of blizzards and snowstorms, and now she tells with sparkling eyes how she slipped out of the

house, bare-headed and unwrapped, to stand in the falling snow until her white hair was crowned and her dress covered with the thick-falling flakes. "I've thought so many, many times I'd like to do that once more," she said, "and when I saw the snow coming down I wanted to feel it on me so badly I just had to do it." Another woman, who has lived more than half of her half century of years in this region went up to Mt. Lowe, the last plentiful snow that fell there, and for a whole day did nothing but ride down hill on a bob-sled, with, of course, the usual accompaniment of hauling it up again. "I did have such a good time!" she said when she came back. "I didn't feel more than 10 years old!" In Woodward's Gardens in San Francisco there used to be an old Russian bear, splint-nosed and shaggy, very amiable of expression and very ferocious of disposition. He came of a race accustomed to the long, cold winters of northern Europe, and to the necessity of hiding away and going to sleep during all those months. It had been well on toward half a century since he had known a climate in which there was much appreciable difference between summer and winter temperature, but every fall the entrance to the little tunnel leading from his pit, in which he was allowed to sleep in the summer, had to be closed up with heavy iron bars, or he would go in and would not come out again until the vernal equinox had passed. And all through the winter he would spend most of his time knocking his head, until he would wear the fur all off his forehead, against those iron bars and growling because he could not follow the commands of his antiquated, but tyrant, instinct, and hide himself in his den. Perhaps it is some such equally antiquated and unnecessary, but still tyrannous, instinct which makes people who can gather roses and oranges in midwinter long for the touch of snow and the feel of frozen air.

That is a curious difference, exemplified in a recent local murder case, in the conduct of men and of women under certain similar conditions. When a man has been tricked, deceived, deserted, by a woman whom he has trusted and believed in—and it must be admitted even by the most loyal defender of the sex, which may forget, but never forgives, that such things do sometimes happen—he does not throw vitrol in her face, nor plunge a knife into her vitals, nor shoot her in the back, nor send poison to her in some article of food. Usually, he lets her go her way in peace and forgets her as soon as he can. He is likely even to forgive her, and think of her with compassion. It may be, of course, that the woman's way of violence is the better way, considering the good of the race, and that the sooner people given to tricking, deceiving and deserting are removed, the better for humanity. But putting aside the cruel, though comforting, optimism of such a view, one is compelled to wonder whether this difference in conduct is due to some basic difference of sex which will last forever, as long as the human race shall live, or whether it is merely a manifestation of that indulgence with which man is accustomed to regard the wrong-doing of woman, from cheating at cards to murder. If the newspaper philosophers who insist that the "new woman" is losing her privileges by insisting on her rights, are mistaken, perhaps this indulgence will vanish also, along with seats in crowded street cars and the carrying of her wraps. And perhaps the time will come when the women who have lied and deceived and deserted will suffer quick and violent retribution, even as men are likely to do now. Then they may be trusted to exterminate each other, after the manner of the Killenny cats.

When Nuts are Ripe.

A crisp wind flitting the gold leaves down
From the whimpering beeches' glimmering heights;
The gilt sun tanning the walnuts brown
And tinting the woods with scarlet lights;
The metallic rasp of the squirrel's call;
The bluejay's scream in the maples, then
A swish and thus as the ripe nuts fall—
And we laugh with the glee of "nutting again."

Then it's over the hills when the day is new,
And the hoar frost gleams on the wayside grass,
And the webs in the hazel drip with dew
And bar the path where the cattle pass.
The ways are wet to the eager feet
That romp in a race to the nutting ground,
But the bypaths dry ere the nutters meet
Where the treasurers of tree and bush are found.

Then it's over the hills when the daylight wanes
And the heart is light from the happy guest
Of the burden that cheers while its glad weight pains
Till the muscles thrill for the joy of rest.
So we watch the gold and the red grow bright,
And echo the squirrel's gay call, when
The hoar-frost gleams in the autumn light,
And we dream of the pleasure of "nutting again."
—[Chicago Record.

On the Sea Throne.

Not yet the viking's hands are weak,
Not yet his blood grown pale;
Not yet his ship has turned her beak
And spread a flying sail.

Not yet the Iceland peak has thawed
Before the southern sun;
Not yet the man of gales has warred
And left the field unwon.

Not yet his hand, at close of fight,
Has hauled the raven down;
The gleam beneath the bird of night
Is still the sea king's crown.

Turn back, oh, southern man, thy prow;
The viking bars the way.
The berserk lines are 'thwart his brow;
Tempt not his wrath this day.

Long ages have the Iceland fires
Lit up the northland pack;
The viking's hand is as his sire's—
Turn back thy prow; turn back!

For, till the old red blood flows white,
And war-trained eyes are dim,
The viking cheers at close of fight;
The triumph is for him!

—[F. H. Costello in Leslie's Weekly.

LAY SERMONS.

WE LOVE to believe that we have a Heavenly Father whose hand is upon the mainspring of the universe and who orders all things "according to the counsels of His own will." We do not believe that God made this great universe of suns and worlds, and set them to circling in their vast orbits, and then retired somewhere into the unfathomable realms of space leaving them subject only to the blind forces of nature's laws, with no farther concern regarding them on the part of their Creator. What is that which we denominate as natural law but the uniform mode of God's action? Law cannot exist without the mind force behind it as an impelling and controlling cause, so behind all the so-called laws of nature God stands as a governing Power.

We have heard a good deal of scorn heaped upon the proposition to pray for rain, and now that it has come in such rich abundance, these same scorners say: "Oh, it would have come anyhow, just the same if these religious cranks hadn't prayed for it, all in obedience to the laws of nature, whose established laws you don't suppose that prayer is going to change, do you?"

No; but, dear scoffer, do you know all about the laws of nature, and do you know what forces superior to them God may bring to bear upon them in answer to prayer, which, while not violating them, may for the time being modify their action sufficiently to bring about certain results? Do you dare to assume for one moment that natural law is greater than and beyond the control of the Infinite? Do you not suppose that there are laws of which we know nothing, laws that are higher and perhaps more far-reaching than those which we have perceived and which we in some measure understand? Are we not constantly discovering something new in nature's wonderful realm, hitherto undreamed of forces and elements which are essential in the great economy of created things? Shall we say for one instant, "God cannot do beyond what I can think?" If God can make all things, can He not do all things, or has He made a machine and set it in motion that is greater than Himself and beyond His control?

Not for one moment can we believe this, but we do believe that our Father holds the operation of all things in His hands, and that His almighty will is the controlling force of the wide universe which He has created.

And God loves to be inquired of by His people, and even the drouth may be the instrument in His hand to draw His children nearer to Him, and leading them to feel their dependence upon His care. There is no blind Fate in the universe that is able to visit us with evil; we are in God's hands and if we trust Him all will be well. Evils may sometimes come upon God's children; but they are disciplinary in their nature and ultimately prove a blessing, bringing the sufferer into closer communion with God, enlarging his spiritual life and making him realize more fully his dependence upon the Giver of all good. In all things, over all things, and above all things, is Our Father, Infinite in His goodness and eternally changeless in His love. His care for us never rests and He is ready to hear and answer when we call unto Him aright. So let us never despair, but be glad in the Lord always, having faith in His readiness to hear and answer our prayers.

DESERVES HER SALARY.

An ambitious young woman who this time last year was a stenographer and typewriter, receiving \$20 a week for her services with no prospect of ever getting more, became discontented with her lot, says the New York Commercial-Advertiser. She pictured herself growing old, being obliged to give up her work and trying to live on what she had been able to save of that \$20 a week salary.

When the talk of war began and a man who looked into the future said to her: "Why don't you study Spanish? Who knows but we will all have to speak it soon? You might as well begin now." The jest gave the discontented one an idea and she bought a Spanish primer the same day. In a week she had secured a teacher and had learned to pronounce her j's like y's and her y's like e's. Last week she accepted a new position as secretary, stenographer, translator and general valuable accessory in the office of a steamship company that ships people and parcels to Cuba. Her salary is \$40 a week.

She does not think her improved prospects due to "luck." She lived all spring and summer in Spanish boarding-houses, assiduously cultivated every greasy and tiresome boarder for the sake of his or her conversation, ate oily dishes and paprika, and garlic and onions, and permitted herself to be serenaded nightly by a black-eyed caballero who stationed himself in the back yard with a mandolin and addressed love songs to "the third floor back." She does not regret any of her sufferings, for she learned Spanish. But she thinks she deserves her \$40.

ONE WOMAN'S ADROITNESS.

[New York Sun:] On an uptown Broadway car the other day an elderly, spinster-looking woman vehemently protested to the conductor against receiving five 1-cent pieces in change.

"That's United States money, madam," replied the conductor, "and I wish you to take it," and the "unfeeling brute" passed on through the car raking in nickels. The woman was nonplussed for the moment, but presently she saw her chance for revenge as another woman entered. Quickly changing her seat she addressed the newcomer:

"You haven't paid your fare yet, have you? No? Well, will you kindly oblige me by giving me a nickel for these five cents and then give them to the conductor? He insisted on my taking them, and I appeal to your sympathy to help me out."

The second woman promptly grasped the situation and acquiesced. The conductor was stumped and unable to conceal his discomfiture. He finally grabbed the five coins when they were tendered and, stamping back to the rear platform, rang up five fares by mistake.

BISHOP POTTER OF NEW YORK.

A DIGNIFIED ECCLESIASTIC WHO HAS
A MANY-SIDED LIFE.

By a Special Contributor.

THERE are two leaders in New York society. One of them is Mrs. Astor; the other is Bishop Potter, and the latter is far and away not only the most powerful and picturesque, but very much the most exclusive of the two. Bishop Doane of Albany may wear smart gaiters and an orthodox apron and Cardinal Gibbons a stately hat, but Bishop Potter comes nearer than any other man in America to representing the prestige of the Archbishop of Canterbury or the authority of the Pope.

Ostensibly, he is head only of the Episcopal diocese in New York; in reality he represents more varied responsibilities, greater financial schemes and unique accomplishments than any other man in the metropolis. He is, first of all, bishop of the richest diocese in America, administering, with the skill of a William H. Vanderbilt on church property that, when it came into his care, represented a round \$20,000,000. Since he has taken charge of this sacred fortune, so to speak, he has increased it at bounds, often of a hundred thousand a year. This has been done by very long-headed investments and by inspiring rich parishioners to glorify the church by donations.

Added to these cares, Bishop Potter has undertaken the biggest building scheme since the Capitol at Washington was put up. That is the Cathedral of St. John, the Divine, which, when it is completed, will represent a great deal over the \$30,000,000 estimated for its erec-

because of these countless calls on his time, he is the busiest man in the city.

In spite of the enormous labor he must get through with in every twenty-four hours; in spite of his hale sixty-one years, and the architect's conservative estimate that it will require twenty years more to see the completion of the great cathedral, Bishop Potter speaks always with pleasant confidence of the time when he will conduct services in the great chancel and dedicate the building. His guarantee for this is that he comes of a long line of Potters, three of whom were bishops, all of them mighty aristocrats, and every one reached a ripe old age before they were gathered to their fathers. Though not a rich man, in the New York sense, nor assuming the airs of one, he keeps his health good, and his back straight by indulgence in a single luxury. Like many another sensible, hard-working man, he spends an early hour every day in Central Park on horseback, whether it rains or the sun shines. He learned this from his friends, the athletic British bishops, who assume far more style in living, dressing and entertaining than the New York prelate.

A street car is his favorite conveyance when he is not covering miles on foot. In manner, he is proud of being a good American with broad church principles, and his dress is as simple as that of a curate.

As his daughters grew up and got ready to marry, he welcomed sons-in-law who boasted nothing more than comfortable means, and it is his habit, frequently enough, to lay down his napkin in the middle of the most brilliant dinners of the season to fill an engagement in the slums of the city.

Bishop Potter is probably most at his ease and seen at his best when he is down among his friends, the workmen and women. He heartily likes and enjoys them, he understands all their sentiments, and the cold, haughty, sharp-tongued prelate, who rather frightens the debutantes, and who knows how by the most exquisite diplomacy to make a close-fisted old dowager endow a hospital bed with a single check, is the sim-

they are brokers, bankers, actors, authors or artists.

On Founders night at the Players he will toast Joe Jefferson in words that bring tears to the eyes of the veteran, or drop in with a couple of priestly colleagues to a quiet chop and talk in a corner, exchanging nods and handclaps with John Drew and Francis Wilson as he goes by.

Of the Century Club Bishop Potter has now been president for several years giving as great care and attention to the interests of that organization as to his vast responsibilities in the cathedral and he bids fair to enjoy the presidency as long as he likes. The shrewdest members admit his wonderful executive ability; they quote his keen remarks; one of his toasts or speeches will evoke more applause than any other half dozen men speaking in an evening, and the non-believers and the Catholics, the sternest Presbyterians and the most loyal Jews, will not hesitate to serve and praise him, act on his committees and forget all differences of belief in their confidence in this liberal-minded churchman, whom men, after all, admire most for his utter fearlessness, and who, unfortunately, is the last of his name in the church, with no son to succeed him.

EMILY HOLT.

THE ACE OF SPADES.

TRAGEDY AVERTED BY DUPLICATE CARDS IN THE
SAME PACK.

[Chicago Inter-Ocean:] "Some people say the ace of spades is unlucky," said a ranchman, "but I guess it's a standoff. And my reason for this belief is based on a peculiar incident. It was up at Little Missouri. I strolled into one of the games one night as a looker-on. One of my boys was playing—a lad by the name of Bronson. There was an ill-favored, shifty-eyed cuss sitting opposite him, and I judged by the remarks that passed that there were strained relations between the two. However, the dealer smoothed things over until it came to a hand where only these two were left in. They lifted and cross-lifted each other red-hot. At last my lad called.

"Spade flush," announced the other man.
"Then this pot's mine," said Bronson, "for I've got the same hand with the ace at the top of it." He spread it out on the table.

"We all said something about the singularity of two flushes of the same suit being out against each other, and Bronson started to rake in the chips.

"Hold on there," called out the other man; "I've got an ace with mine—ace, king—that beats you!"

"He laid his cards out. There it was, sure enough. In a twinkling Bronson had him covered with a gun. 'Now, damn you!' says he, 'I've had enough of your work!'

"We all stood paralyzed, waiting for the report.

"The other fellow turned pale as death, but looked at Bronson steadily.

"Don't shoot!" he said. "As God is my witness, all those cards were dealt to me." Something in the way he said it struck me.

"Give him a chance, Bill!" says I.

"Bronson recognized my voice.

"All right," he says. "I'll give him a chance. If he can explain it, all very good. If he can't, down comes his shanty."

"Here the dealer broke in. 'I want to say, gentlemen, that I had no hand in this. If there's been any crooked work I don't know of it. I think you'll believe me when I say that.'

"He was noted for running a square game, so nobody had the least suspicion against him. Besides, he had nothing to gain by it.

"Listen!" called out a man from the end of the table. "Just before that hand was dealt we had a new deck of cards, with different backs from the ones we had been playing with. Now, let's open another pack and see if there's any defect in it."

"If there is, Bronson, I think you ought to let him go; if there ain't, why, do as you like about it."

"We all agree that that was square, so a fresh pack was brought and opened. The dealer laid them down one by one, face up, in a big circle, so that everybody could see. The room became as still as the tomb. You could plainly hear the spluttering of the lamps and the sound of the cards as they fell on the table. It was a strange sight.

"The thirteenth card was the ace of spades. That looked bad and a sort of sigh went up. Then they kept coming and kept coming without a sign of anything being out of the way with them. The strain told on all of us. The dealer's hand shook so he dropped two of the cards together.

"Damn it, be careful," says somebody.

"I don't like the job," answered the dealer. "But I'm doing the best I can."

"The next two cards seemed about five minutes apart, but at last they dropped and we looked at the spread carefully. No use, they were all right a pack as ever got shuffled. Now there was but the one left, and a man's life hung on it. The dealer put it down on the table and stared at the back of it. 'Twice he reached for it, and twice he drew his hand back. Then he got up from his seat and left the table.

"Somebody else turn it over," said he; "I can't."

"Nobody moved. I wouldn't have touched the thing for a hundred thousand cold. Bronson's enemy drew a deep breath.

"Let me?" he whispered.

"Bronson nodded 'Yes.'

"The man slid his left hand along the table, still keeping his eyes on Bronson's. His fingers closed around the card. He looked up, and his lips moved. Then he kind of braced himself and slapped it over.

"Lord! What a yell went up! Another ace of spades! 'Bronson stuck his hand out. 'Pardner, I was dead wrong,' says he. 'Will you have a drink with me?'

"Sure!" answers the other man."

False Peace and True.

There is a peace wherein man's mood is tame;
Like clouds upon a windless summer day
The hours float by; the people take no shame
In alien mocks; like children are they gay.
Such peace is craven bought, the cost is great;
Not so is nourished a pulsant state.

There is a peace amidst the shock of arms
That satisfies the soul, though all the air
Hurries with horror and is rude with harms;
Life's gray gleams into golden deeds, and where
The white swords sleep, unrighteousness was done,
Wrong takes her death blow, and from sun to sun
That clarion cry, "My country," makes men one.
—Richard Burton, in Collier's Weekly.



THE BISHOP BRINGING OUT A BUD.

CHRISTENING MILLIONS.

A CASE WHERE TALK IS NOT CHEAP.

tion. Thirty millions, and Bishop Potter has guaranteed to put the scheme successfully through, is just the price of the cathedral itself; it does not include the splendid altars, the windows and organs, etc., that at his persuasion his millionaire admirers are already beginning to supply. Ultimately the cathedral will stand as a monument costing near \$50,000,000, to the ambition and energy, the diplomacy and enthusiasm of one man who is very far from a millionaire himself, though millionaires, with the exception of car-drivers, cloak-makers, and the like, are his best friends.

It is a good deal because of this same cathedral that the average New Yorker always talks about Bishop Potter, and points him out boastfully. They will tell you he is building an American Westminster Abbey, a monument as big and fine as anything Europe can show, that he is the spiritual guide and chosen chum of more moneyed aristocrats than any man in the town, and yet he isn't a snob. It is perfectly true that no Vanderbilt or Astor feels that he or she is properly christened, married or buried unless the bishop is on hand to give blessings and benedictions, that he is asked to lay foundation stones of Newport palaces, take the handsomest debutante heiresses into dinner, be present at yacht launches and preside at the smartest functions, still he is not by any means a mere rich man's chaplain.

If he is asked to more dinners in the course of a season than he could possibly eat, it is because he represents, with Joseph Choate, one of the well-known men who is at once a wise and witty conversationalist. Though his wit is often caustic, smart society loves him none the less for it, while every hostess feels that the presence alone of the bishop lends a vast dignity to her table. It is perfectly certain, though he never chooses to conceal his beliefs and prejudices, that he is regarded with perfect friendliness, even admiration, by men and women of all creeds, and on all municipal occasions Bishop Potter is called upon to appear prominently. The public relishes his brief speeches. There is no one in New York who can make a few remarks with the consummate grace, appropriateness and distinction, and

plest sort of a man and a brother when he visits the striking cloakmakers or gives an informal reception to the locked-out typesetters.

He can bring the temperature of a dirty red-hot anarchist down 50 deg. in five minutes; he can talk angry men into calm reasonableness and affectionate attention by a half dozen sentences, and the same man who would refuse a reporter a ten-minute interview will by preference spend his summer among the slum folk and cancel dinner engagements because a delegation of strikers want his presence and advice. Down in Stanton and Livingston street, where there is more swarming, degraded, poverty-stricken humanity to the square yard than anywhere else on earth, Bishop Potter is regarded as a benevolent, approachable, helpful friend. He enjoys himself at the social extremes and he has about as much toleration for a reporter or a simple, easy-going, middle-class citizen as Torquemada had for an avowed heretic.

The average New York newspaper man would just as leave be sent out on an assignment on the shores of the open Polar sea as to get an interview from the master of the white marble diocesan house on Lafayette place. He is apt to get no interview and to carry in his memory ever after the recollection of a tall, well-preserved man, buttoned closely in a black clerical coat, with a spare, clean-shaven face, like that of an English ecclesiastic, and a pair of wonderfully hard steely gray eyes.

Perhaps somewhere along in the class with bores and reporters, the advanced ritualists are relegated by the bishop. A ritualist is apt to act on his nerves, somewhat as the dissenters used to effect Sidney Smith, though on the other hand he has small sympathy with puritanical sentiments. A man can be a good bishop and a good clubman at the same time is his belief, and if anyone doubts his capacity as a jolly good fellow, they should drop into the Players on Founders night or into the Century Club when some special function is on hand. It is plain enough to see, then, that beside the great ladies of society and the horny-handed sons of toil, the bishop of New York possesses a hold on the affections of another element in society, the business men, whether

A DAY WITH GEN. WOOD AT SANTIAGO.

THE BUSINESSLIKE WAY IN WHICH HE PERFORMS HIS MANY DUTIES.

By a Special Contributor.

"I AM willing to stay here and work like a slave. I am willing to fight the fever and to do ten men's work; I will stand any hardship and do everything in my power if they will only let me alone."

Seated in his office in the Palace in Santiago de Cuba with his desk piled high with mail and papers and documents, with the ante-room filled with officials and civilians and Cubans of every degree, Gen. Leonard Wood, military and civil Governor of the province of Santiago, uttered the above words with a fervor there was no mistaking.

I had seen him that day harassed with enough details to swamp a regiment of ordinary men. He had come from his home on the outskirts of town before 8 o'clock and, as was his wont, he went first to the Palace. His office hours were, as civil Governor of the province, from 8 to 10 at the Palace, from 10 to 1 at military headquarters as military Governor, and again from 1 to 5 at the Palace. But he seldom left for home before 8 in the evening, and in most cases he devoted his time to accumulated business until midnight.

I had waited three weary hours to see him on the afternoon in question, and when his aide, Lieut. Hanna, finally told me that my turn had come, I passed through a doorway that had already given admission to two score of people that day. Gen. Wood turned from signing the week's city pay-roll to greet me, and he was as cool and courteous as a man who had nothing but leisure. It was after a brief chat on the condition of affairs in the province, and the possibility of carrying out his plans for modernizing the city that he used the words just quoted.

"If they will only let me alone!" There was a dread, a fear in the exclamation that conveyed far more than can be expressed on paper. It was the cry of a man who had builded well, who had seen his creation take shape, who had a sincere and heartfelt interest in his labor, yet felt that any hour might see a change that would undo everything.

The people of the United States do not know what wonders are being performed in that ancient city on the eastern end of the island, Santiago. They have no conception of the miracles this modern Hercules is working. When it is understood that this man who, a few short months ago was merely an army contract surgeon with little executive experience and barely 38 years of age, has stepped into a city suffering from three centuries of misrule at the hands of the Spanish oppressors and, practically unaided, brought it into the first rank as regards sanitary cleanliness, safety to life and limb, orderliness and municipal prosperity, and all this in a period less than half a year, there will be due credit given him.

Col. Theodore Roosevelt, who is a competent judge, calls him "a model American military administrator," and adds, "I was frequently in Santiago after the surrender, and I never saw Wood that he was not engaged on some one of his multitudinous duties." In that lies the keynote of Gen. Wood's marvelous success. He never rests while there remains anything to be done, and he gives personal attention to every detail.

I called at the Palace by appointment early one morning last November. Gen. Wood was already at work. He glanced up and said briefly, "I will be delayed a little longer than I expected. I am sorry, but I must go over some plans for the new boulevard, and there's a delegation from San Luis due here within a few minutes. Please meet me at the Military Hospital at 9 o'clock. I've got to inspect the new wards and look after the boys." As I left the Palace I met the delegation. There were two dozen Cubans in the party, and each looked as if he not only wanted an office, but was prepared to talk Spanish by the hour to secure it. The general reached the hospital at the appointed time, nevertheless. Five minutes later I was given an opportunity to see what an energetic man who thoroughly understood his work could accomplish in the course of a half hour.

The Military Hospital in Santiago is a great one-story structure covering an immense amount of ground. Besides the many offices there are wards for over two thousand patients. Extensive repairs were under way at the time of our visit, and Gen. Wood not only carefully inspected the repairs, but visited every occupied ward. It was both interesting and pathetic to note the welcome he received from the ailing soldiers. It was not the formal meeting between a general and an enlisted man, but rather the sympathetic greeting of soldiers who had fought on the same battlefield.

We found one small ward containing a solitary occupant, a corporal who had carried his gun almost into the shadow of death. A Mauser bullet wound was fast sapping the poor fellow's life, and he lay stretched out upon the little iron cot waiting for the turn that would settle for him the most momentous question of human existence. He looked up as the general bent over him, and smiled wanly. There were no words exchanged, nothing but a firm clasp of the hand, but it was more eloquent than the tones of the earth. "Poor fellow," murmured the general as we passed out into the sun-lit court.

In the convalescent ward were a number of soldiers picturesquely clad in pajamas. They hurriedly rose and saluted with a warmth and respect refreshing to see. One young man whose pale face betokened a long period of suffering, placed his hand upon the back of a bench for support. Striding over to him, Gen. Wood said kindly: "Keep your seat, Martin. Take all the rest and comfort you can. We want you back in harness again as soon as possible." To another, a burly sergeant on crutches, the general added with a smile, "Make haste with that leg of yours, Wilson. It will soon be Christmas, and we'll need you in the football games." As we left the ward I glanced back and heard the sergeant say with a chuckle, "Wants me in the

football game, and my left foot has been off for a month. He's a great joker, is the general."

As we remounted our horses in front of the hospital, Gen. Wood snatched a hasty glance at his watch, and remarked, "It is now a quarter past 9 o'clock. I am due at the Palace by 11, but I want to take a look at the street-cleaning work over near the Bull Ring, and also see how they are getting on with the repairs at the market. First, however, we'll go over Maj. Barber's new crematory. It is back near the barracks."

The new crematory was inspected, the foreman at work being given some pertinent advice, then we rode over to the great wooden structure called the Bull Ring. A gang of some thirty-odd men were industriously cleaning a street that had not known one touch of a shovel or broom for three centuries. Gen. Wood gave the "capataz" in charge a few matter-of-fact suggestions, then we set out across town for the market. On the way the general turned to his aide and asked, "Does the Port Victor sail today?" Lieut. Hanna replied in the affirmative, and the general, after another glance at his watch, added briefly, "If we hurry with the market work we'll have time to go aboard and see if everything is all right and shipshape for the convalescent patients going north."

In the ride down Calle Santo Tomas every demonstration of respect was shown the general. Every passer-by without exception either touched his hat or removed it entirely. And there were friendly smiles everywhere. Before we had traveled far word was passed along the street, and the doors and windows soon framed eager faces. "Viva el general!" shouted a voice from the crowd, and the "vivas" followed with a vim. At the corner of Calle Enramadas a little urchin, half-clad, but with a bright face, stepped into the gutter and cried shrilly, "Gobernador muy bueno. Americanos muy buenos. Viva!" (Governor very good, Americans very good.) It was a triumphal procession.

Three-quarters of an hour later we were climbing up the ladder of the transport steamship Port Victor. "Want to look around a bit," said the general to the captain-quartermaster in charge. "You will take several hundred convalescent soldiers north, and they must be given every possible comfort." The inspection, brief though it was, took in every part of the vessel devoted to the convalescents. The place 'tween decks where they were to sleep, the galley, the hospital, and even the dispensary, received close attention. Then, when he was fully satisfied, Gen. Wood piled into the launch and we were taken hastily ashore. When I left him at the door of his office the ante-room was crowded with people waiting to see him. Apparently his day had just commenced.

H. H. LEWIS.

YANKEE DOODLE AN OLD CHANT, ITS ROUNDABOUT WAY OF REACHING YANKEE LAND.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

YANKEE Doodle is one of the oldest songs in the world, and at different periods of an unparalleled career has belonged to England, to the once vast empire of Holland, and to the Roman Catholic church, where it probably originated, somewhere about the year 1200 A. D. If you happen to be a musician and do not believe that such an undignified ditty ever could have been intended for solemn purposes, play it over on a pipe organ, very simply and slowly, and as the majesty of a grand old papal chant fills your soul, all your doubts will vanish away.

Several hundred years ago the good people of Holland thought so much of "Yankee Doodle" that they adopted the tune for a harvest song and made up new words for it. Mary Mapes Dodge gives one of the verses in "Hans Brinker":

"Yankee didee dudle down,
Didee dudle launter.
Yankee viver vooover vown,
Botermelt and taunter."

Nobody knows exactly what this verse meant, but the lines interest us, because they are primarily responsible for the word "Yankee," etc., for the familiar English version of Yankee Doodle.

Soon after being first sung, this quaint verse became so popular among all classes in Holland that it became a truly national song. It was sung in livelier time than the old chant which it supplanted.

While the great naval war of the sixteenth century was in progress, the English, under Admiral Drake, caught the tune. Much to the surprise of everybody, England broke the mighty sea power of Holland, and when the fighting was over the English people sang, mocking parodies of the old song against its hated authors. Yankee was understood to mean a Dutchman. Since the Dutch were sharp traders, the popular meaning of the word came to be a shrewd, hard-headed, ungracious sort of a fellow. Holland then tried to forget the song, and it thus passed into the hands of another nation.

All England sang varying words to it till Oliver Cromwell's time. But, one day—the day that the great reformer rode into Oxford at the head of the rebels to battle with the King's army—he wore an immense ostrich feather fastened to his hat by a band of heavy silk "maccaroni" cord. Yankee Doodle then being a term of contemptuous ridicule, one of the courtiers of the boastful King composed the famous refrain:

"Yankee Doodle came to town
Riding on a pony;
Stuck a feather in his hat
And called it maccaroni."

This rhyme did not hold its first popularity very long, because the rebels were successful, and probably it would have been forgotten entirely, had not the old King's son returned to power a few years later. Meanwhile, the reformer had sung the tune to many innocent, nonsense verses, which soon spread to America. The best known of these was Lydia Fisher's jig, which made its appearance in New England about the year

1713, and became famous as a dance song. The words ran:

"Lucy Locket lost her pocket;
Lydia Fisher found it.
Not a bit of money in it,
Only binding round it."

"Lucy Locket" was very popular till 1775, when British regulars were encamped on Boston Common, and the natives of the city and surrounding towns were organizing into companies of "minute men" under John Hancock. While as yet there had been no open war, the feeling was very bitter among the colonists, who were held in such contempt by the soldiers that they were taunted with the familiar tune to the words:

"Yankee Doodle came to town.
For to buy a firelock.
We will tar and feather him,
And so we will John Hancock."

This made the colonists so angry that they declined any longer to sing an air put to such contemptuous words against themselves. A few weeks later something happened that changed their minds, for it was the destiny of Yankee Doodle to become, apparently forever, the undisputed property of America.

In April, 1775, Lord Percy marched out of Boston with a brigade of British regulars to disperse the rebels assembled at Lexington and Concord. Amid cheering and flying flags, the bands played "Yankee Doodle," and the red-coated soldiers sang boastfully the old words which had vainly ridiculed Oliver Cromwell over a hundred years before. Perhaps, when they began to sing, they had forgotten how, even before Cromwell's time, the tune had been turned against its very authors. He must have remembered before returning to Boston, for at Lexington the vaunted soldiers of King George were routed by a handful of patriots, who, when they saw how things were going, went wild with joy, and taking the words right out of the mouths of their adversaries, shouted in exultation the song which had been aimed at them in contempt.

During the fight back to camp the regulars were peppered with shot from behind stone walls and trees, so much to their own discomfort that Lord Percy, in a fit of disgust, next morning confessed that after marching out to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," they had danced to it all the way home.

One of the latest and aptest historical—if least literary—versions of Yankee Doodle is a stanza, said to have been sung by some of the Rough Riders in Cuba, after the surrender of Santiago. It ran something like this:

"Yankee Doodle came to town
Wearing striped pants on,
But Spain she saw so many stars
That now they need expansion."

"Yankee Doodle" has already belonged to the three great families of the Caucasian race—the Latin, the Teutonic, and the Anglo-Saxon. In seven centuries it has been carried into the heart of four of the greatest political powers of history. Now that expansion is an accomplished fact, who can tell what new freaks destiny will play with it?

JOSEPH KINNEY.

Stepping Stones.

Honolulu and Guam,
Yes, and Luzon, too—
Stepping stones for Uncle Sam
'Cross Pacific's blue.

When he thinks he'd like to flit
O'er the ocean bed,
Needn't wet his feet a bit,
That's what Dewey said.

Nicely placed and spaced are they,
Just an easy stride;
Dewey knows the entire way
And a lot beside.

Honolulu, Guam, too,
Luzon at the head;
Needn't ever wet his shoe,
That's what Dewey said.

—[Cleveland Plain-Dealer]

My Lady's Garden.

Oh, dainty garden-close,
Hedged with box and rose,
White with lilies tall and queenly fair!
Heap thy best for her,
Mignonette and myrrh,
Roses red to bind around her hair.

Blue forget-me-not
To be her bosom-knot;
Eyes of pansies yearning to her eyes;
Tender eglantine,
Poppy red as wine—
Which of all shall claim to win the prize?

Rose, nay, bow your head!
Pale, you poppy red!
Fairest rose is she that decks your bowers;
Proud as poppy bright,
Sweet as lily white—
My Lady still is Queen of all the Flowers!

—[London Sketch]

The Colors.

Red—
High overhead
Sparkles the banner of Mars!
Red—
Under the tread—
Poppies asleep 'neath the stars!

Blue—
—Steadfast and true
Bends the wide arch of the sky!
Blue—
Tenderest hue—
—Chosen of violets shy

White—
Shineth the right,
Until the struggle shall cease!
White—
—Pure as the light,
Blossom the lilies of peace.

—[Jennie Betts Hartwick in Collier's Weekly]

THE ARGENTINE AND THE UNITED STATES.

BUSINESS CHANCES FOR AMERICANS IN THE GREAT SOUTHERN REPUBLIC.

By a Special Contributor.

BUENOS AYRES, Dec. 17, 1898.—The United States will not be able to compete with the European nations for the trade of the Argentine until it has closer commercial connections. There are two things that should be established at once. One is an American bank in Buenos Ayres and the other a line of steamers from New York to the Argentine, calling at the different ports of Brazil and Montevideo, and making rapid trips from one continent to the other. Both of these institutions would pay well. The bank would pay at the start. There are now more than \$11,000,000 worth of exchange between Canada, the United States and the Argentine, and our trade with the east coast of South America amounts to more than \$100,000,000.

At present all the banking is done through London, and the bankers there take a toll of about 1 per cent. for doing it. This is a tax of 1 per cent. on trade. None of the banking companies of South America are in the business for their health or for pleasure. They charge for every accommodation, and they make enormous profits. Some pay 16 per cent. dividends, and nearly all

turn this international trade expedition into a drumming tour. One Jew peddler opened his stock of jewelry on the special car which the Argentine government furnished to carry the commissioners from La Plata to Buenos Ayres and tried to retail his wares to the distinguished Argentines who had come there to receive the commissioners. Another commercial traveler, a man who wore a long frock coat and derby hat, represented a bicycle firm, and went from one newspaper office to another proposing to give the editors bicycles in exchange for advertising. Another man was a mechanical expert of one of our leading wagon factories, who went about showing pictures of his shop as it was when it was started and as it is today, and another was a lumber man, who owned a saw mill in Alabama. The whole party, although it contained some good men, was, as far as international trade was concerned, a sort of a Falstaff's army, and its march through the Argentine brought ridicule upon the business interests of the United States.

At the same time that these commercial travelers were masquerading as American capitalists, some big English capitalists were quietly investing millions of dollars in Argentine property. The English capitalists do not send national trade commissions. They send their own financial agents out over the world with a good bank account behind them. They are always on the lookout for good things, and they can tell you just about what percentage nearly every new enterprise pays.

A large amount of the business done in the Argentine is with English capital. The best of the railroads

miles of track and is putting down new roads at the rate of three miles per day. Eight years ago the track of this company was only 838 miles. It now has a big reserve fund and it paid last year a dividend of 5½ per cent. Since it was organized it has never paid less than 5 per cent.

Other great roads are the Central Argentines, the Rosario and the Western Pacific. All of these companies get much of their rolling stock from England and most of them are now making their own cars. As to the Argentines themselves, they have not been successful in running railroads, nor do they succeed generally in the management of business.

I have met a number of prominent railway men in South America who came here poor, but who have made fortunes. Mr. Barrow, the general manager of the Southern, came to Buenos Ayres ten years ago to work for the Southern Railroad at \$60 a month. Within eight years he was at the head of the system, and he is now the most influential railroad man in the Argentine, with an annual salary, it is said, of something like \$25,000. H. H. Loveday, the general manager of the Central Argentine, began as the traffic manager of a little pampa railroad twenty-five miles long. He has now charge of one of the greatest railroads of the country. Duncan Monroe, general manager of the Central Cordoba Railroad, whose salary is said to be half as large as that of the President of the United States, came to the Argentine as a railway clerk, and there are a number of instances of rises equally remarkable.

Among the railroad constructors there are Americans, Germans, Danes, Englishmen and Swedes, and I am told that the construction companies are always on the lookout for good men, although they do not care for persons who cannot speak Spanish.

No American should come to the Argentine without a knowledge of Spanish. This is the language in general use, and without it a man cannot direct his employees nor do business of any kind. The Argentine is no place for men without capital, unless they have extraordinary business brains and a knowledge of the Spanish. People with capital can buy their interpreters, but they will labor under disadvantages.

There should be many opportunities for investments. So far the electric railway system of the country is undeveloped. The street-car system of Buenos Ayres would be a fat concession if electricity could be applied. At present its only electric railways are suburban lines. Rosario, which is a town of 150,000 people, is now using nothing but horse cars, and Cordoba and Bahia Blanca could use electric railways with profit.

There is a chance to make money in Argentine lands, if a man will be content to buy at present prices and hold on. Real estate is steadily going up, and has been for years. Shortly after the Indian troubles in Patagonia public lands were sold for \$400 a square league. A square league is 6666 acres. Such lands were scattered throughout the different provinces, and many of the men who invested in them grew wealthy.

Two American photographers of Buenos Ayres, Messrs. Chute and Brooks, bought five leagues for \$2000. An American dentist took sixteen leagues at the same price, and another American got five leagues.

Some of this land is now worth about \$50,000 a league, which is a very respectable rise from \$400. Of course, such chances are not common.

There is, however, a steady increase in values, and there are, I am told, lands on the Rio Negro near the Atlantic Coast, which are worth \$30,000 a league; and plenty of good sheep land in the province of Buenos Ayres which will bring from \$50,000 to \$60,000. Right near Buenos Ayres city there are lands which are worth \$500,000 a league, while far off on the frontier property is sold for \$1000 a league and less.

Most of the land, however, now belongs to some one. There is comparatively little good public land left, and the greater part of the real property is in the form of large estates, which by the Spanish law of inheritance must necessarily be subdivided every time the head of the family owning them dies.

When we have our own steamship line to the Argentine the chances for Americans will be materially bettered. This will be especially so as to our import and export trade. A nation cannot work well commercially without tools any better than an individual can. Our greatest trouble is that we have not the best tools of commerce. Steamers are among commercial tools, and the European nations have all the steamers. There is today not a single maritime port of importance on the coast of Europe that has not its regular steamers for Buenos Ayres, and the Argentine merchants can order by cable, and know that they will surely get their goods within twenty-five or thirty days.

The lines from and to New York are all English, and they are so slow that it takes thirty days to make the actual voyage, and they are so far apart that replies



THE ARGENTINE STOCK EXCHANGE, THE GREATEST STOCK GAMBLING PLACE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

give from 1 to 5 per cent. on deposits. The 1 per cent. is generally on accounts current, and on deposits of six months from 5 to 6 per cent. is paid.

Buenos Ayres has a number of foreign banks, whose capital runs up into the millions. The London and River Platte Bank had branches in Brazil, Uruguay and London, with its chief office in Buenos Ayres. Its capital is about \$7,500,000, and it has \$5,000,000 reserve funds. Its deposits amount to about \$80,000,000, and on all time deposits it pays interest. This bank keeps something like \$1,000,000 of gold on hand. The Anglo-Argentine Bank has \$2,250,000 capital, and the capital of the London and Brazilian Bank is equal to \$7,500,000 of our money. There are strong Italian banks in Buenos Ayres. There are German banks and Spanish banks, and, in fact, the only country that does much business with the Argentine which has no direct banking connections with it is the United States.

These banks do not speculate. They make two clearings every day, and so far as I know no foreign bank doing business in the Argentine has yet failed. The business is just as safe and legitimate as that of the United States, and if a syndicate could be organized in New York with several million dollars capital, to do business in South America, it might pay big dividends. Such an institution might be gotten up by the directors of insurance companies and other companies who lend money, the stockholders to be men who are interested in shipping goods abroad. A manager could be sent from the United States to the Argentine to open the bank and connections could soon be established which would make the institution pay from the start.

Through such a bank Americans could learn the standard of the business firms on the east coast of the Atlantic. It would enable a large portion of our trade to be done on safe credits instead of spot cash, and would put us on the same footing as the other countries who trade with the Argentine. It would also show the Argentines that we have enough faith in them to invest money in their country. They say that the people of the United States have always professed a great friendship for them, but so far have never done anything to help the country along. They would like to see some visible evidence of our affection, and say that if the United States will establish a bank and a steamship line they will be ready to believe in them.

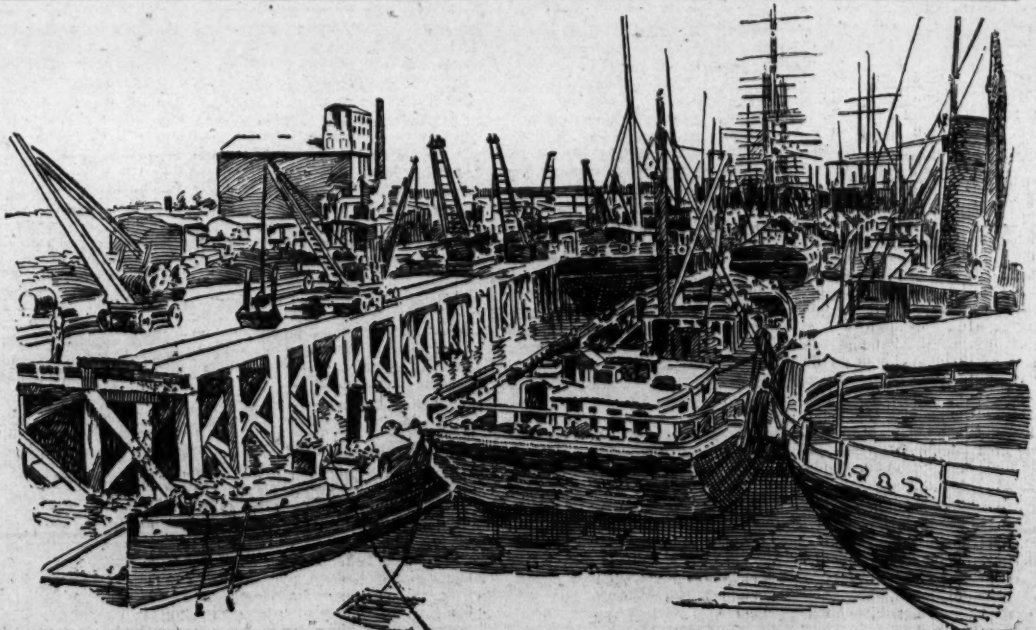
The commissions of so-called American capitalists which have visited the Argentine Republic to encourage trade have, I am told, done more harm than good. One was sent down a year or so ago. It was widely advertised, and the Argentine officials and capitalists made great preparations to receive it.

When the commission arrived it was discovered many of its members were commercial travelers, who had taken advantage of the low rates of transportation to

are owned by the English. They have been recently buying up the government lines, and the day will come when they will own them all. The Argentine now has about eleven thousand miles of road, representing a capital of more than a half billion dollars. It is fast increasing its trackage, and the Southern Railway alone has 600 miles of extension in construction, which it will complete within a year.

The Southern Railway runs chiefly through South Argentine, and among the new lines it is building is one across Patagonia to the Andes. It will eventually cross the Andes and come out on the Pacific at the port of Valdivia, making the shortest road across the continent.

The Southern Railway might be called the Pennsylvania Railroad of South America. It has now 2000



THERE IS A GOOD CHANCE FOR A YANKEE STEAMSHIP LINE.

from cable orders are uncertain. There is a steamer from Europe to Buenos Ayres almost every day in the month, and one can leave Buenos Ayres for Europe nearly every day.

The steamships which go to Europe are much finer than those which go to the United States, so much better, indeed, that passengers to New York often go there by way of Liverpool or Southampton rather than direct. The fare is not very much more and the time not much longer, although the distance via Liverpool is greater by more than 3000 miles.

The steamship lines which ply between Buenos Ayres and Europe, as well as those which go from New York to Buenos Ayres, are making money. I am told that the lines between Buenos Ayres and New York annually divide profits to the amount of 15 per cent. of their capital stock. They charge from \$160 to \$175 for passage, and their freight rates are considerably higher than the rate to Europe.

The European steamers are managed by companies with large capital. The Royal Mail Steam Packet Line, which plies between Buenos Ayres and Southampton, has a capital of \$4,000,000. Its ships are very good, but the rates are high. The Compagnie des Messageries Maritimes, which plies between Bordeaux, France, and Buenos Ayres, has a capital of \$11,000,000, and it pays an annual dividend of from 5 per cent. to 6 per cent. The North German Lloyd, with ships from Buenos Ayres to Bremen, has a capital of \$9,000,000, and there are other English, German and Italian lines in which large sums are invested, and upon which big dividends are paid.

A line of American steamers, as estimated by Secretary Francois Jones of our legation at Buenos Ayres in an excellent report on this subject some time ago, would have a chance at the \$113,000,000 worth of trade between the United States and the east coast of South America. It could reduce the time between New York and Buenos Ayres from a month to seventeen days, and allow a half-day's stoppage at each of the larger ports on the way. Then the journey from New York to the Argentine would be almost a pleasure trip. The freight rates could also be reduced, and goods could be sent to the Argentine more quickly from New York than from Europe. At present we import about \$80,000,000 worth of coffee, hides and other things from the Atlantic Coast of South America, and we export about \$20,000,000 worth of goods in return. Such a steamship line would materially aid in evening up the trade and would in the end put the balance in our favor.

A general idea prevails that the Argentine Republic is a very unsafe place for investments. This is not so. Property is now as stable in the Argentine as elsewhere. But the country went wild about nine years ago. It then had a boom in which both the Argentines and foreigners took part. This boom almost ruined it, and during it there was undoubtedly a great deal of fraud upon the part of the government officials as to their handling of the government finances and funds.

Today this craze has passed. The people have learned a lesson from it and property is now stable. The biggest things are now managed by foreigners, and from year to year the government holdings grow less. A foreigner's property is perfectly safe. He has in fact equal rights with the naturalized Argentine, and he is subject to no heavier taxes.

All businesses, however, have to pay a license ranging from \$5 to \$20,000 a year according to the amount of business done. Banking firms pay more, the highest tax on such firms amounting to \$60,000. Foreign firms who do business, with or without a house in Buenos Ayres, have to pay from \$100 to \$500, and those who are only commercial travelers pay a fixed license of \$50. This sum permits them to sell only in Buenos Ayres and the national territories. If they go outside of Buenos Ayres there is usually a state tax, which is paid in addition, and this ranges from \$100 to \$300 a year, according to the laws of the State. There are, of course, other taxes on business such as stamps, etc., but these are somewhat the same all the world over.

As to stock gamblers Buenos Ayres has as great a number of financial bulls and bears as any other country of the world. Its stock exchange, or bolsa, is the financial center of the Argentine. In it you can feel the pulse of the money market and can see as crazy exhibitions of financial speculation as in Paris, London or New York.

The great boom which burst in 1890 came from the rapid growth of the country after 1880. Its growth was discounted over and over again, and in ten years more than \$662,000,000 worth of stock was floated, and of that more than \$500,000,000 totally lost. There were land companies, railway companies, insurance companies, banks, and in fact almost every kind of institution capitalized at millions. Most of these have entirely disappeared from the market, while the shares of other companies have declined 99 per cent. I doubt whether there have ever been anywhere such loose business methods as prevailed here at that time.

The officers of the government were in many of the deals. The very highest officials speculated with government money, and through the government banks allowed millions to be loaned on mortgages on worthless property. Europe sent vast sums over to the Argentine to fill the gaps, expecting to get tens of millions back, and when the bubble burst the Baring Brothers and other long-established London firms came near going to pieces with it.

Today the chief speculation on the stock exchange is in the money of the country. The brokers buy and sell gold, which is up today and down tomorrow, or rather they sell the credits of their country. In other words, the most of their business is in buying and selling their own notes.

There is no more interesting place in South America than this stock exchange of Buenos Ayres. Its doors are guarded by footmen in livery, and from 12 to 1 and from 3 to 4 p.m. you may meet upon its floors the brightest business men of the Argentine.

The membership costs almost nothing and the dues are less than \$3 a quarter. The result is that there are 700 brokers and nearly every prominent business man of the city is a member of the exchange. The stock exchange is not unlike a business man's club, and if you could enter it without knowing where you were going you might well imagine yourself in the stock markets of New York or Chicago. The only difference is the language, for the men are of all nationalities and they dress and look just as their brother brokers do in London, New York or Chicago.

The same mutations of fortunes exist, and each man can tell you his own story of ups and downs—of fortunes lost and won. Speculation makes and loses

money just as quickly in Buenos Ayres as in New York, and as the commercial relations of the United States and the Argentine grow closer I predict that the Yankees will hold their own on this stock exchange with the Italians, German and English, as they scramble for the financial plums of the Argentine Republic.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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IT WAS JIM ALLISON.

QUIET MAN WHO WAS ARRAIGNED BEFORE A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

[New York Sun:] Justice Sabath did not recognize the redoubtable "Jim" Allison of border fame in the meek-appearing man who stood in the West Side Police Court the other day charged with disorderly conduct, but it was the same old "Jim."

"It was this way, Judge," said Allison. "I tried to part those ducks that were fighting, and the crowd jumped in on me. Just as I drew my gun an officer came along, and the game was off."

"Your intentions were doubtless good, Mr. Allison," said the Justice, "but it's against the law to carry concealed weapons, and I'll have to assess you \$3 and costs."

"Here's your coin, Judge, and will somebody please show me where I can buy a ticket out West, where guns is a part of a man's outfit?"

Time was when Flagstaff, Ariz., now a quiet, peaceful village of 1200 inhabitants, was about the hottest town in the West. That was when the Atlantic and Pacific road was being built, and the Apaches went on the war-path whenever a chief had dyspepsia and felt like killing someone.

Perhaps that was the reason that Jim Allison once took refuge there, for Jim was a killer himself in the old days, and his deeds of prowess are told today in Arizona to interested auditors. Allison belonged to a famous coterie of men who never seemed to realize the sensation of fear. There was his brother Bob, Moryan and Wyatt Earp, Doc Halliday and Bat Masterson. Their motto was like that of Dumas' "Three Musketeers"—"All for one and one for all."

Although each of these men had killed, not one of them ever committed a murder. Their shooting was all done in the interest of law and order, and was undoubtedly necessary at the time and place where it was done. All of them were marshals of different tough towns in the West, and when one had a particularly tough town to deal with he asked assistance from one of his confederates. This was the case with Doc Halliday in Durango, Colo., in the early '80s. The town was too tough for him to deal with as Marshal alone, so he invoked the aid of Jim Allison and made him assistant. Durango at the time was filled with Mexicans, who were very turbulent and contrary to the accepted characteristics of the race would fight hard when drunk. Allison tried to arrest one of them one night and was unable to do anything but kill him. The Mexican was a prominent man in his race and had many relatives in town. A storm of indignation was raised by the shooting and many threats were made against Allison.

Allison went down to Flagstaff, where he boarded at the Grand Central Hotel, a three-room structure of boards and canvas, and appeared to be so peaceable that he did not gain the respect of the citizens. One day Allison was seated at a table in the dining-room, facing the door. A Mexican entered, gaudy with sombrero and silver trimmings. He glanced around the room, saw Allison, and marched over to his table, his spurs jingling on his boots. Allison sat perfectly still while the Mexican took a seat directly opposite to him. He gazed intently at the Deputy Marshal for a moment and then said: "You're Jim Allison; I know you."

The muzzle of a revolver crept from the Mexican's belt over the top of the table, and peered ominously into Allison's face. "You killed my brother in Durango," said its owner. "Now you're a dead man yourself."

Then the report of a shot was heard and the other guests of the hotel thought Allison's heart had been perforated, but it was the Mexican who fell to the floor dead. Allison had shot him under the table before he had time to pull the trigger.

The Deputy Marshal had recognized the Mexican the moment he appeared in the doorway. He had expected to be followed. That was why he sat with his face toward the entrance.

The Territorial court was then in session, and Judge Martin, who presided, issued a bench warrant as soon as he heard of the shooting. It was given to Marshal Donovan to serve. He found Allison tipped back in a chair in front of the hotel.

"I want you, Jim," said he.

"What for?"

"Shooting the Mexican."

"What? For killing a greaser! That ain't no crime."

"The Judge says it is."

Allison thought for a few moments about the situation, and then decided he would accompany the Marshal. "Gimme your weapons," said the latter, as Allison rose from the chair and signified his intention of going to court. He was armed with a Winchester and two big revolvers.

"Can't do that," was the response. "I'm a stranger here, an' I won't go unarmed. If you want the guns you must fight for 'em. I'll go to the court peaceably enough."

The Marshal looked at the weapons, and at the man who carried them. Then he thought discretion was the better part of valor. Without another word the pair mounted their horses and rode to the Courthouse half a mile down the single street of the town.

"Here's the prisoner, Your Honor," said the Marshal, as they marched into the courtroom.

Judge Martin looked down at Jim, who was seated in a chair facing him. He had loosened the revolvers in his belt, and his Winchester rested lightly across his knees.

"Disarm the prisoner," said the Judge, in an angry tone of voice.

"The prisoner won't be disarmed," replied the Marshal.

"No, Your Honor," said Allison, rising to his feet and keeping his Winchester so that he could use it in a second, "I don't mean any bit of disrespect to the court. If you want to try me for killing a greaser I'm perfectly willing. I admit I killed him, but killin' one of them skunks ain't no crime. But it ain't fair to have me go unarmed. I don't know what I'm up against. I ain't

afraid of the court, but I don't like the crowd in the courtroom. They may all be my enemies. What could I do against fifty men if I didn't have a gun? Why, I couldn't make no more fight than a codfish."

The Judge grew still more red in the face. He pounded on the desk till the echoes almost reached the Grand Cañon seventy miles away.

"This court is adjourned," he cried, "until the prisoner is disarmed."

With that Allison arose from his chair and, swinging his Winchester in front of him in a nonchalant manner, he marched through the crowd to the door. His finger was on the trigger all the time, and, knowing the way he had shot the Mexican, no one dared interfere with him. Reaching the open air Jim mounted his horse and rode away. That was the last of his trial for killing the Mexican.

Allison has the marks of four bullet wounds in his body, which are the result of as brave an act as was ever performed by two men, even in the West.

At the time it occurred Doc Halliday was Town Marshal of Tucson and Jim was his assistant. The decent element of the town and the surrounding country were engaged in a war with the "rustlers." One day eight of the rustlers came into Tucson, got half drunk in their rounds of the saloons and killed an inoffensive citizen. Then they marched up and down the main street of the town, yelling out defiance to the authorities.

"Jim," said Doc Halliday, "we must get those fellows or be eternally disgraced."

"We'll get 'em," was the laconic response.

With that he brought out two double-barreled shotguns, with the barrels cut off to within a foot of the stock. Each was loaded with about fifty buckshot, which, the barrels being so short, would scatter in every direction. Thus armed, the two men marched down the street in single file, so as to afford a less conspicuous mark. When about fifty feet away one of the rustlers fired his revolver at the approaching men and a general fusillade followed.

The officers discharged both barrels of their shotguns, and 200 buckshot went flying into the crowd. The range was short and the work was as effective as that of a Gatling gun. Four of the rustlers fell to the ground dead and the rest of them were wounded. Allison lay in the street with four bullets in his body. It was thought for a long time he would die, but he finally recovered.

Doc Halliday, who was not wounded, and citizens who came to his aid arrested the other four rioters and took them to jail. This was the last fight with the rustlers, and the names of Doc Halliday and Jim Allison are held in reverence at Tucson even to this day.

CHEAP LEGAL ADVICE.

[Paducah (Ky.) Sun:] The other day an old fellow slouched into Attorney Oscar Kahn's office on Legal Row, and introduced himself as Mr. Smith, Jones, Brown or something, of a neighboring county. He said he wanted to consult a lawyer, and was accorded a seat and one of the attorney's sweetest smiles.

He then explained that while he was away from home the Sheriff or some deputy had attached his wife's sewing machine and bureau for taxes. He didn't propose to tolerate such imposition, he declared, and came to Paducah to consult a lawyer about it.

"What is the amount of taxes?" inquired the lawyer.

"Lemme see—a dollar and twenty-eight cents," was the reply.

The lawyer could not conceal a smile, but hastened to say: "Well, Mr. Smith, if you want my advice, it is to go back and settle that small amount. It looks like the easiest and best way out of it."

The old fellow thought a moment, and replied that he believed he would. Answering, he asked: "How much do I owe you?"

"Oh, nothing, sir," was the reply. "I won't charge you anything for a little advice like that."

"But I allus pays fer whut I git, and want ter pay yer jes' the same."

"Oh, that's all right; come in again some time when you need advice on something more important, and we'll square it then."

"Now, I want ter pay it now. Jes' squeal out. Ef it's 25 cents, I'll pay it. Ef ye want fifty, there it is!" And he threw down a half-dollar and left.

THEIR FRIVOLOUS CLUB.

[New York Evening Post:] It was while the recent convention of women's clubs of the State was in session in New York that a new club of rather an unusual character sprang into existence. This is a little circle of eight women who are banded together without president, dues, or any sort of red tape, for the avowed purpose of being frivolous. "We decided," said one of the members (all of them, it should be said, are devoted clubwomen of the conventional sort), "that we women are taking ourselves too seriously. We are doing everything from the thoughtful, difficult standpoint, and while we do not in the least decry the value of this effort, we do feel that it would be well to 'frivol' occasionally, so we have formed this little circle. We are to meet once every month in alphabetical order at the home of a member. Even the date of the monthly meeting is not fixed, but rests with the hostess. The simplest sort of luncheon, consisting of three courses only, and simple courses at that, is provided, and each member is compelled to tell a funny story, or relate a funny experience or sing a funny song if she has the talent, or contribute in some way to the gaiety of the occasion. The circle is intended as a protest not only against the seriousness of women, but against the extravagant hospitality of the time, which is eliminating easy social intercourse. Nowadays to offer any sort of hospitality to one's friends, means caterers, favors, prizes and usually professional entertainers. That, we consider, makes hospitality too serious and kills neighborliness in the true sense of the term. We are not starting any crusade, however, or doing anything in the world except amusing ourselves."

A slump has come in the cut-rate stock companies. Disbandments have occurred within a month in New Orleans, St. Louis, Chicago, St. Paul, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Brooklyn and seven smaller cities. These failures have been caused by overdoing and badly doing what is under favorable circumstances a good thing—the fairly adequate performance of wisely-chosen old plays at low prices of admission. A dozen of these resident organizations are thriving deservedly.

AT THE THEATERS.

EUROPE is entitled to a deal of commendation for the unfailing regularity with which she supplies the American vaudeville houses with novelties in the various fields of endeavor, most affected by this class of theatrical people. Whatever any citizen's aversion may be to the patronizing of foreign stuffs in preference to the home-products article, the first objection has yet to be registered to the latest importation in vaudeville, from London, Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg, or other European music halls.

The frequency with which these Old World centers are drawn upon for entertaining material is exemplified in the Orpheum's bill for the coming week.

There are eight features on the programme. Of these, four are direct importations, and four of American origin. One "turn" is brought from Russia, one is from Paris, one from Germany, and one is English.

The newspaper reader or student of the theater, whether "legitimate" or vaudeville, can hardly fail to be struck with the fact that the European and other attractions, played in the high-priced vaudeville houses of New York, are seen on the Coast almost instantly upon the close of their New York engagements, and sometimes before playing in the metropolis.

In Koster and Bial's theatre, or rather music hall, New York, whose boast it is that the most and the greatest European vaudeville stars have played there first, in this country, the price for seats are from 50 cents to \$2. The artists who make it possible, by their drawing powers, for such prices to be charged, are brought to the Coast, at once, and necessarily at a greater expense than a New York management involves, and here the maximum price of admission is the minimum in New York. That is, the least accepted at Koster & Bial's is the most demanded here. Those who profess to find meat for mystery in the generous patronage awarded vaudeville here and in San Francisco can perhaps discover the solution of the thing in the foregoing facts.

Apropos of Nat Goodwin's new play the Criterion says: "Let us stretch a hand of kindly welcome to 'Nathan Hale,' the play in four acts by Clyde Fitch presented by Nat C. Goodwin at the Knickerbocker Theater on Monday night.

"In the press of foreign plays, not merely un-American in the characters and the scene, but in the underlying feeling, this live American product comes happily before us. And in good time, too. Our authors, our managers, our players must dare to be American. A great many splendid American boys from the plow, the ranch and the college dared so to be in the year just gone, and we have not done worshipping them yet. It is, therefore, first of all a duty to say well-done to Mr. Fitch and Mr. Goodwin for that they have run counter to the fad of the foreign and the snobbery of the nouveau riche, and given us a clean, wholesome American play, centered on a sadly beautiful figure from the days of Sturm and Drang in American history.

"It was not Mr. Fitch's purpose to pitch his drama in the key of antique tragedy, but to take young Nathan Hale at his schoolmaster's desk, with his petty trials and trivial comedies, and lead him thence step by step without pomp or parade of language to his doom. In this view he has spun with art and simplicity a mere thread of plot—but since that thread passes through the fingers of the fates, is, in fact, the thread of a noble human life, presently to be severed by the shears of Atropos—the thread suffices. We see him, at first the patriot in his school in love with his lovely pupil; we see him later a continental captain taking the task of the spy upon him; we see him next inside the British lines and witness his capture. Lastly we see him going in faith and hope and love to the death of the captured spy. All is decorous and free of rant and fustian. The sacrifice is made without the noise of brazen timbrels, to the sound of a dead march played as it were, on soft, muted horns. It touches the human and stimulates the patriotic nerve.

"It is not necessary to complain of the extra lightness of touch in the opening acts. Mr. Fitch had many judicious things in view in so treating these early episodes. He thought of his actor and his public, too used perhaps to furnishing and accepting whipped syllabus, and he concluded to proceed by contrast from the high light of the noisy schoolroom to the deep shadow and silence of the gallows. It has been done, too, with a nice literary touch for which we are especially grateful. It advances Clyde Fitch markedly in status as a dramatist.

"Mr. Goodwin and Miss Maxine Elliott act with sincerity and effect within the lines laid down by the author.

"To wish the play a career of success is natural to every lover of good work and sound Americanism."

Speaking of himself, David Belasco, the well-known playwright, gave the following insight into his own ideals:

"I believe that more than half of success lays in the ability to work without ceasing," said the author. "Personally, I have striven all my life; labor is the only thing which does not seem to fatigue me. When I leave my desk I become tired, nervous, ill. Once or twice my acquaintances have come to me during an unusually hot summer and have told me that if I did not allow myself to rest immediately I was sure to break down. I have taken their advice, a gun and fishing tackle, a stock of light literature, and a train for some mountain resort. But a very few days there has generally sufficed to weary me and make me glad to return to my toil.

"Like most men who write without writing against time, I operate rather by fits and starts than with any deliberate hours laid out before me. Sometimes I am busy only three hours a day, and again I may go to my desk early in the morning and remain there until late the next afternoon, occasionally lying down on the couch for the sake of temporary relaxation. Once I nearly worried my family out of its wits by working



KATHRYN KIDDER, AT THE LOS ANGELES THEATER.

three days without cessation, but that sort of thing is done very rarely, and probably never needs to be done at all.

"I rarely labor on prescribed lines. In proceeding with a play I first form the central idea and then relate it vaguely in a scenario form that finally serves more as a memorandum than anything else. To this I frequently refer, but the story and its incidents generally develop as I materialize the characters I have found necessary to spinning my yarn. It seems incredible that a man can work in any other way without danger of his product being made stilted and formal. To me easiness of style is essential. I do not believe in a dramatist making an exhaustive study of other men's plays, for that is sure to curb his originality and make him a mere machine. A knowledge of theatrical construction is needful, of course, in building for the stage, but with me that knowledge is an instinct, and seldom has any definite effect on the straightforwardness of my tale."

[Kansas City Star:] Everybody who is at all familiar with Ada Rehan's delightful manner of illuminating comedy roles was quite confident that she would play the title role of "Mme. Sans Gêne" as none of her predecessors could play it. Not long ago Mr. Daly, who seems to have shared the general opinion, secured the play and last Monday evening Miss Rehan made her first appearance as the washerwoman-duchess. The result, sad to say, was not that which was so confidently expected and the disappointment that was felt pervaded every notice of the performance. It seems that when Catherine Hubscher was a washerwoman Miss Rehan made her a duchess and when she was a duchess Miss Rehan played her like a washerwoman. George Clark played Napoleon and about the only hit of the performance was made by White Whittlesley, who was last season leading man of Lewis Morrison's company.

The Dramatic Mirror reprints, with amusing commentaries, the following editorial from a paper in a small Massachusetts town:

"The management of the Operahouse should not rent it to travelling companies carrying girls in the cast. Nothing is known of the character of these girls who are traveling; they are quite apt to be gay girls. Nothing ought to be booked except 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' male minstrels, 'Little Minister,' 'Old Homestead,' without detaching a committee to see the attraction in another town. If it appears to the committee that the company

is in no wise objectionable, the Operahouse can be rented, except on a Thursday night."

What a snap that committee will have.

Papinta, one of the greatest favorites who ever played at the Orpheum, is to begin her third engagement here next week. She is now in San Francisco, winning golden encomiums for the new dances which she has invented and executes with such grace and skill as belongs only to Papinta.

Manager Myers is planning for a "Papinta day" during the dancer's engagement at the Orpheum, when a reception will be held at the theater in her honor, and souvenirs of the occasion distributed.

THE WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS.

The Louis James, Kathryn Kidder, Frederick Warde combination will begin a week's engagement at the Los Angeles Theater, tomorrow evening. In addition to the three stars, a company numbering some twenty-six people will be in evidence. The repertoire and its order will be as follows: Monday and Friday evenings and Saturday matinee, "The School for Scandal;" Tuesday and Thursday evenings, "Julius Caesar;" Wednesday matinee, "Hamlet;" Wednesday evening, "Othello," and Saturday evening, "Macbeth."

Each play will be mounted with excellent scenery and furnished with superb costumes. Managers Wagenhals and Kemper having determined to make their productions compare favorably with the distinction of their organization, believing that the public will fully appreciate their efforts to surpass every enterprise of like character before the public.

It has been the almost invariable custom for the legitimate star to surround himself or herself with a mediocre company and conventional settings and to depend upon a single name to attract the public. In this instance there is a combination of legitimate stars, while the great triumvirate is in turn surrounded by an exceptionally strong organization.

Louis James has endeared himself to the American people through a long and brilliantly successful career as leading man and star. He has been identified with a most varied line of characters. He seems equally at home in heavy tragedy or light comedy. He has a most attractive personality of the precise type best adapted to broad versatility. Few actors have been so generously endowed by nature to fill the position now occupied by Mr. James. During the coming engagement he will be seen in a line of varied characters.

Frederick Warde, who for several years was associated with Mr. James in starring tours, has also had the

most fruitful experiences and a most interesting career. No player of heroic characters is better known or more justly admired. In the present repertoire, Mr. Warde will recall to many the achievements of his earlier days, when, as a stock actor he played all kinds of roles and made himself one of the most deservedly distinguished young actors of that time.

Kathryn Kidder has had just the kind of experience to fit her for the place she occupies in this company. She distinguished herself as a leading woman especially in New York and other eastern cities, and then at one bound, the assumption of the title role in Sardou's fanciful comedy, "Madame Sans Gene," placed herself in the foremost rank of American actresses. Her success as a star is fresh in the minds of all playgoers. She impressed her audiences alike with her charm of personality and her attainments in art. She is thoroughly conscientious as to detail, believing that a high regard for dress is a necessary accompaniment for histrionic ambitions.

It will be welcome news to Nance O'Neill's many admirers in this city that Manager Shaw has succeeded in perfecting arrangements for an extension of the young tragedienne's season at the Burbank. Nance O'Neill is more talked about than any actress who has been here in many a day. The popularity this youthful actress has attained in the few years she has been before the public is not to be wondered at. One has but to see Nance O'Neill to realize that she is fascinating and magnetic to a degree, and that her strong personality makes a lasting impression upon all who witness her powerful impersonation of the classic roles.

The many standard plays included in Miss O'Neill's varied repertoire are so infrequently seen upon the local stage that it is not strange that the Burbank is crowded to the doors when such a coming star as Nance O'Neill appears in the roles made famous by the greatest actresses that ever trod the boards.

A wide variety of plays, six in number, ranging from the emotional to the tragic, have been selected for presentation the coming week, forming a repertoire that none but an actress of great versatility would dare attempt. A new version of the popular emotional play, "East Lynne" will be presented Monday night and Wednesday matinee; Tuesday night, "The Jewess;" Wednesday night, "Oliver Twist," both of these plays being given by special request.

The story of "Leah" is that of a young Jewess who is loved by a Christian. The latter lives in a small town into which Jews are prohibited from entering. Through a well-laid plan they manage to meet one another and after a while the young man makes up his mind to tell his father of his love for the Jewess. The father and the schoolmaster of the town lay a plan to bring about a separation between the two young people and are successful. The story relates the discovery of the trick after the young man had married another young woman; of the terrible curse heaped upon him by the Jewess and of her return in later years in a more forgiving mood.

Of Miss O'Neill's portrayal of Nancy Sykes, the San Francisco Call speaks as follows:

"She played the part as it was never played before in this city. Nancy is a character that demands of an actress strength, health and frank brutality. There is no mincing matters; no delicate compromises. The part will stand for no feminine blandishments. It is hard and terrible; in these qualities lie its spell and its grim pathos. Miss O'Neill does not spare an atom of her vanity in playing it for all that it is worth. She was large, husky, dark and unpretty to gaze upon, and she moved like a ship in a storm; but she was the Nancy Sykes of Dickens and we were all in goose-flesh of appreciation."

Thursday night Miss O'Neill will present for the first time in this city, "Guy Mannering," and local theatergoers will have their first opportunity of passing judgment upon what is said to be a most spirited interpretation of the role of the gypsy, Meg Merrilies, in this romantic drama. The great Charlotte Cushman won the most prominent of her grand achievements in this character, and now, America's young tragedienne, Nance O'Neill, undertakes the popularizing of this intense role. Miss O'Neill's performance is as vigorous in conception, as it is startling, even electrical, in execution. Miss O'Neill created a furore in the piece when she appeared in it for the first time at San Francisco.

This great play will be repeated Friday night. "Ingomar" will be the bill at the matinee Saturday and an elaborate production of McKee Rankin's famous western drama, "The Danites," will be given Saturday and Sunday nights.

The Orpheum's bill, which goes on tomorrow evening, is peculiarly rich in European and American novelties. There are five new acts to be presented, leaving but three hold-overs, and these the best of last week's bill.

The Rappo sisters, two maids from Russia, dancers with great reputations for skill and grace, have the foremost place on the programme. They were the leading attraction last month at Koster & Bial's Music Hall in New York, and come heralded as the most wonderfully clever exponents of terpsichorean art ever seen in this or any other country. Their engagement here is expected to prove highly successful, as a deal of interest has been created in the act, because of praise unusual, and, indeed, unprecedented, received by them in San Francisco.

Willy Ozeola is another European proposition—an equilibrist, who has just finished a three weeks' engagement at Koster & Bial's, where his feats were conceded to be unexcelled in every way. He opens here before going to San Francisco, contrary to the Orpheum's usual policy. It is promised by the management that nothing similar to Ozeola's act has ever before been seen here.

The Deltorellis are a team of French musical grotesques, who combine, it is said, considerable musical talent with fun-making powers of no slight proportions.

Jane Whitbeck, the famous "Pas-Ma-La" girl, a leading vaudeville attraction in the big eastern houses, but never before seen on the Coast, is given a prominent place on the bill. She sings and dances after a fashion "peculiar to herself."

Anna Teresa Berger is known the world over for her cornet playing, she having until recently been of the famous Berger family of musicians. It has been some time since a musical act of this sort has been included in the Orpheum's bill, and Miss Berger will doubtless find her talent warmly appreciated.

George Fuller Golden has proved so popular that Manager Myers has persuaded the San Francisco office to extend his engagement another week, and "The Friend



THE RAPPO SISTERS, AT THE ORPHEUM.

of Casey" will therefore continue to scintillate on the Orpheum stage. Rofx, the phenomenal chin-balancer, and Mme. Pilar Morin, Rose Eytinge and Clement Bainbridge, presenting "That Overcoat," complete the bill.

A testimonial will be given Tuesday afternoon at the Los Angeles Theater for the benefit of certain members of the defunct David Henderson Company, whose interests call them in different directions from the city. They will endeavor, by their united ability, with the assistance of other competent artists who are now here filling engagements at the different theaters, to give an entertainment, excellent throughout, and so varied in make-up that it will be of interest and enjoyment to all classes. Through the courtesy of H. C. Wyatt and the management of the Kidder-Warde-James combination, the use of the theater has been given and the services of all employees connected with it have been offered and accepted. Marceau has donated a frame of pictures for the lobby. The theater orchestra, will contribute the music. The members of the Henderson Company for whom the benefit is given, will play the well-known farce-comedy, "A Gay Deceiver," in which the talented young actor, Asa Lee Willard, will assume the leading role, and a prominent part will be taken by Russell Bassett, whose sterling ability is familiar to all playgoers. Other members of the cast will be the clever comedian, Harry F. Adams, Carrie Clark Ward and Lotta Bassett.

By courtesy of McKee Rankin and C. A. Shaw, William L. Gleason, Charles J. Swickard and Mina Crollis will appear in "A Happy Pair." Pilar Morin, Rose Eytinge and Clement Bainbridge, through the courtesy of T. J. Myers of the Orpheum will present their popular comedietta, "That Overcoat," and George Fuller Golden will contribute one of his monologues. Edward M. Bell, who was leading man of the Henderson Company during its existence, will give one of his famous readings from Bret Harte. Hazel Edell Simon will sing, and several of the attractions coming to the local theaters this week will do their share in making the entertainment a success. The complete programme will be printed Tuesday morning.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Mrs. Fliske may add "Magda" to her list of plays next season.

Annie Russell's continuance as a star is now assured

by a contract with Charles Frohman for five years, and next season he will provide a new play for her.

Olga Nethersole will bring out "The Power of Wealth," by Max O'Rell, before the close of her Wal-lack's engagement.

Julia Marlowe may begin her term at the Knickerbocker with a dramatization of Charles Major's novel, "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

William Gillette has resumed work on a Conan Doyle detective drama, the first draft of which was burned in the Baldwin Hotel fire in San Francisco.

Cissie Loftus is making a big hit in New York—partly by her clever imitations and partly by refusing to appear at Koster & Bial's Music Hall because there have recently been exhibitions there which she considers indecent.

Belasco's adaptation "Zaza," produced by Mrs. Leslie Carter in Washington Christmas night, has made a lasting impression there. According to eastern advices "Zaza" will run "The Christian" and "Cyrano de Bergerac" a close race for popularity.

Stuart Robson has arranged with Theodore Burt Sayre for the American rights of his new comedy, "Two Rogues and a Romance." Mr. Robson will take the part of an English diplomat with a crusty exterior but a warm heart. The scene of the play is in Washington and the story tells of the romantic love of an Ambassador's daughter for an Italian gambler, who is masquerading as a nobleman.

In one of his interesting talks the other day Bronson Howard, the noted playwright, hit off the dramatic student capitally. He is of the opinion that they succeed because they differ from all other students. They study drama because they want to—most students are such under parental compulsion, or because it is the proper thing.

Novelli, the Italian actor, is said to have put into the mouth of a character in "The Merchant of Venice" recently in a Paris theater, to please the anti-Semites, a proposition that the ships of Antonio were wrecked by the co-religionists of the malignant usurer. He also cuts away ruthlessly those parts of the play which do not give him sufficient prominence. To compensate for these losses he has added an entire scene, which will not be found in any edition of Shakespeare, to give him full opportunity for the exercise of his powers.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

HERR ARNOLD KRAUSS, violinist, returned Thursday after an absence abroad of nearly two years, and again assumed the leadership of the Burbank Theater Orchestra. During his residence here of several years, Herr Krauss, by his scholarly musicianship, as soloist, orchestra leader, and teacher, established himself as a very valuable factor in the best musical growth of the city. Such an one, indeed, as could ill be spared from any place, and his return is welcomed cordially by all musicians and music-loving laymen, who have, either actively or passively, interest in the development of this department of the arts here, at heart.

While abroad Herr Krauss visited London, Paris and other continental cities, centers of musical culture, and for one year he was in Brussels, where he studied constantly with Cesar Thomson, one of the world's greatest violin virtuosos and who, as a teacher, stands at the head of his profession. Herr Krauss was accorded the exceptional privilege, aside from his own lessons, of the more intimate and informal association of a friend, and some part of nearly every day found him at Cesar Thomson's home listening to the instruction given to others, or reading music and playing with this king among violinists. While in Brussels Herr Krauss joined the symphony orchestra ranks and played under the direction of Dupont.

After a summer spent with his wife's relatives at their country place in France, Herr Krauss was summoned to this side of the Atlantic to join Emil Paur's forces in New York. Theodore Thomas also sent for him to come to Chicago, but the message miscarried and he did not receive it until after he had signed with Paur. The management of the New York orchestra went to pieces in a few weeks, however, and Victor Herbert wired Herr Krauss to take the position of second concert-master in the Pittsburgh Orchestra, which he did.

In spite of advantageous offers in both Paris and London for the season, Herr Krauss accepted the New York engagement "because," he says, "when one has grown accustomed to American life and American ways of doing business, the old country calls on one after a short time." That is why he crossed the ocean this fall; and as he feels that "of all places in America Southern California is the most attractive, the most livable," the reason is again apparent for his decision to leave Herbert and the Pittsburgh Orchestra and cross the continent when the offer from the Burbank management reached him.

Herr Krauss is a conscientious, unassuming, sincere musician, intelligence and discretion have always been apparent in his work, he has a reverent devotion to his art, and his accomplishment which was scholarly and of a very high order when he was here before, has without question broadened and become more finished with his study abroad. Therefore he is doubly welcome, for the record he will make with his own instrument, and for the influence he will exert in various ways in the musical field here.

Of Jerome Helmont, the wonderful boy violinist who is to appear here under J. T. Fitzgerald's management January 27, 28, and 29, at Simpson Tabernacle, the Cleveland Plain-Dealer has this to say:

"The latest musical prodigy is Jerome Helmont, a phenomenal violinist of 13. He is a native of Detroit and was discovered by a wealthy man there, who put his money to excellent use by sending young Helmont to New York, where he studied under Ovid Musin. He is already a fine artist, and if he fulfills his present promise, he will be one of the great violinists of the day. Thanksgiving evening he played before the Excelsior Club and set its members wild with his marvelous execution and his still more wonderful expression."

Again, the Detroit Journal says of the opening concert in that city: "Jerome Helmont stood on the concert platform at the Auditorium last night, his head barely reaching the top of the music rack beside him, and handled the violin as easily and confidently as did his master, Musin. Helmont has established a place for himself that is unique. His achievements are not those of that unhealthful product, the prodigy, nor does the epithet 'child-wonder' give him his just rank among musicians. He is distinctly a violinist whose dignity and assurance are substantiated fully by the excellence of his playing. In fineness of finish and elegance of detail the lad's work is remarkable, but more astonishing is the maturity of his interpretation and musical feeling. His opening number was 'Concerto No. 7,' De Beriot, followed by 'Evening Star,' 'Tannhauser' (Wagner), a Musin composition dedicated to Helmont; 'Elephantz' (Popper-Sauret), and numerous encores which the audience demanded. An exquisite cradle song, composed by Musin, was one of the most pleasing numbers."

With young Helmont is Miss Grace Preston, a contralto of some note, and Miss Ida Simmons, accompanist and piano soloist. Of the young singer, the papers speak in high praise. This is from the Detroit Journal: "Miss Grace Preston sang the familiar aria for contralto, 'Amour Viens Alder,' from 'Saxson and Delliak.' Her voice was full in the low registers, in which it descended to a remarkable depth. It was clear and pleasing in the upper tones. She was recalled with enthusiasm after each number. Particularly effective was an encore number, 'Because I Love You,' and 'Oh, That We Two Were Maying' (Nevin.)"

Few artists have ever come to this country for the first time, says the New York Musical Age, who have gained so great a prestige here through the reports of their work abroad as Emil Sauer. The critics of the chief cities of Europe seem to unite in applauding him and the surpassing brilliancy of his art. It is in the interpretation of the works of Beethoven and of Bach that this pianist chiefly excels, and from this statement some idea may be gained of his intellectual grasp as well as the character of his temperament. His face suggests poetry and delicacy of sentiment, while his broad, high brow shows the mental power of the artist—the true artist. It suggests Rubinstein's earlier pic-

tures, although the lower part of the face has more of the dreamer in its expression. Sauer opened in New York January 10, and next month he starts for a tournee of the continent, including the Pacific Coast.

Miss Carrie Conger will give an invitation pupils' piano recital at Fitzgerald Music Hall sometime during the last week of this month.

Thursday evening, Jan. 19, Miss Elizabeth Carrick will give a song recital at Fitzgerald Hall, assisted by Miss Miriam Barnes, piano, and Paul Jennison, cello. Miss Blanche Rogers will act as accompanist. Miss Carrick is a sister of Mrs. Thilo Becker and this is her initial appearance in public since her arrival from Scotland several months ago. Miss Barnes' brilliant work is so well known that she needs no introduction. Paul Jennison, a brother of the soloist at the last symphony concert, was here several years ago, when he was 'cellist with the Mendelssohn Quintette. He is recently from the East and this will be his first appearance here since his return. The programme is artistic in makeup and the evening promises to be of unusual importance and interest musically. Here are the numbers that will be sung and played:

"Si oiseau j'étais" (Henselt).
Intermezzo in octaves (Leitchetzky)—Miss Miriam Barnes.

Verdi Prati (Handel).
"She Never Told Her Love" (Haydn).
"Where the Bee Sucks" (Dr. Arne)—Miss Elizabeth Carrick.
"Kol Nidrei" cello, (Bruch) Paul Jennison.



ARNOLD KRAUSS, ORCHESTRA LEADER AT THE BURBANK.

"Wiegenlied" (Mendelssohn)—Miss Carrick.
"Die Klage" (Schubert)—Miss Carrick.
"Good Night" (Rubinstein)—Miss Carrick.
"Mene Liebe Ist Grun" (Brahms)—Miss Carrick.
Caprice Espagnole (Mozzkowski)—Miss Barnes.
"Once at the Angelus" (Somerville).
"Come Sweet Morning" (Old French).
"Zauberlin" (Meyer-Helmond) (cello obligato)—Miss Carrick.
"Tarantelle" (Popper)—Mr. Jennison.

Miss Alice Beach McComas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. McComas, and a pianist of much promise, has returned from an extended course of study in the North. Of her present accomplishment H. M. Bosworth in the San Francisco Examiner, says:

"Miss McComas evinces strong poetical conception, and captures the sympathies of her hearers with that indescribable magnetism which distinguishes the orator from the talker. She plays with the heart rather than with the fingers. Brains predominate over merely technical considerations. Accordingly she is at her best in the piano poems of Chopin rather than in the herculean rhapsodies of Liszt. Her interpretation is intelligent and has the aplomb of deliberation. Her technique, though secondary, is extremely pleasing, being particularly smooth and her touch velvety. She makes the piano sing as though it were her own voice. If she continues as she has begun—with her present equipment of talent and taste—she will become a very fine artist."

San Francisco Town Talk says: "Here is a fine technique, marked by a fluency and polish found only with the true, artistic feeling so evident in all Miss McComas' work. She played the Schumann sonata (op. 22) with a deeper, more mature interpretation than such youthful players usually give to music . . .

Miss McComas is a conscientious student and her playing evinces a serious underlying purpose which carries true meaning and leaves a lasting impression upon her hearers, who become at once her friends."

S. W. Jennison, the violinist, whose scholarly and artistic playing contributed so much to the pleasure of the last symphony concert, has associated himself with F. A. Bacon at the Studio, 109½ South Broadway, where he will receive pupils Tuesdays and Fridays.

MUSICAL MELANGE.

Though the Bayreuth performances of 1899 are still over six months off, the sale of tickets throughout Europe has reached such proportions as to insure that the coming festival will eclipse all others, at least in point of popular success, says the Criterion. Four thousand \$5 tickets have already been sold in England alone, and on the continent there has been an equal demand for them. The directors calculate that between one-third and a half of the available seats have already been disposed of, though it is not unlikely that speculators may in a measure be responsible for this large early booking. The performances will last from July 22 to August 20. Two cycles of "The Ring" are to be given with five performances of "Die Meistersinger" and seven of "Parsifal."

[Musical Courier:] The alleged charity concert ought to be abolished. It is a nuisance, a menace. It is always absurd from an artistic standpoint, and is a drain on the purse and good nature of the audience. There never was a charity concert at which the audience got the worth of its money. Besides, if artists give their services free or at greatly reduced rates, the harm done is great. It cheapens them for all times. The charity concert, the benefit concert, the concert given by incompetent amateurs and free concerts should be banished forever.

[New York Tribune:] At its annual meeting last week the Council of the American Folk-Lore Society appointed Dr. Franz Boas, Prof. Charles L. Edwards (the new president), Miss Alice C. Fletcher and H. E. Krehbiel a committee on American folk-song, the purpose being to extend the work of the society into the field for which it has been proposed to organize an American Folk-Song Society. If such a folk-song society is organized its first work will be to raise money enough to put a collector in the field, to make a systematic effort to bring together in preservable shape characteristic specimens of true folk-song that have grown up in America. Such specimens would be more likely to have value in their relationship to the musical art than to any branch of ethnological study, while the reverse of this is true of Indian song, to which the Folk-Lore Society is devoting considerable attention.

Josef Hofmann does not believe in excessive practicing at the piano, says the Musical Age. While studying under Rubinstein he practiced three hours daily, and this he considers sufficient. Most students, he says, make the mistake of over-practicing, which "makes one's mind grow stupid and confused, and, naturally, one's fingers follow the brain." He believes, too, that students use too much force in practicing. It is the fingers that need constant practice, and one should play only hard enough to keep them and the wrists from becoming stiff. When on his last tour of the United States, Josef Hofmann did not take with him a single piece of music for his own use, but depended wholly on his remarkable memory. He makes little preparation for the concerts at which he performs. Sometimes he plays exercises for half an hour a day to "take the stiffness out of his fingers," but more often he does nothing but glance through the orchestral score just before the concert. This is probably a suitable plan for Hofmann, but the amateur would better beware of it.

Giordano's latest opera, "Fedora," was produced a fortnight ago in Milan. A correspondent writes of it: "Giordano's music lacks none of the qualities that distinguish that of 'Andrea Chenier.' 'Fedora' moves with the same breathless, feverish haste, with the same absorption on Giordano's part in the dramatic exigencies of the text and the dramatic purport of the music, with the same theatrical instinct, the same effort to characterize the personages by tones, the same desire to make every bar strike home. Giordano's melodic intervention is as fertile, vigorous and individual as it was in 'Andrea Chenier,' but he is even less willing to develop and elaborate his melodies unless he is quite sure, as in the story of the murder of Vladimir, that the dramatic exigencies of the moment demand it. The short arioso, the hall mark of the young Italians, is usually too long for him. His reliance rather is on the poignant phrases, so poignant that the listener forgets all else until another equally poignant displaces it. The feverish dialogue in parts of the first and of the third acts mirrors the situation and the feelings of the personages, but it is rather excited speech charged with the greater emotional force by the phrases that accompany it, than music in any ordered or synthetic sense. It moves keenly; it accomplishes its purpose; it shows remarkable and almost unerring dramatic instinct in the composer and his abundant mastery of his resources; but after all it is only telegraphic music, so to say, very highly charged with the electricity of emotions. Giordano cannot stop if he would. His dramatic heat drives him forward as he would drive his listeners."

The latest fad in musical Italy is the oratorio. The London Daily News gives these particulars regarding the two musical lions of the day:

"The oratorios of the young Abbé Lorenzo Perosi are now being performed in all the chief Italian towns, and his 'La Resurrezione di Lazzaro' has been given at the Comunale at Bologna to £400 houses. His fame is, however, only a few months old. His first oratorio, 'The Passion of Christ,' was produced at Milan in the spring, and was at once published by Ricordi. His second oratorio, 'The Transfiguration,' was produced at the exhibition building at Venice in April, and afterward at the Teatro Fenice, with Kaschmann in the part of the Savior, while 'Lazarus' has only recently been finished. Perosi is a youth of 25, is a Piedmontese, and the son of a village organist. The generosity of a wealthy Italian family enabled him to travel, and eventually he became organist at San Marco, Venice. Two years ago he was ordained priest."

"Another Italian oratorio which has excited consider-

able interest is the 'St. John the Baptist' of Lorenzo Parodi. It is in four parts, entitled 'Nativity,' 'John in the Desert,' 'Baptism of Christ,' and 'Martyrdom,' and it was produced in the presence of the archbishop at the centenary fetes at Genoa. The desert scene is said to be based exclusively upon ancient Arab themes, while the dance music before Herod is also oriental.

"Yet another oratorio, 'The Nativity,' is composed by an anonymous priest for four-part chorus, organ, or orchestra, and is based exclusively upon old French Noels."

Jean de Reszke has given out his plan for reviving the glories of the Theater des Italiens in Paris. He says:

"Musicians and opera lovers in Paris have long desired me to undertake just such a venture, and now we are forming a stock company, which we propose capitalizing at f.5,000,000, and the shares will be f.500 each. Judging from the interest expressed in the project before I left Paris, we shall have no difficulty in placing our stock. The site of the proposed operahouse is in the Place Vendôme, than which no better exists. We have had our eye on the present Ministry of Justice and an adjoining building, next door to the Hotel Bristol. The property will be sold at auction next month, and our representatives will be among the bidders. It is for this reason that I regret the publicity which our plan



MISS GRACE PRESTON, CONTRALTO SOLOIST, WITH GEROME HELMONT.

has gained, for, knowing we want the property, the owners will naturally run the price up to a figure considerably beyond that which would have been reached had we been permitted to remain incognito, as it were. We shall not alter the facade of the buildings—the city will not permit us to. But we shall demolish the interior and entirely rebuild it. The stage will be a model, and the auditorium and galleries will follow somewhat the lines of the Metropolitan Operahouse. On the top floor I shall have a conservatoire, elaborately fitted up, where it is my plan to instruct a few, just a few, pupils in singing. I shall select my pupils with great discrimination, for my teaching will be but a detail of the scheme. Ah, there are so many good American voices—lovely voices—voices that should be cultivated! In a fortnight or so our prospectuses and subscription blanks will reach this country. We are going to invite American investment—in fact, two banks in Paris are striving to secure the American agency. As soon as that detail is settled the stock will be placed on sale. The theater will be known as the De Reszke Operahouse, and my brother and I will, of course, appear frequently. We hope to have matters in shape to give our first performance about June 15, 1900."

NOTES.

"It is rumored that Sousa is writing an opera for Walter Jones." This rumor is three years old.

Dvorak's new opera, upon which he has been engaged a long time, will be produced shortly at the National Theater in Prague.

Aimé Lachaux, the pianist who has accompanied Ysaye on each of his visits here, is writing a comic opera called "The Magic Bottle."

Adolph Muller's new opera, "Der Blondin von Narmur," was given its first performance in the Theater an der Wien, with Ilka Palmay in the title role.

According to Paris Figaro, Saint-Saens, the composer, is neglecting earthly music for the music of the spheres. He has an astronomical observatory on one of the Canary islands.

"Veronique," a three-act operetta by Andre Messager, has been brought out at the Bouffes Parisiennes. The plot is said to be a pretty one and the melodies in no-wise behind the plot.

Liszt was once asked by a German Princess: "Did you make much money on your recent tour in Italy?" "Your Highness," answered the pianist with acerbity, "I went there not to make money, but to make music."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said an Irish concert manager to an audience of three, "as there is nobody here, I'll dismiss you all. The performance of tonight will not take place, but shall be repeated tomorrow evening."

[Musical America:] Anton Strelezki must be composing still. His op. 478 is announced by Edwin Ashdown of London. Yet considering that this composer so frequently writes for his market, the average level of his work is high.

The two directors of the Grand Opera in Paris went to Karlsruhe to hear the performance of Berlioz's "The Trojans," which Felix Mottl has revived. Sonzogno of Milan was also there, as he expected to produce the

work in Milan if the performances turned out well. Two days were devoted to "The Trojans," and the production was preceded by a performance of "Beatrice and Benedict."

Schiller's drama, "The Robbers," has again been set to music by a Sig. Diamanti. His opera was recently produced at the Eldorado Theater, Bologna, with great success. Verdi once used the same libretto, but his "Robbers" never became popular.

Calve will not come to America this season, hence the permanent engagement of Sembrich for the opera, the original contract with the latter having been on a limited basis. Mme. Sembrich will appear in some festival concerts in the spring, after the opera season.

Marguerite Lemon is to be the heroine of De Koven and Smith's new opera, "The Three Dragoons," which will have its initial performance at Montreal, Canada, this month. The New York production of this opera will take place January 30, at the Broadway Theater.

The Pope is writing a Latin hymn on the "Worship of the Redeemer," intended to celebrate the end of the century. It will be set to music by the priest Perosi, whose dramatic oratorio, "The Transfiguration," was recently produced at Bologna with the same enthusiastic success accorded to his previous oratorios.

Mascagni, as a reward for his work on "Iris," has been accorded a private audience with Queen Margherita, of Italy, who said the most flattering things to him as to the merits of his last production. Her Majesty, moreover, asked Mascagni to tell her all he knew about Japanese musical instruments, and particularly those which the composer adopted in the orchestration of "Iris."

The celebrated biography of Beethoven, by Thayer, to which the author had devoted fifty years of his life and of which he was only able to publish three volumes, has just been finished by Dr. Dieter, and the last volume, for which Mr. Thayer left all the materials, will appear shortly. Mr. Thayer was United States Consul at Trieste; he has nevertheless published his classic work in German. An English translation will be published in London.

Johann Strauss, son of Edward and named after his more illustrious uncle, is soon to introduce himself as a composer in Vienna. He has had little musical education and only within the last year discovered his talents. He sketches his melodies and they are developed by a conductor, a method not entirely unknown to more distinguished composers. His operetta, which will be given in Vienna this year, is awaited with curiosity, as the success of this young man may mean a perpetuation of the Strauss dynasty.

CYRANO AND WHETSTONE,

DESPERATE EFFORT TO DISCOVER A SIMILARITY BETWEEN TWO PLAYS.

All Chicago is agog just now over the extraordinary claim of Samuel Eberly Gross, a wealthy business man of that city, who has brought suit against Richard Mansfield, charging that "Cyrano de Bergerac" is an infringement upon "The Merchant Prince of Cornville," a play alleged to have been written by Mr. Gross twenty years ago and submitted to A. M. Palmer. It is claimed that there is great similarity between the two plays; that the plots are practically identical, and that the lines in "Cyrano" are almost a direct plagiarism of the earlier play. The Chicago Inter-Ocean has taken the trouble to compare the plots with this result:

In each play the heroine is under the influence of a guardian or patron.

In each the guardian or patron wishes the heroine to marry a man who is distasteful to her.

In each the wishes of the patron are disregarded by the heroine.

In each the heroine is in love with a person other than the one her patron is desirous she shall wed.

In each the favorite lover is paying his suit to the heroine unknown both to the patron of the heroine and to the undesired suitor whom she is urged to wed.

In each the one whom it is desired that she shall wed is wealthy and of acknowledged distinction, while the favorite suitor is comparatively obscure and unimportant.

In each the heroine has a maid who seconds her in real love affairs, and who has her own flirtation with a minor person in the play.

In each the heroine has a suitor who cannot frame his love-making in acceptable language, and is rebuffed by the heroine for his stupidity.

In each the stupid suitor has a friend more ready in language than himself, with whom he arranges to act for him as his unrecognized proxy in further love-making.

In each the proposition to act as such proxy comes from the friend of more ready wit.

In each the proxy gives specific directions to the stupid suitor about how the proxy of love-making shall be conducted.

In each these specific directions given by the proxy to the suitor friend are almost identical in action and language.

In each these directions provide that the suitor and his proxy shall station themselves in the darkness beneath the heroine's balcony.

In each it is arranged that the suitor shall stand out in dim but partial view, while his proxy friend shall remain concealed near him to prompt him with the words to be used.

In each the proxy appears dressed in black and as the shadow of the favorite suitor whom he is to prompt. In each it is arranged to attract the attention of the heroine so as to draw her out from her room upon the balcony.

In each musical instruments are introduced at the opening of the balcony scenes, leading the heroine to believe she is being serenaded.

In each, at the opening of the balcony scene, the one speaking is instructed by the other to change his voice.

In each during the progress of the scene, the prompting proxy steps out from his concealment and addresses the heroine directly, causing a change in audible speakers.

In each, this actual change of voice, with the change

of speakers, is noticed by the heroine and remarked upon by her in almost identical language.

In each there is an endeavor by the speakers below to explain away this apparent change of voice without undecieving the heroine.

In each the balcony scene is interrupted by the bringing in of the fourth person who wishes to see the heroine.

In each the balcony scene is concluded by the climbing up to the heroine of one of the characters in the scene.

In each the deception of the proxy love-making is discovered by the heroine, though at different stages in the progress of the play.

In each the balcony scene is the pivotal act of the whole play, acknowledged as such in "Cyrano de Bergerac" in the direct statement of the proxy Cyrano himself, who says to the heroine regarding it: "Rememberest thou the night when Christian wooed under the balcony? All my life is there. While I remained below hid in the dark, others have climbed to kisses and to fame" (see page 235, line 25, and following, Mansfield edition.)

In each the heroine's suitor insists upon her giving him a kiss, which request gives rise to an argument regarding it between the characters.

In each the leading character of the play is given the Christian name of Hercules. This is done in a line spoken by himself in the progress of the play.

In each there is a duel scene, of which a leading feature is its literary character, the hero in one choosing epithets for his adversary and the hero of the other choosing rhymes. While the former calls for words "in C," "in U," etc. the latter calls for words in rhyme with "array," etc.

In each the bystanders are made to remark upon the novel and unique literary feature of the duel.

In each play the heroine finally marries her favored suitor.

In each the underlying philosophy of the play lies in the carefully worked-out conception that when the love of a true woman is sought the effect is vain unless it appeals to her fancy.

In each the leading character is put by the author under a serious handicap, the one by great materialism in his nature; the other by a great physical deformity, both of which peculiarities act as insurmountable obstacles in delicate affairs of the heart.

In each the leading character is made to depict the peculiar characteristics of the real personage, though under an assumed name in the American play.

In each the author had to find his plot and principal dramatic situations outside the events in the real life of his leading character.

In each the authors have drawn liberally on nature to create an outdoor atmosphere for the action of their plays.

In each the identical phases of plot indicated in the thirty-six points here given constitute practically the plots of both plays.

While a great many of these identical phases in the two plots are nothing more than the weather-beaten stage material which has been used ever since there was a stage, the coincidence is still rather unusual. The similarity, however, applies only to the framework of the two pieces, the spirit is totally different, as is abundantly demonstrated by the extracts which are paralleled. In many instances the effort to prove a resemblance is strained to the point of absurdity. For example, to quote from the long string of excerpts from the text:

"Cyrano says: '... he has saved his soldier's plume.' (Cyrano, page 241, line 24.)

"Bluegrass asks if he shall 'order the nuptial plumage.' (Merchant, page 166, line 2.)

"Both had lost that which was most dear to them—the gaining of the heroine."

And again:

"Cyrano to Roxane on balcony. Yes, 'tis a sheer delight; we guess at one another in the dark. You see the blackness of my trailing cloak, I see the whiteness of a summer robe. And I am but a shadow, you a radiance." (Cyrano, page 136, lines 20 to 24.)

"Ideal to Violet in glen of ferns. Come, let us walk within this pleasant glen; and if we weary—on mossy bank, in the cool shade of interlacing leaves, we'll watch the gentle coquetry between the burning sunbeam and a shaded fern." (Merchant, page 136, lines 4 to 8.)

A. M. Palmer, when asked about the suit, said the charge was absurdly ridiculous; that Mr. Mansfield presented "Cyrano" as it was presented in Paris and all the European capitals without interpolation of any kind; that the play had run through a hundred editions in Paris alone, over 100,000 copies having been printed there, besides many thousand copies in English in this country, as well as abroad; that personally he had not read "The Merchant Prince of Cornville," having been only sufficiently curious to run over the first act; that Mr. Gross, if he believed his thoughts had been stolen, should bring suit against M. Rostand, the French playwright, and not Mr. Mansfield, who was simply presenting in this country and honestly paying a royalty for a play that has held the boards for nearly a year and has become as famous as the best work of the masters of the past, saying that "Cyrano" today occupied a place in the literary and dramatic world equal to that so long filled by "Hamlet."

In any case, the suit bids fair to stir up a merry war in the theatrical world, and, incidentally, "Cyrano" is floating serenely upon the crest of another tidal wave of advertising.

Study Osteopathy.

The cry all over the United States is: "Send an Osteopath to our city;" but, notwithstanding the fact that several schools are graduating a great many Osteopaths every year, the demand far exceeds the supply.

Many people who intended to study medicine have changed their views and will study Osteopathy.

The next class commences February 1, and it will be large, but we can teach large classes as well as small, and therefore wish to have as large a class as possible.

PACIFIC SCHOOL OF OSTEOPATHY,
Corner Tenth and Flower Streets.

THE CARE OF THE HUMAN BODY.

WITH this number of The Times commences a department devoted to hygiene, which will be published every Sunday in the magazine section.

The subject is a most important one, and one in which the general public is becoming constantly more interested. There has been a vast improvement in this direction during the past twenty years, and this is largely due to the intelligent interest displayed by the press in regard to sanitary matters.

During the past two thousand years surgery has made most remarkable advances, so that nowadays some of the operations performed are little short of miraculous. Patients who would have been given up to certain death, even as recently as a quarter of a century ago, now have a good chance of recovery, under the proper care of skilled surgeons. On the other hand therapeutics, or the administration of remedies in disease, has made little or no advance since the time when Pythagoras declared "Natura sanat non medicus"—Nature cures, not the physician. Fashions come and go in medicines, as in bonnets or bustles, and the remedy that is considered almost infallible today is likely to be discarded and derided a few years hence. It is true, however, that while the young fledgling physician, fresh from college, usually has a remedy in a bottle for every known disease to which human flesh is heir, the tendency is constantly growing, on part of older, more experienced and conscientious doctors, to rely more upon the healing power of nature, aided by diet and exercise, than upon drugs, whose effect upon the human system is at best problematical.

There is an old English saying that "every man is a fool or a physician at 40." While this may not be strictly accurate, yet it is a fact that every man who has reached middle age should have at least as good an idea of his constitution, its needs and shortcomings, as the first medical practitioner who may be called in to examine him. It is not too much to expect that the average intelligent human being, in these closing days of the nineteenth century, should be at least as well informed upon the construction of the body which his soul inhabits, and of the fundamental laws of health which regulate the functions of the body, as he is in regard to the geography of Central Africa, or the outlines of astronomy.

In this department no encouragement will be held out to cranks or extremists. The good in hygiene is not all found in any one school. On the other hand, there is some good in almost every hygienic theory that is advanced, from sun baths to Christian Science. Unfortunately, every well-meaning enthusiast who happens to hit upon some sanitary idea, which has been lost sight of and disregarded for centuries, is apt to imagine that he has found the philosopher's stone, in the shape of a cure-all, whereas he has merely brought to the surface another of the stones which belong to the fortress of health and long life, nor will those who seek, for mercenary purposes, to prey upon the sufferings of unfortunate humanity, find any comfort in this department.

Brief communications of a practical character, bearing upon the subject of hygiene, will be welcome, but any who may attempt to advertise specific remedies in these columns will save themselves time and trouble by withholding their communications.

Vaccination.

IT IS announced that, owing to the appearance in Los Angeles of a few mild cases of smallpox, the Board of Education has decided to order the compulsory vaccination of all the public-school children. This decision will, undoubtedly, meet with much criticism and opposition. There are hundreds of parents in Los Angeles, who will rather take their children from school than permit them to submit to an operation which they believe to be both useless and dangerous. In England there has been for thirty years or more a bitter fight waged against the practice of vaccination, where, for some years, it has been compulsory. Hundreds of parents have paid fines, or gone to jail, scores of times, rather than have their children vaccinated. Several years ago a parliamentary commission was appointed to investigate the subject, the report of which was, on the whole, unfavorable. Since then it has been announced, in the dispatches during the past few weeks that the government has surrendered to the strong adverse pressure on part of the public, so that now it is permitted to those who do not believe in vaccination to make a simple affirmation that they have conscientious scruples against the practice, in which case it is not enforced. This is a great victory for the opponents of vaccination.

The local medical authorities assert positively that there is absolutely no danger of an epidemic of smallpox in Los Angeles at present. If this is so, then why should all the school children be vaccinated? Surely not for the sake of the few thousand dollars that the operation will place in the pockets of physicians.

While the present system of vaccination from the calf is by no means so dangerous as the old arm-to-arm practice, which was prolific of evils, yet, there is no doubt, that disease sometimes follows the operation of vaccination even now, where the lymph is not pure. To speak of "pure lymph," by the way, is about equivalent to speaking of "pure filth." Where a big order for about 12,000 points of vaccine virus has to be filled on a "rush order," as would be necessary in this case, it is scarcely to be supposed that exceptional care can be taken to provide that the material is just as it should be.

As to the protective power of vaccination against smallpox, physicians no longer make such great claims as they did formerly. When the practice was first introduced by Dr. Jenner, it was claimed that the party vaccinated was protected for life against smallpox. Afterward, this theory proved to be erroneous, and it was then said to be necessary to revaccinate every seven years. Nowadays, it is fashionable to advise vaccination whenever a smallpox scare comes around.

Fifty years ago, if a physician was called to a man

who had a fever, and the man died without the physician having bled him, his medical attendant could be arrested for manslaughter. Who thinks of bleeding nowadays? Is it not quite possible that twenty years hence vaccination for smallpox will be as obsolete a practice as bleeding is today?

If vaccination is good as a protection against smallpox a similar practice should be good for other diseases. Several suggestions of this kind have been made. It has even been proposed to inoculate against syphilis. When inoculation against most diseases is made compulsory in our schools, the doctors will be kept busy, but will the parents stand it? Certainly, there must be a limit to such interference with the liberty of the subject, in connection with every new medical fad that comes to the surface.

There is one more point to be noted in this connection. If, as the advocates of vaccination claim, it is a sure protection against smallpox, then, so long as they and their families are vaccinated, they are fully protected, and what difference does it make to them whether others, who do not believe in the practice, are vaccinated or not?

The Times has received the following communication on this subject:

"Vaccination is a crime, and compulsory vaccination doubly so. The first is a crime against nature, the second against reason and the greatest principle of the Constitution, personal freedom and liberty. What does the smallpox scare and the resolution on this subject presented by Dr. Smith and adopted by the Board of Education mean? 1st, an appropriation of \$50,000 to \$100,000 (the least of all its evils) to the medical profession; 2nd, twenty-five to fifty thousand people inoculated with one of the vilest forms of poison, whether taken from the festering, putrid sores of man or beast. Vaccination is not a preventative for smallpox and no reputable or honest physician will claim it is. Neither does smallpox, itself, constitute immunity from further attacks. Knowing this, why take into the system a deadly poison which takes years to eliminate?"

"Poison, like every force in nature, follows the path of least resistance. If there is a weak place in the system, the virus seeks it out and all sorts of disease which makes life a burden, follow as a result."

"Consumption follows in the footsteps of vaccination, as directly as an effect ever follows a cause."

"Below are quotations from a student on this subject and a physician, well known throughout this land:

"Several years ago, compulsory vaccination was submitted to the voting population of Switzerland by the referendum and every canton but one gave a majority against it."

"Jenner, the originator of this curse to humanity, says: 'I wish my professional brethren to be slow to publish fatal cases of smallpox, after vaccination.' (Why?)

"Louis the XV of France contracted the disease by inoculation at the age of 16 and died from a second attack at 64."

"Sir James Y. Simpson of Edinburgh, mentions the case of a woman who died from her eighth attack."

"In the census of 1870 there is a table which shows that there was more smallpox in England in 1860 than in 1850, and still more in 1870 than in 1860. Smallpox had become more prevalent since the spread of vaccination, and yet in each year, this disease was far less fatal than measles, scarlatina, or consumption."

"During the years 1863-4-5, when vaccination had become general and compulsory, smallpox prevailed to an unusual extent in England as well as in Germany, Hungary, France and Sweden. As an example of its scarcity there were 1346 persons in Upper Bavaria attacked by it in the malignant form, of whom 90 per cent. had been vaccinated."

"Dr. George Gregory, who was himself physician of the smallpox hospital established in London to test and carry out the theories, absolutely refused to permit his own children to be vaccinated."

"Statistical tables from 1675 to 1761 show its yearly averages of deaths as follows: In London, 7 per cent.; in Edinburgh, 7.6 per cent.; in Paris, 7.2 per cent., and in Berlin, 8.1 per cent. After inoculation for smallpox was introduced the mortality increased to 10 per cent. Since vaccination was adopted it is 15 per cent."

"Mary the Magdalen may have been relieved of seven devils, but in the category of vaccination there is a legion of them introduced afresh."

"Parents, who are the guardians of the coming race, let me ask you to give this question serious consideration."

A Microbe-proof House.

THE following description of a novel dwelling was given in the Leeds Hospital Magazine: "The oddest domicile on earth is that recently erected at Yokohama by an eminent German bacteriologist. It is a microbe-proof house built of glass blocks. There are no window sashes and the doors when closed are air tight. The air supply is forced into the room through a pipe and is filtered through cotton wool to cleanse it of bacteria. To insure further sterilization the air is driven against a glycerin-coated plate of glass, which captured all the microbes the wool spares. The few microbes brought into the house in the clothes of visitors soon die in the warm sunlight with which the house is flooded. The space between the glass blocks, of which the house is built, is filled with a solution of salts, which absorbs the heat of the sun so that the rooms are much cooler than those protected by the thickest shades. In the evening the interior is heated by the salts, radiating the heat they have absorbed during the day."

Fruit a Natural Food.

FRUIT is a necessary and natural food. It should be more generally partaken of, especially in this section, where it is so plentiful and cheap. Coleman's Rural World says:

"Insects, animals, children hunger for it. The small boy in early summer, in his impatience, will not wait for it to ripen, but will run the risk of colic pangs, not to mention maternal punishment, in his eagerness to obtain it. The food of the wise man is fruit in plenty, with milk, rice and eggs. The children of the city alleys, with their pallid faces and inert bodies, do not suffer from lack of fresh country air alone. They need fruit. They are suffering from incipient scurvy, the remedy for which is fresh fruits. Take them into an

old apple orchard in harvest time, give them the citizenship of the trees and see how quickly the rosy cheeks of the apple will be transferred.

"Capt. Cook prided himself more on losing only one man during his long voyage of discovery than on the discoveries he had made; and he tells of the invaluable aid he had obtained in the use of lemons and oranges for preventing or curing scurvy. Lemon juice is of well-known use in the cure of rheumatism. There are in Germany many institutions where the fruit cure is employed with remarkable success in cases of rheumatism, anaemic and digestive troubles. Fruit is rather a necessary ally than an independent food. Its antiscorbutic action keeps the body healthy; and the sugar it contains is readily digestible. With meats that are fatty it has been associated from time immemorial—apple sauce with roast goose or pork and more recently cranberry sauce with turkey. The fatty properties of meat are, Addison says, 'corrected' by the fruit. Let no fruit grower be alarmed at the vast development that has recently been made in his industry. There is no fear that more fruit will be produced than people can consume."

Vegetarian Diet.

THE Medical Record, a conservative old-line medical publication, has the following admission in regard to the early dietetic habits of the human race:

"Primitive man originally subsisted on a diet consisting purely of fruits and roots; but though fructivorous by instinct and by reason of the conformation of his digestive organs and dental system, in which respect he is nearly allied to the apes, which are all fruit-eating animals in their natural state, he soon became omnivorous from necessity, and his stomach readily adapted itself to every kind of food. If the Darwinian theory be accepted and the descent of man from simian ancestors be granted, we have further argument in support of the fact that flesh-eating was the outcome of civilization and climatic necessity rather than of natural craving. Exposed at the epoch of the great extension of the glaciers, which at one time covered all our mountains, to the hardships of an inclement climate, man required something more than nourishing and heat supplying than the vegetable diet which sufficed for him in a higher temperature; and in the palaeolithic age we find him not only destroying animal life, but provided with and utilizing means of cooking the victims of his rough-hewn knife and spear."

Abdominal Band.

THE wearing of a flannel belt around the abdomen has proved of great service in warding off disease among American troops with whom in the Philippines the wearing of it has been made compulsory. The New York Post says:

"Nothing is more efficient to prevent intestinal disorders through the changing season than the wearing of abdominal bands. A physician says that he never lets a friend or patient go abroad without a supply of them in his trunk. Now that they are obtainable at most shops, there is no excuse for not adding them to the traveling or staying-at-home wardrobe. It is a regulation of the British army in India that every soldier shall wear a woollen band. The government supplies the bands and consider it the best sort of investment, cases of cholera among the band wearers being almost unknown. At a department store where the bands are sold, the clerk asserts that the demand is steadily increasing, showing that the use of them in this country is being appreciated. A common complaint among tourists, particularly bicycling tourists in Europe, is what the French call fatigue de l'estomac, and for this ailment, which is indigestion produced by over-exercise, nine out of ten continental physicians will recommend the bands."

The Value of Fresh Air.

FRESH air is so common and cheap that few people realize how important a factor it is in restoring or maintaining health. The London Hospital says:

"The admitted advantage of an outdoor life in many morbid conditions, and notably in consumption, seems to point to the conclusion that there is something definitely injurious in the indoor life which is now the common mode of existence among civilized people. It is a striking and startling thing that the mere removal of a patient into the open air should lower his fever, should remove his night sweats, and take away his hectic flush, and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that if these symptoms are removed by the purity of the air outside, they must have been largely caused by the impurity of the air within the house. Nor have we any right to assume that it is the consumptive only who suffers. Doubtless the healthy struggle against and overcome evil influences before which those who are tuberculous succumb, but that is not to say that in the struggle we do not suffer, and, indeed, the facts recently brought forward are sufficient to show that the stuffy life of warmth and comfort which civilized man now 'enjoys' is bad for the health even of the healthiest. We make our windows fit, we pad our doors, we shiver at a draught, we surround ourselves with woollen curtains, dusty carpets, and fluffy, luxuriant upholstery; we breathe the same air over and over again, and then we wonder that we are not strong and vigorous. The fact is we are daily using up the exuberant vitality with which nature has provided us in struggling against artificial conditions. How powerful for evil, how deteriorating these conditions are, is shown by the fact that their mere removal gives back to the consumptive that vitality which enables him to overcome the seeds of disease within him. Fresh air is not a thing to be taken in little doses once a day, but a thing to live on."

THE GREAT DEMOCRACY.

A lady of Somerset bewailed the loss of a somewhat ill-bred but extremely wealthy neighbor, who had been very liberal in his help to her country charities. "Mr. X. is dead," said she. "He was so good, and kind, and helpful to me in all sorts of ways. He was so vulgar, poor, dear fellow, we could not know him in London; but we shall meet in Heaven."

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Stopped Asking Questions.

"AND if I were you, I would never ask him where he has been if he should come home very, very late. I had an experience in that line with his father many years ago, and I learned then that if I was to have any respect for him I must never ask him any question, and especially when he was late."

This was the admonition of a mother-in-law to the new wife of her son. The new wife concluded to make use of it early in the house, and told it to her husband. The latter caught his father at the club in Brooklyn and told it as his mother had told it:

"William came in quite late, or early, as you prefer. I had not slept a wink. I had worn out my slippers walking, wandering, waiting and thinking only as a woman can and will. Of course it was a comforting relief when he did come, and I had made up my mind that I would not upbraid him. Never do that unless you are very sure. If you can corner a man, all right; but if he thinks you only suspect, he expands in importance. So when William came up that morning, for it was after 2 o'clock, dear, I met him kindly and took off his hat and wrap. But somehow while I was giving him the little attentions which a man likes, and which I trust you will always give to my boy, I could not restrain a little curiosity, and without intending a clapperlaw, or to seem hypocritical, I just asked in a young wife's solicitous way: 'William, where have you been?' You know if he had railed at me, or snapped me up, as I have heard of men doing at such times, I think I should have taken my portion and said nothing. But he said in his quiet way, which I have always noticed in him:

"Mary, you wouldn't believe me if I told you."

"Of course, dear, you will know and understand later in your life how an appeal of that sort will put magnifying lenses upon a woman's curiosity. When he said that, I put my arms around his neck and replied as honestly as any woman ever did in her life: 'Yes, I will, William. If you will only tell me where you have been, I will believe every word you say.'

"He sat down and lighted a cigar as deliberately as a man can, and at that hour, too, and then shook his head and said: 'No, Mary, I know you would not believe it. If I thought you would, I had as lief as not, but you are so suspicious, so full of curiosity—'

"I fell upon my knees, but it was the only time I ever did, and I said to him—oh, how earnestly: 'William, I will believe you; only trust me to do so; tell me where you have been, and I promise you I will believe every word you utter.'

"Then he placed one hand on my head, and he looked into my face and said: 'Mary, I have been lecturing to the Young Men's Christian Association.'

"From that morning until the present, dear, I have gone on with a mental grubbing hoe, and whenever an interrogation point has showed itself I have hit it. It is the upas plant in the garden of domesticity."—[New York Sun.

The Physiology Class.

THERE is a lady occupied in the instruction of the juvenile mind who is quite willing to confess that the pupils who attend her classes do not do all the learning. Some of the small folk under her tuition occasionally astonish her with their superior knowledge of the modern-developed resources of the English language. A lecture on hygiene had been included in the programme for the day, and she had taken care to show the effects of alcohol and tobacco upon the system. She impressed her teachings by means of anatomical charts, which gave especial lucidity to her remarks when she came to warning the little girls, years in advance of any practical need, of the dangers of tight lacing. One of the little girls, whose home surroundings are of the sort in which ease, rather than elegance of expression is sought, listened with profound attention.

"Now, Margaret," the teacher said, "you may see how well you remember what I have said about tight lacing, and tell us why it is injurious."

There was no response.

"I mean you, Maggie," the teacher added, and the girl jumped to her feet as she recognized the more familiar name.

"Tight lacing, ma'am, is injurious, ma'am—"

She hesitated, and the teacher smiled encouragingly and said, "Go on."

"Cos, ma'am, it's liable to twist yer slats."—[Washington Post.

Anticipated the Empress.

THE salient point to note in the following story, now creating much amusement in the Old World, is the striking resemblance Germany's Kaiser bears to less illustrious husbands in his quickness to explain, excuse and make amends for a shortcoming before his wife has a chance to question him about it.

Not long before he started on his journey to the Holy Land, he paid an unexpected morning visit to the Austrian Ambassador, Herr von Szogyeny-Marich, and, after seating himself comfortably in an arm chair, His Majesty said:

"Come and have a chat."

The conversation which followed was most entertaining, and when the Emperor thought of the time, he suddenly jumped up, and looked at his watch, and exclaimed:

"I didn't know it was so late. Have you a telephone. I must say good-by to the Empress, as I have only just time to catch the train for the maneuvers."

The Ambassador offered to do the telephoning, but the

Emperor insisted upon doing the ringing and the helling himself. Then, speaking to the Empress, he said: "Don't be angry, dear. I chatted too long with Szogyeny, and must drive direct to the station, so I cannot give you my parting kiss, for which I am sorry. Good-by, dear."—[Youth's Companion.

Charmed the Snake.

AN ENGLISH woman residing in India one evening found to her horror that a huge cobra had coiled itself around her veranda rail, near which she sat playing the violin. She was too near the snake to run with safety, so she continued playing while she gradually edged away. At first her only idea was to keep the creature thus engaged while she escaped, but when she had gained a safer distance, perhaps fascinated by the unwonted sight, a strange inspiration seized her. She played air after air and of different characters. The effect was magical. That snake behaved like an ardent, hot-blooded disciple of Paganini. Every variation in the music, whether of volume or of tone, produced a corresponding change in the attitude of the cobra. If she played a lively dance it swayed its body sidewise in quick time, and yet in graceful curves. Once she struck a number of false notes in rapid succession—on purpose. The cobra winced and writhed in pain as if suddenly struck with a whip. Thus, the creature behaved like a mad musician, till the lady, getting tired of the sport, gradually worked herself farther and farther, and then made a sudden bolt into her room and banged the door, leaving the cobra to wander disconsolate to its lair in the fields.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Bishop Watterson's Joke.

BISHOP WATTERSON of Nebraska was once mistaken for a traveling salesman by a commercial traveler who met him in a railway train.

"Do you represent a big house?" asked the traveler of the bishop.

"Biggest on earth," replied the bishop.

"What's the name of the firm?"

"Lord and Church."

"Hum! 'Lord and Church.' Never heard of it. Got branch houses anywhere?"

"Branch houses all over the world."

"That's queer. Never heard of 'em. Is it boots and shoes?"

"No."

"Oh, dry goods, I suppose?"

"Yes, they call my sermons that, sometimes."—[Christian Endeavor World.

A Dinner That Suited.

THE New York Evening Post tells this story of Leo Delibes, the popular French ballet composer: One day he met the late Charles Monselet, who was on his way to a restaurant where, once a fortnight, a well-known champagne merchant gave a dinner to prominent authorized journalists. These dinners were prepared by one of the most noted cooks, and the choicest wines were served. Delibes on this occasion invited his friend to dine with him, but Monselet said he was already invited to meet some friends, and, inspired by a sudden mischievous thought, he said, "Come along—it's a table d'hôte at f.6 (\$1.20) a cover; we all pay our own bills."

Delibes accepted, and when the viands and fine wines were brought on, one course after another, his eyes opened wider and wider. Monselet had informed his friends of the joke, and at the end the waiter passed around a tray, on which each diner deposited f.6. Delibes, who had muttered to himself repeatedly, "Six francs!" added half a franc as fee to his little pile of silver, and afterward he called the waiter aside and informed him sotto voce that he would take a month's meal tickets for that table d'hôte.

Had Had No Experience.

THE rule that no person shall smoke in a street car is enforced strictly by the conductors on all Memphis lines, but an exception is made in the case of one passenger, namely, the Hon. John L. T. Sneed. It is not recorded that the able Chancellor ever took advantage of the exceptional privilege accorded him, but it is certain that he has been invited to go in off the platform and finish his cigar comfortably on a cushioned seat.

"No, I'm afraid the ladies would object," was his response to such an invitation.

"The ladies all make concessions to you," was the reply of the conductor.

"I don't know about that," said the Judge. "You heard what the old lady said about smoking in her presence?"

The conductor had to confess that, though he had heard a good many stories on the rear platform, he had never heard this particular one.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the Chancellor. "She was a charming old lady of the old school, and one day she was asked if she objected to a gentleman smoking in her presence. 'I don't really know,' was her reply. 'I have never had any experience in that line. No gentleman has ever smoked in my presence.'"—[Memphis Scimitar.

Humidity on the Wabash.

"TALKING about rainy weather," said the westerner, "I remember once out in Indianapolis meeting a farmer who took the most cheerful view of dampness of anybody I ever saw. I asked him if they had had much rain down on the Wabash that spring."

"Well, it has been a little damp," he answered. "The day before I left home I had to hang up twenty-four of my ducks. They had got so water-soaked that they couldn't swim any longer. I planted my corn in two feet of water, and I don't expect over thirty bushels to the acre. My wheat is looking pretty well, but the sturgeon and catfish have damaged it considerable. There was about fifteen minutes' sunshine one day, and I thought I would plant my potatoes, so I loaded them

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on a scow and anchored the scow in three feet of water, when it began to rain again.

"I wanted to go down on the bottom lands next the Wabash to see if the grass was growing for my hay crop, but my wife said that as we didn't have any diving bell she'd rather I wouldn't. I should feel kind of discouraged with all the rain, but I've spent my odd hours of leisure time—and the even ones, too, on account of staying in out of the wet—building up an ark. If it will only rain another week or two until I get her ready to sail I'm going to take my family out to Missouri by water for a trip to visit our folks that moved off out there because they didn't know enough to stay in a place where they were comfortable."—[Boston Transcript.

Knew His Business.

THERE was quite a little sensation at the postoffice yesterday afternoon. It was created by a most out-of-the-ordinary letter carrier. Instead of the regulation cadet gray, he wore a suit of hair, spotted brown and white. He entered the postoffice at shortly after 2:30. He carried several letters in his mouth. Paying no attention to anybody, he trotted over to the window at which the outgoing mail is received, stood upon his hind legs, with his fore paws on the partition, and coughed. The letters fluttered in through the window and the strange letter carrier paddled off as nonchalantly as though hundreds of people were not staring at him from every side.

The silent letter carrier was a dog. He wasn't a big dog. Nor was he a particularly handsome dog. But it was evident he was good. Where he came from or where he was going to, he didn't see fit to say.—[Kansas City Times.

The Queen's London Address.

THE children of rince Henry of Battenberg, who married Queen Victoria's youngest daughter, Princess Beatrice, and died of fever during the Ashanti campaign, live with their grandmother at Windsor.

Recently two little girls from London came down to spend the day with the little Battenbergs, and it so happened that Her Majesty paid a visit to the nursery, and found them there.

The young visitors were taken aback; they had not expected to see the Queen, and had not been instructed how to conduct themselves in the presence of royalty, but they had been well brought up, and knew their Bibles, and they thought at once of Daniel before King Darius. They decided that what Daniel had done must be correct, so the pair threw themselves on their faces on the floor at her astonished Majesty's feet, and cried out with a loud voice:

"O Queen, live forever!"

However, this proved an excellent introduction, and presently the Queen and they became great friends. She took one of them on her knee, and all three chatted together in the friendliest way.

"And whereabouts in London do you young people live?" asked the Queen.

"Oh, said the little girl on her knee, "we live just opposite W.'s," naming one of the new mammoth stores that have become such marked features of the London of today.

"But please won't you tell us where you live when you go to London?" said the other little friend.

The Queen looked thoughtful for a moment, and then remembered that in Buckingham Palace road there is also a mammoth store. "Oh," said she, smiling, "in London I live opposite Gorrings."—[Youth's Companion.

AN AQUARELLE?

[The Criterion:] A green bank, scattered leaves, twittering birds, a bit of water, here and there a vessel, a bark or two, ascending smoke, disporting fish, the brilliant sun, light and shade, not a cloud, no human being in sight to spoil the picture. Ah, an aquarelle, you say. But why?

The green bank is Tommy's toy bank. He scattered the leaves when he tore his lesson book. The twittering birds are the canaries he let out. He spilled the lit of water on the table. The vessels here and there are a jug and pitcher which he upset. Surely a bark or two from the dog is pardonable, for Tommy is teasing him. The ascending smoke will soon be devouring flame if mamma doesn't come and put out the bonfire on the rug. The fish have but little time left them to disport, for Tommy has emptied them out of their globe. The brilliant sun—why not? Not a cloud. But there will be one on Tommy's brow in time. Light and shade. Lamp light and lamp shade. And no human being in sight. Yes, here comes Tommy's papa into the flat and there is little that is aquarellish now. Let us rather say a picture in broad strokes and no half tones.

The Development of the Southwest.

IN THE FIELDS OF INDUSTRY AND CAPITAL, ENTERPRISE AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

Water Supply of Santa Barbara.

THE question of the water supply for the city of Santa Barbara has been a perplexing one for many years. The city originally received its supply from the Mission Creek, north and west of the city, but this was found inadequate several years ago. Seven years ago wells were dug within the city limits, and a good flow of water was secured, but it was impure and unfit for domestic uses. For the last three years a new experiment has been tried. The city has been at a large expense boring a tunnel into the side of the mountain about six miles from Santa Barbara, at an elevation of about one thousand feet. The tunnel is now over twenty-one hundred feet into the mountain, and twenty-two inches of water has been running from it for some time past. This tunnel was all worked by hand, but at this depth the work is so difficult, and it being almost impossible to work in the tunnel without air being pumped in, the city has gone to the expense of putting up an electric drill, which will serve as an easy method of drilling the tunnel to a much greater distance, and also will operate an exhaustor to draw the smoke out of the tunnel at each blast, and supply the tunnel with fresh air from the exhaust air.

Recently Councilmen Hunt and Smith were witnesses to the first operation of the new drill. It was very successful, and met with their full approval. The electric drill used is one common in mining operations, but probably in no other place is it being used for drilling a tunnel for water where the power is supplied directly by the tunnel itself. It saves much time, labor and expense. The 2100 feet already bored cost the city over \$11 a foot, while the last few feet ran up as high as \$18 a foot, besides which the work was very slow. With the new drill the remaining 1000 or 1500 feet will be done at about \$8 a foot, and will be completed in a very short time, comparatively.

The power plant is situated 500 feet vertically below the mouth of the tunnel, and this gives a pressure on the water-wheel of 217 pounds per square inch, which will develop a horse power to the inch of water supplied. The water is brought direct from the tunnel, a distance of 6000 feet, to the power plant, in a 7-inch wrought-iron pipe. It is directed to the wheel through a five-eighths of an inch nozzle, which gives the water-wheel the speed of 1300 revolutions per minute. A cut-off hood is attached to a Repligle governor, making the wheel entirely in its faction. The power is transmitted to the motor at the tunnel by No. 2 copper wire, where it runs an Ingersoll-Sergeant air-compressor, running at a speed of 150 revolutions a minute, and has a capacity of 69 cubic feet per minute. The air is pumped into a 6-foot receiver, with a working pressure of 110 pounds. From the tank the air is conducted to the drill through a 3-inch pipe extending into the tunnel a distance of over 2100 feet. From the end of this pipe the air is fed directly to the drill by means of a wire-wound rubber hose. The drill will deliver 350 blows a minute, and will strike 360 pounds at each blow.

Directly below the city water tunnel James Barker has a water tunnel which is giving out about six inches of water. Mr. Barker uses the water for irrigation purposes, and sells it throughout the Montecito Valley for this purpose.

Hiram Pierce also struck a fine flow of water in his tunnel in San Roque Cañon, a short time ago. It is estimated that he has a steady flow of twenty inches. He will immediately erect an irrigation plant and sell the water for irrigation purposes to the surrounding farmers. Water is valued at \$1000 an inch in that vicinity.

Colorado Desert Salt.

PERHAPS in no portion of Southern California is there awaiting the energy and industry of civilization greater possibilities for the future than may be found in the southwestern portion of Riverside county. Surrounded by mountains, located in a valley which stretches to the Arizona line on the south, is located the inland lake of Salton, which represents a vast body of salt from eight to fifteen miles long. The quality is equal to that of the finest Liverpool salt shipped across the Atlantic. This vast deposit is renewed from below the surface twelve times each year, or in other words, the surface is restored to the same condition and the same level after a period of four weeks, where the salt has been removed and taken to the factory for shipment. It is estimated by the Salton people that they could furnish a trainload of salt of thirty cars each day for 365 days in the year, did the market justify, and could a railroad freight be obtained that would stimulate the industry. At present they have a building over six hundred feet long, located near the deposit, with railroad and rolling stock of their own, which operates between the Southern Pacific Railroad and the deposit. They are now shipping both north and south to various points along the Coast and throughout the interior.

Here is an industry that should be fostered and nourished. Certainly nature has placed here at the hand of man in all this desperate isolation of the Colorado Desert a vast field of riches. Not another bag of Liverpool salt should be needed on the Pacific Coast.

This great deposit is located near the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, which connects El Paso with Los Angeles. It is about 262 feet below sea level, and but for the mountains between the lake and sea, would be subject to inundation. Inland the Colorado River, in exceptional seasons, has been known to overflow this deposit to a depth of five feet, which has proved beneficial, as it cools the atmosphere in summer and freshens up the entire deposit. The salt

gathers on the surface to an average depth of two feet, is cut in blocks with mattocks, and loaded on cars, then taken to the factory, where it is ground and sacked ready for shipment.

Art Work.

AT THE Art and Design School in the old St. Vincent's building on Broadway may be seen some interesting specimens of artistic work. In addition to creditable paintings, there are some specimens of fine art pottery, the work of J. C. Nativel, including a mammoth vase about six feet high. There are also some exquisite specimens of wood-carving by Max H. Stuewe, who is evidently a genius in this line.

Santa Barbara Oil.

THE great oil territory situated about seven miles south of Santa Barbara and running along the coast for a distance of several miles, is causing considerable excitement among the people interested. Every day a new oil well is being struck in this field, either at Miramar, Summerland, Carpinteria or El Rincon.

The Alaska Steam Whaling Company, with millions of dollars of capital back of them, are now attempting to tap the head of the great oil basin. Their new field of operation is situated eight miles back of Carpinteria, on the side of the mountains many hundred feet above the sea level. They have gone to great expense in their endeavors to strike oil. J. M. Keleman, a contractor of Los Angeles, has just completed boring an oil well for them to the depth of 2000 feet. His contract read for \$10 a foot, and it is said that he made \$5000 clear on the venture. He will begin immediately on several new wells for the same company.

Their property is situated in the midst of flowing oil springs, and upon the strength of these surface indications this company has already laid out a small fortune. Eight miles of heavy mountain grading has been done in the construction of wagon roads leading from the Carpinteria Valley to this oil field. Five hundred tons of piping are now lying at Carpinteria, to be used for conducting the oil down the mountain side to the beach for refining. A force of fifteen men is kept at work night and day at present, and in a short time this force will be doubled. All the supplies for this development work are purchased in Los Angeles.

This company has its general office in San Francisco, and this oil-development business is merely a side issue, most of its business being transacted on the Alaskan Coast.

Postoffice Figures.

THE report of business at the Los Angeles postoffice shows a great gain, indicating that the population of the city has grown about eight thousand in the past year. During the fourth quarter of last year the business of the office amounted to \$58,626.05, against \$56,735.27 the corresponding quarter of 1897. The year's business showed a gain from \$200,941.03 to \$216,604.02, or a gain of \$15,662.99. This is an increase of 3.24 per cent. for the quarter and 7.79 for the year.

Gas in Orange County.

THE Anaheim Plain Dealer, of December 31, contained the following in regard to a strike of natural gas made recently in Orange county:

"The gas pocket struck at the Owens well last week, which fired and destroyed the derrick, is now considered a find of value. Gas is still pouring from the well, and though the pressure has not been tested some idea of its extent is gained from the fact that it was necessary to put a heavy steam pressure on the well to put out the fire after it had been burning several days. Oil and gas men in the field are fully satisfied that the demonstration proves beyond doubt the presence in close proximity to this field of a large body of natural gas. A little further back it is believed the main body will be struck, and that it will provide a flow of gas sufficient to supply all the needs of a city much larger than Los Angeles. Steps have been taken to secure some territory for gas-well purposes, and it is expected that within a few months all will be in readiness for the sinking of several prospect wells. The strike in the Owens well was made at a depth of 250 feet, and though it cannot be permanent, the flow as yet shows no signs of wakening. Drilling will be resumed at the well as soon as a new derrick can be got up. If the gas strikes pan out as expected, those interested in the field claim that the development and benefits resulting will be very great, and that a big rush will follow.

A Big Orange Grove.

ONE of the largest orange groves in California, if not the largest, is the Richards grove, at North Pomona. The Pomona Progress recently had the following in regard to the crop of this large grove for the present season:

"It is conceded by fruit buyers and orchardists from this and other localities, that the crop of navel oranges on the Richards orchard at North Pomona has no equal, considering its size and quality, in Southern California. Shippers estimate the crop at 120 carloads, but Frank L. Palmer, the manager of the orchard, who is always very conservative in his estimates, places it at 110 carloads.

"The orchard is a beautiful sight. The crop is uniformly distributed on the trees, which have as heavy loads as they ought to carry. The fruit is excellent in size, color and quality, and will certainly bring the highest market price. Mr. Palmer has reason to be proud of the crop of oranges which he has produced in this orchard this year. It is the result of intelligent and thorough methods and watchful care. The trees

are well fertilized, and are kept fumigated and free from scale. Although this season has been dry, the orchard has been well watered, even at large expense, and is kept thoroughly cultivated. The same care exercised in growing fruit is used in picking and packing it, and the fruit of the Richards orange orchard has already won an enviable reputation in the market. The owners and managers of this orchard are solving the problem of success in orange-growing in the only way that will win complete and permanent success, viz., by the application of intelligence and thoroughness to their business. There is no branch of industry that needs it more than the fruit business."

San Bernardino Creamery.

BY THE last day of this month, the San Bernardino creamery will again be in operation. The Times-Index says:

"When the old creamery plant was destroyed by fire last summer, the greater part of the machinery was destroyed, and as it was of the most expensive class of machinery, it seemed doubtful whether the plant would ever be put in again. J. E. Light, the owner, however, said from the first that as soon as the insurance money was paid over he would again start work.

"For a long time Mr. Light was undecided as to where he would locate the new plant, as the old location was undesirable in many ways, the principal objection being that it was situated too far from the milk supply. The greater part of the milk comes from the country northeast of this city, while the creamery was situated in the southwestern corner.

"Several sites were suggested, all being along the bank of Warm Creek, east of town. But none of the suggestions have been taken, and Mr. Light has purchased a piece of property that he thinks is much more desirable, being right in town and possessing an important natural advantage. He has purchased the building and lot adjoining the Charles Richards bakery, on Third street, near C. The front is on a level with the street, but the ground slopes off rapidly, the back of the lot being some twenty feet lower than the street frontage.

"This will admit of building the creamery on what is called the gravity system, which means that the milk will not have to be handled from the time it is taken from the wagon until the skimmed milk is hauled off and the butter is ready to be 'worked.' The milk will be taken from the wagons on Third street, poured into the cooling vats, then sent through the separator, and the butter fat taken out and run on down into the churn.

"A cement basement floor is being laid, being about fifteen feet lower than the upper floor, which is on a level with the street.

"All of the machinery has not arrived yet, but will soon be here, and Mr. Light thinks that the plant will be in running order by February 1. Among the improvements over the old creamery will be a large refrigerator.

"Just who will operate the new plant is not known. J. E. Light is putting in the plant, but whether he, the old creamery association, or some new man will manage it, is uncertain. It is very probable, however, that the plant will be leased to an outsider.

"In any event, the news that the creamery is again to begin operation will be welcome, especially to the farmers, many of whom depended upon the creamery for a market for their milk."

Water for Corona.

THE Elsinore Press has the following:

"Corona people have been kicking long and vigorously about being forced to use the alkali water from Elsinore Lake for irrigating their orange orchards. The following from the Corona Courier will be of interest to Elsinorians: 'The agitation over the water question, which was at a fever pitch during the summer, has abated since the directors began developments in Temescal Cañon. Sufficient artesian water has been developed in addition to that already on hand to supply all the groves now set under the two pipe lines. Further developments are in progress, and the prospects for a much greater supply are excellent. Should a wet winter come, the question of water will be very much settled. The water board at its last meeting passed a resolution shutting off the Elsinore supply entirely.'

A Complete Packing House.

POMONA is to have another first-class fruit-packing house. The Pomona Times says:

"John E. Packard has nearly completed his improvements in the old winery building, and he now has one of the most convenient, up-to-date packing-houses in the place, and one capable of containing the largest amount of fruit of any house in Southern California. By means of a double elevator, the first, second or third floor may be reached with the fruit.

"The walls have been opened in a large number of places, and hinged or pivoted windows placed to give abundance of light and ventilation. Through the north wing of the house has been made an opening sufficiently large to allow wagons with oranges to drive into the building and directly to the elevator on which it can be readily placed, and at once lifted to the second floor, where it will be allowed to sweat, be brushed if necessary, graded, and then conducted in a long padded chute to the grader on the floor below, from which it passes to the bins of the packers.

"Lemons may be stored and packed on the first floor, on which there is abundance of room, or elevated to the second, and after packing sent down the chute to the car. The grader is ingeniously constructed on a large frame and built on casters, so that it may be readily removed, and the large bins used for lemons

packing. The troughs and frame work are so constructed that they may all be removed and the grader pushed out of the way in two minutes.

"The boxes will be made on the third floor and sent by means of chutes to the second or first floor, as may be needed.

"Mr. Packard will have constructed, probably this week, a spur from the Southern Pacific Railroad, which will enable him to have cars placed at the door of the building."

Lompoc Apples.

L OMPOC, in Santa Barbara county, is noted for its fine apples. The Lompoc Record says:

"There have been shipped from Pajaro Valley, Santa Cruz county, the present season, 394 carloads of apples, or about 270,000 boxes. When it is known that an orchard fifteen years old, if of the best and most prolific varieties, set eighty trees to the acre, at a very low production, will yield 400 boxes of merchantable apples, this vast output from Pajaro Valley would occupy less than one thousand acres. When we realize that there are from 5000 to 8000 acres of choice apple land embraced within the Lompoc Valley and its tributaries, some idea may be formed of the future magnitude of the apple industry with us. If we will plant 5000 acres, the next ten years will find going from this region more than two thousand cases of choice winter apples, every apple free from every kind of parasite or worm. The profits of this industry will exceed that of any other production possible to take from the soil. The orchard will thrive and produce on less moisture than is required to produce an average crop of cereals, and year by year grows more productive and profitable. Our farmers must necessarily come to the conclusion that to be prosperous a goodly portion of their lands adapted to fruit must go into apples, and when this shall be entered upon as extensively as we know it should be, the way out of debt is but a question of years. This region is too cold to produce the berry fruits with profit, but apples, pears, and some other fruits and the harder vegetables can be grown with profit."

Improving Forest Trails.

F OLLOWING is from the Pomotronic of Azusa:

"Messrs. Casey, Carter and Taylor, the forest rangers having charge of the forest reserve in this locality, received instructions from the department last Thursday that inasmuch as the danger of forest fires would not exist for the next few months, they were to devote their attention to the construction of such trails as would facilitate the patrolling of the territory next season. In pursuance to these instructions Casey and Carter have established a camp in the West Fork, and will make a trail up that cañon. At the present time it is almost inaccessible except on foot, and we commend their judgment in choosing this place in which to work. Had there been a good trail up this cañon and its tributary, Bear Cañon, a great deal of time and labor would have been saved in reaching the fire at the head of the latter cañon last fall. Commissioner Allen is aware of the importance of the protection of the reserve, and will endeavor to secure the construction of trails throughout the reservation, so that the most remote parts will be brought within easy communication of some base of supply, as those places are the most dangerous which are hardest to reach, owing to the headway gained by the flames ere any effective fighting can be done. Mr. Taylor will devote his attention to improving the trails in the Dalton and San Dimas cañons."

Furnishing a Hotel.

S OME fine furniture and draperies have been placed in the new Hotel Green Annex at Pasadena. The Pasadena News says:

"The tapestries and furniture have mostly all arrived from the East, and the work of putting them in place is going on rapidly.

"Manager Holmes made a trip to the leading manufacturers of the East some time ago, and personally selected each piece of furniture and tapestry. The measurement of each room was carefully taken before Mr. Holmes's departure, and each piece of furniture and tapestry was selected to occupy some particular place, so that harmony of color and form will prevail in each room throughout the building. In some instances the furniture was selected with the view of carrying out some particular color scheme, the carpets, draperies and upholstery matching the delicate tints of the walls. By this careful selection and the lavish expenditure of money, Mr. Holmes has rendered each room especially attractive and home-like, and different from the usual run of hotels.

"Each room and suite of rooms is furnished with large, well-ventilated closets, bath and lavatory.

"The bedroom sets are all solid mahogany, birch or bird's-eye maple, highly finished. The chairs and couches are upholstered in plush and leather, and the mattresses on the beds are the best spring and curled hair that can be obtained.

"The parlors on the ground floor are fitted up in elegant style. They are situated on the south end of the building and consist of a suite of Moorish rooms and one done entirely in green. No expense has been spared in furnishing these rooms, and the effect is simply palatial.

"In the green room mahogany furniture is used, upholstered in the richest of green-figured plush. The walls and paneled ceilings are tinted a delicate green, and beautiful draperies and carpet to match, with here and there a bust or piece of statuary mounted on mahogany pedestals, making a charming effect.

"The Moorish rooms adjoining are furnished entirely in the old Moorish style. The furniture is carved and fashioned in accordance with Moorish ideas, and the beautifully designed draperies and rugs are imported and very valuable. These rooms are seen to the best advantage at night, when dimly lighted by oriental lamps. These rooms also contain some beautiful pieces of Moorish statuary.

"The billiard hall and gentlemen's writing-room, to the left of the main entrance, are also finely appointed. In the billiard room, which is arranged for three tables, are some handsome tapestries, in which different scenes are worked out, as a hunting scene, etc. The walls of

this room are wainscoted with slabs of onyx, with a border of blue marble. The halls throughout the building are wainscoted in a like manner. The billiard tables are some of the finest that have ever come to this Coast.

"The bowling alley downstairs is finely arranged. A trip is made by elevator to the roof garden where some beautiful views of the surrounding country were obtained. The dance hall is situated here. It is sixty-five feet square, with a splendid maple floor. This dance floor is the only wooden floor in the building, and it is laid on cement, making the building practically fire-proof. In a short time Mr. Holmes will have the roof garden greatly beautified by the addition of potted plants and flowers.

"Gardeners are now at work getting the grounds laid out, and flowers and grass will be planted as soon as they are ready. The rooms of one or two of the floors are now occupied by guests, and the bookings indicate that the building will be filled before the last of January."

Possibilities of a City Lot.

I T IS really astonishing how much may be accomplished on an ordinary city lot, by the aid of water and work. The Santa Monica Outlook tells as follows of what one enterprising citizen of that town has accomplished in this line:

"The lot at the corner of Arizona avenue and Third street is 50x150 feet, comprising, therefore, 7500 square feet of ground. It is the property of Dan McCarty, the tailor, a man whose personality is familiar to every resident of Santa Monica.

"Originally, this lot was like about ninety-nine out of every one hundred lots within the town limits. Now there may be one in every one thousand lots that is equal in productiveness, but that is a matter of doubt.

"Deduct from the 7500 feet 400 square feet for McCarty's little shop and dwelling, 400 feet for the walk extending from front to alley, and 500 feet for wood storage, furnace room, etc., and you have 6150 square feet under tillage.

"On this lot are thriving seven apple trees, three peach trees, twenty lemon trees, ten orange, one French prune, two guava, one loquat and four tomato trees, all in bearing; also four everbearing blackberry bushes.

"Of these fruits one can pick from the trees today lemons, oranges, tomatoes, guavas and blackberries. The latter are plucked every month in the year; the guavas have borne three crops this year, and the fourth is now coming on; the tomato trees have given two crops. From the lemon trees ten boxes have already been gathered, and it is estimated that they now carry an average of one box to each tree. The apple, peach, pear, etc., have borne bountifully of most excellent fruit the present year, as indeed they have every year since coming into bearing.

"In the vegetable line, Mr. McCarty grows lettuce continuously the year round—enough to supply a dozen families; potatoes, two crops, and a great many more than he can consume himself; lima beans, three crops the present year from the same plants—an abundance for sale and to give away; parsley and tomatoes for the neighborhood; turnips by the wagonload; long blood beets that have been growing two years, nearly a ton harvested, and many still in the ground; cabbages about a hundred heads, all gathered; onions in considerable quantity; peas, several hundred pounds; a bushel or so of peppers. The great number of these vegetables are now growing, and the lettuce, beets, parsley, lima beans and tomatoes, in greater or less quantities, are being harvested as needed.

"Besides all these things the proprietor has found room for a few tobacco, lavender and other plants. A hedge of calla lilies lines the 150 feet frontage on Arizona avenue, and there is another hedge along the frontage on Third street.

"Work on this lot began about ten years ago, when it was plowed and planted to eucalyptus and cypress trees. The former soon crowded out the cypress. The eucalyptus trees were cut down for fuel about four years later, the chips and small branches being burned over the stumps killing the roots. In two years more the roots had decayed sufficiently to permit of plowing again. They had loosened the soil, so that it was as mellow as an ash heap, and was plowed deeply. This was the beginning of the present fruit and vegetable garden. A heavy coating of horse manure was applied, then two or three inches of sand spread over the top and both worked thoroughly into the soil.

"Work and water have done the rest.

"The entire care and cultivation of this garden have been the work of Mr. McCarty himself, besides which he has attended to the duties of his business nine or ten hours per day.

"What Mr. McCarty has done and is doing may be done by others—by every man who has the desire, the taste and the industry.

"The example has an important bearing upon the objects and work of the Improvement Club, to which allusion will be made hereafter."

Testing Sugar Machinery.

T HE Oxnard Courier, in its first issue, says:

"Wednesday morning a party of gentlemen, consisting of Hon. T. R. Bard and D. T. Perkins of Huene; E. P. Foster, president of the Bank of Ventura; Attorney L. W. Andrews and G. W. Chrisman of Ventura; C. Lenardt and J. R. Chalmers of Los Angeles, and T. E. Walker and a representative of the Courier of Oxnard, were shown through the beet-sugar factory by Col. J. A. Drifill.

"The occasion was the testing of some of the new machinery now in place, and it gave an opportunity to witness the practical operation of the plant, and form a better idea of the intricate process by which sugar is extracted from the raw beet and the vast and complicated machinery required.

"Fifteen tons of beets were used, and partial tests were made of the beet screw washer, beet elevator, automatic scales, slicer, cosette conveyor, fusion batteries, pulp elevators and pulp presses.

"The machinery responded to the powerful appeal made to it by the ponderous engine, in spite of the friction incident to bearings in use for the first time.

"It will be a great day for Oxnard when this plant is put in motion to begin a regular campaign."

IN TRIBUTARY TERRITORY.

Arizona Copper Mines Sold.

A DISPATCH from New York gives the following information regarding the sale of some copper properties in Arizona:

"Fourteen claims adjacent to the great copper mine of W. A. Clark, in Arizona, have passed into the hands of eastern capitalists. Franklin Farrell of Ansonia, Ct., and L. J. Guelich and W. H. Coe of this city are the principal members of the syndicate of purchasers.

"G. W. Hull of Arizona was the principal owner of the properties sold. He was represented by James Shirley, a mining engineer of Prescott, Ariz. The property is located in Jerome, Yavapai county, Ariz., and is known as the United Verde extension.

"Clark's property, the United Verde, is regarded as one of the greatest copper mines in the world, as it pays its owner about \$200,000 monthly. The property transferred here is about of the same extent, and is said to carry copper ore of equal value.

"It is the intention of the purchasers to convert the ore into crude copper at the mine and ship the product to copper refining establishments at Bridgeport and Ansonia, Ct."

An Arizona Mountain Town.

T HE Arizona Gem, published at Flagstaff, recently contained the following encouraging statement as to the present condition to possibilities of that elevated and picturesque town:

"The town is situated at the base, and on the south side of the San Francisco Mountains, surrounded by the largest pine forest in the United States. We shall have something more to say about the forest further on in this article. We desire to first speak of the water supply.

"This is obtained from a mammoth spring on the south side of the San Francisco Mountains, seventeen miles north of Flagstaff. The water is clear, cold, pure and abundant. A first-class system of waterworks will be completed within ten days and then Flagstaff can get almost anything without asking for it. The conditions are such as to make this town a natural division point, as Flagstaff can now boast of the greatest amount of pure cold water of any town along the Santa Fé Railroad between Kansas City and Los Angeles. The water is the best for boilers and is more satisfactory to the railroad engineers than any water they can obtain at any other point on the Santa Fé system. The water supply for the locomotives being abundant and of a superior quality makes Flagstaff a desirable division point. The building of the Grand Cañon Railroad from this point, which is now under consideration by capitalists will be another inducement for the location of the railroad division at Flagstaff. Then it is only a question of time until a railroad will be built from here south through the mineral regions to the great mining camp of Globe. Flagstaff's abundant supply of water will induce the removal of the pickling plant from Bellemont to this place. The abundance of the water and the character of the water will weigh with the Santa Fé Company. Another consideration is that the greatest number of ties are obtainable near Flagstaff, and with the plant located here would save hauling and handling the ties so often, besides hauling water to supply the plant during dry seasons.

"Among the enterprises induced by our water supply will be a steam flouring mill which will be built next June, and a steam laundry will be put in in the spring. A wool scouring mill is almost sure to be located here, as this county produces almost one-half of the wool grown in Arizona. Enterprises not dreamed of will spring up and make Flagstaff the leading city in the Territory. The new mill plant of the Arizona Lumber and Timber Company is located here and will soon be ready to manufacture lumber of a superior quality as well as any quantity. This will be the finest and best-equipped mill in the West. It will supply more territory with lumber than any mill in the United States, and consequently the volume of business done by this enterprising company will exceed any lumber company in the West. Flagstaff leads in the manufacture of lumber as well as in sheep and wool growing, which is extensively carried on in this county. Lumber, sheep and cattle are paying industries and with proper protection and encouragement will be sources of wealth for all time to come. As we said in the beginning of this article, Flagstaff is surrounded by the most extensive pine forest in the United States, and it is almost an impossibility to ever exhaust this belt of timber by the manufacture of lumber. This pine forest furnishes a shaded pasture for sheep and cattle. It is also one of the greatest health givers as well as wealth producers in the West, if not in the United States. Flagstaff is fast becoming a great health resort and can truly boast of the finest summer climate on earth. Hundreds of visitors spend the summer and fall months in Flagstaff and there is a noted increase each year. It is estimated that twice as many persons will spend next summer here as ever did before. Pure mountain air and water will draw people from the heated and crowded cities, and they invariably make for the Skylight City, where the blessings of healthy air and pure cold water abound. Flagstaff is the tourists' paradise, for it is surrounded by Nature's greatest wonders. Among the grandest and most wonderful are: Walnut Cañon, the home of the Cliff Dwellers, Sunset Mountain, Cave Dwellings, Black Crater, Cataract Cañon, Natural Bridge, Montezuma Well and Castle, and the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. The greatest mineral deposits are at the Grand Cañon mines, which are about sixty miles from Flagstaff. The mines in this locality have not been fully developed, but it is known that copper exists there in large quantities and other metals have been discovered. No doubt considerable work will be done in the Grand Cañon mines next spring and they may prove to be very profitable property. Everything points to Flagstaff as the gem city by reason of her resources, water, health, climate, location and grand scenery. The town is inhabited by a live, generous, intelligent and progressive people, and in less than twelve months she will be the most prosperous city on the Santa Fé Pacific Railroad. Time will prove that this is not idle talk, nor a dream, but a reality.

WOMAN AND HOME.

FASHION'S FORECAST.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SPRING PROMISE MANY NOVELTIES.

[FROM A REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 13.—Having rung out the old year, the caterers of fashion's follies are ringing in a number of changes, if not distinct novelties. What we have kept over from last year are chiefly trains, long tight sleeves and high, tight collars, but on these things the dressmakers are going to exercise an improving influence. They are pledged to cut every gown en train, even the pretty muslins and dimities and the adorable chintzes that are glorifying the January openings, and they have sworn themselves not to make another silk or cotton dress without an overskirt.

These draperies will at first be only the long skirts of the coat-shaped dress waists, such as are already seen here and there, but it does not require a very prophetic soul to see that by Easter time the full-fledged overdress will be enjoying undisputed reign. For the present it falls from the hips in what is called peplum form to the knees in front, and longer behind, though the popularity of the Louis XV fronts is unabated. The study of the tailors is always after long perpendicular lines, and nothing short and bunched is allowed about the hips.

When the time comes to discuss wash goods, it will be found that all reliance is to be laid on the long-tried virtues of the ruffle. Just now we are still too much occupied by woollens and furs to think without a shiver of cotton and linen, but it is as well to know that the present latitude of fashion allows a dresswaist to be cut with knee-long tails or short off at the hips.

Where a close basque is adopted it is invariably cut in a series of seven graceful scallops about the hips. These curves are not ornamented with anything, and, in fact, after a season of frivolity, the tailor dress is regaining its old tidy simplicity of outline.

At the start of the year a number of handsome new tailor frocks have been noticed, and chiefly in periwinkle blue. Their waists fit, back and front, without a wrinkle, the skirt is fully trained, of course, and a pronounced tendency is toward a renewal of what used to be known as a complete suit; that is, a waist and skirt, and then a longish coat of the same goods.

With such costumes the elevating influence of the smart jabot is most keenly felt. There are jabots and jabots, but the one that now has the longest train of followers is the largest. It is either a very wide limon-sine ribbon folded twice about the neck and tied in a really gigantic bow in front, or it is a long piece of white satin, laid twice around the throat, tied in a four-in-hand or Ardsley knot in front and letting fall a couple of lace-edged ends nearly to the knees. With the limon-sine ribbon a collar that has turnover, hem-

stitched bands is worn, and a smart little pin is thrust through the knot of the bow. Butterfly bows of white, pale blue and Nile green tulle or chiffon, fastened to a stock of the same, are still seen broadcast among the women whose winter coats are dark and button high. These airy nothings the tailors themselves not only recommend, but make.

In spite of prejudice, women continue, more or less, to use certain types of plaid goods. The Mackenzie, MacDonald, Forbes and Campbell checks still brighten our landscape, and the quite simple skirts are made up with a bias seam down the front. Such skirts in the dark green, blue and violet MacDonald plaid are purchasable at the January sales, prettily made up on silk foundations, and the proper thing to wear with one is a coat body of solid green, blue, or violet cloth scalloped over the hips, clasping the figure snugly with small plaid-faced revers turning back just under the chin and a chiffon jabot flowering out on this.

Absolutely simple, comfortable sleeves are typical of all these dresses. The wrist is long, but cut off plainly round the hand, and the one bit of coquetry the tailors assume is more or less decoration on coats by the aid of small bullet-shaped enameled buttons. These buttons, by the way, are peculiar to 1899 and are different from the colored crystal ones that are still in good fashionable standing.

If you question both tailors and dressmakers as to collars, they will say that excelsior is still the cry in that direction. By constant wear of very high neckbands, women are destroying all the beauty of their throats and giving their heads a stiff, haughty poise. A fair share of collars are made of silk or satin, finely pleated on to the stiffest buckram and cut with points to fit high behind the ear. Newer than that is a collar cut with the ear points, and then a third higher peak directly in the back. This rear peak often runs half way up the height of the head, and sometimes it is split open down the center and revers spread away, faced with a bright color or lace.

The serviceable gown, the toilet that fits into every breach and is admissible on all occasions is still black. It has an underskirt and waist of black silk, that, by preference, is not taffeta, but that is cut to fit and appear like a Princess slip, tight on the hips and wide at the foot. Over this falls rather coarse black silk honeycomb Russian net, garnished in either of two ways; with spangles or with three sizes of black silk braid. The braid is rather the smarter of the two, and it describes large, fanciful figures over the drop-net skirt and net body. Such a gown is practically indestructible and displays a richness of effect that is always agreeable. If it is made up so that the sleeves can be removed and the top of the waist lifted out it can serve equally well as a grand dinner or sober church costume. With gowns like these, and they are tremendously popular, women wear necklaces of the brightest outfit with some jeweled pendant string on the lowest chain, and they put tall black spangled tulle wings in their hair.

The serviceable evening gown for a young girl is par excellence a Tosca net in black, made over a second net skirt of pale blue, or green, or yellow, which in turn is hung upon an underskirt of soft silk or sateen, the same shade. The black top skirt may be hung with spangles, but something more economical as well as newer, is a net skirt with designs worked out on it in threads of colored chenille.

Such a dress wears well, is proof against crumpling and is wonderfully youthful. After being squeezed into a heavy trunk a shake dissipates the wrinkles, and while the bodice may be high in the throat, it must by no means have any sleeves, if it is designed for evening wear. All women who wear these cut gowns, and they are almost universally popular, perfume them carefully, so that at every motion the filmy floating goods will cast forth on the air a poetic odor of lilacs, white rose, heliotrope or violets.

Early in the winter the hat that turned up in front justly received its due of favoritism and flattery. Its successor in the spring will be an airy thing of silk muslin or tulle set on the side of the head, and with a wide spangled brim turned up on all sides equally. Already we see some lucky women, who have their headgear all hot from Paris, wearing these delicate glittering crowns, but meantime a great many sensible souls content themselves with pretty tulle trifles they can really fashion with their own hands. These are very popular for theater wear and are made first of a ring of hat wire about the circumference of a saucer. Wound tightly around this is black satin or white satin ribbon, and then loosely goes a winding of tulle. The tulle ring just encircles the top of the head and at some point in its circumference, usually just in front, a tuft of silver wheat, with two loops of tulle, is fastened. This simple ornament passes for a bonnet and is a becoming coronet and a showy one on any head.

MARY DEAN.

NEW STORIES ABOUT LISZT.

CHARACTERISTIC INCIDENTS TOLD BY ONE OF HIS PUPILS.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

LISZT was my teacher for many years, and many are the charming recollections of that period in my life. As Schuman said: "If you only heard Liszt play and didn't see him, you lost half the pleasure," so wonderful was his personality.

I shall never forget how a young Magyar tried to play a sonata of Beethoven before him one day. "Piano, piano," cried Liszt. "Piano, softly! Let it sing, let it sing! Can't you see piano written there?" cried he still more sharply, but the young patriot only grew more nervous and played the harder.

At last Liszt took his hands from the keys, saying, half-angrily, half-laughingly: "Do you know, my young friend, what the field sergeant does when the recruits cannot tell the difference between right and left? He ties a bundle of straw on their right arms and a bundle of hay on their left, and then gives the command, 'Hay, straw!' We shall have to try this plan with you for 'piano' and 'forte'!" Now, then, give old Beethoven a chance. Hay! Hay! Hay! Well! Now, Straw! Straw!—plenty of straw—still more straw." And Liszt laughed till the tears came. "Straw, straw, nothing but straw!"

But even this had no effect on the young man, so at last Liszt said: "Perhaps I can explain it better on the piano," and seating himself, he played the allegretto of Beethoven's seventh symphony. We were all so moved that we sat breathless until at last a little Russian woman jumped up and rushed out of the room, crying: "J'ai peur! j'ai peur." Liszt turned around on



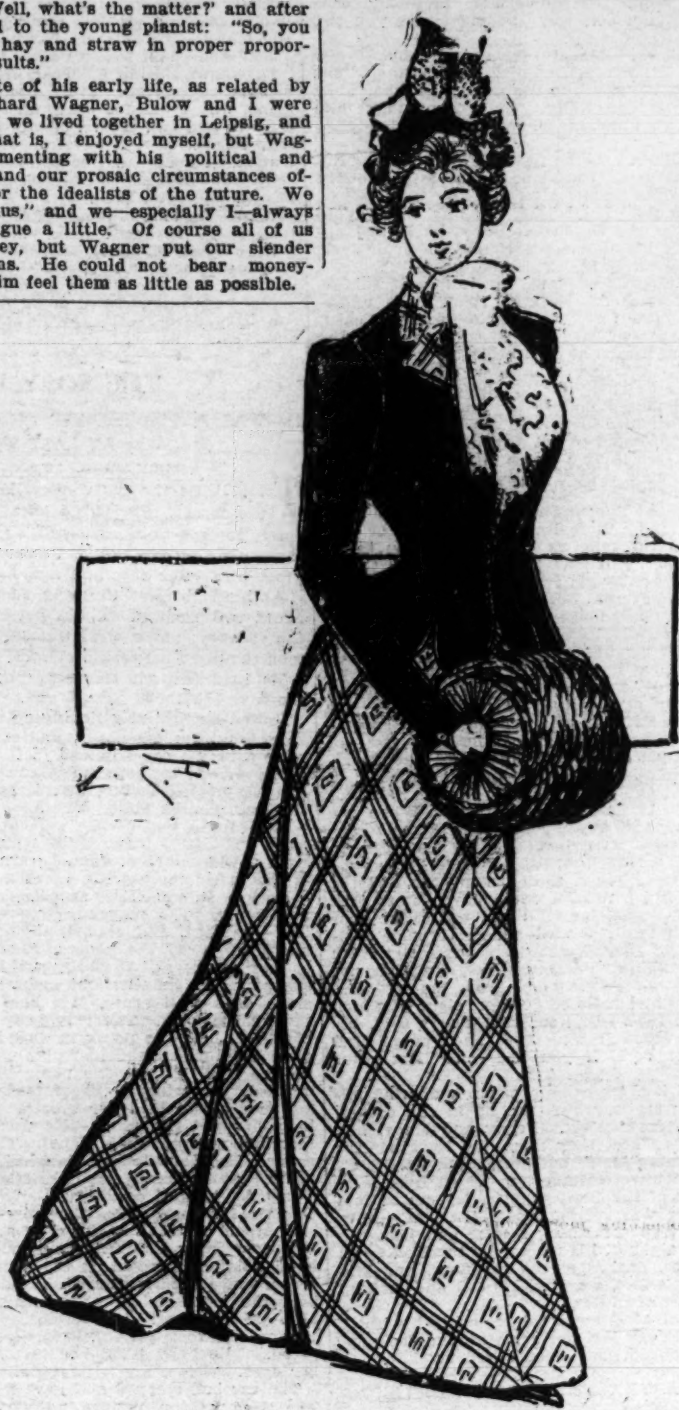
AN EVENING HOOD AND WRAP.



A MODEL GOWN FOR 1899.

his chair to say: "Well, what's the matter?" and after he learned, he turned to the young pianist: "So, you see, my friend, that hay and straw in proper proportion produce good results."

Here is an anecdote of his early life, as related by Liszt himself: "Richard Wagner, Bulow and I were all quite young when we lived together in Leipzig, and had a good time. That is, I enjoyed myself, but Wagner was already fermenting with his political and philosophical ideas, and our prosaic circumstances offered little ground for the idealists of the future. We called Bulow 'Kritikus,' and we—especially I—always feared his sharp tongue a little. Of course all of us had very little money, but Wagner put our slender purse to great strains. He could not bear money-worries, and we let him feel them as little as possible.



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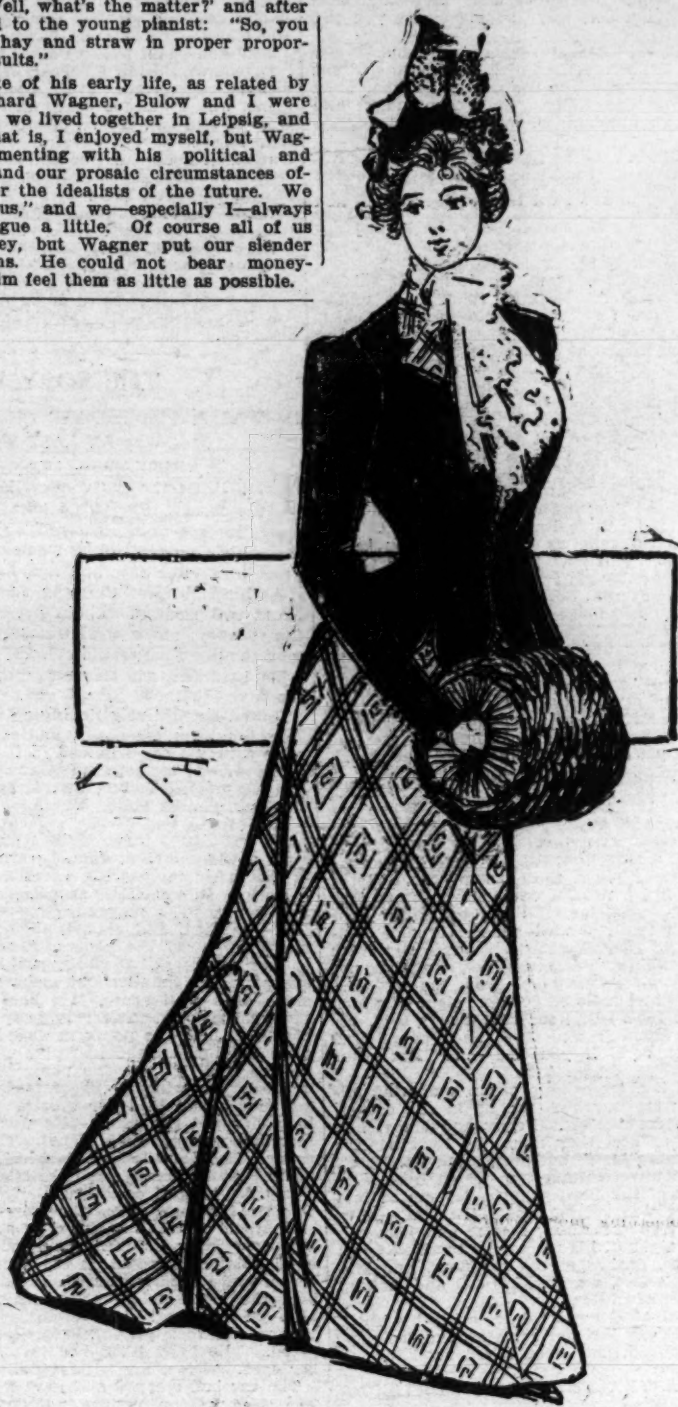
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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILL.

IT WAS A VERY CLOSE CALL FOR PEGGY AND HER WEALTH.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

"HELP me think! I have got to do something. I feel so—so responsible," Peggy said to Mabel, who answered, sticking out her chin: "I do hope, Peggy Crayshaw, nobody else won't never die, and leave you a hundred-dollar bill. You ain't good for anything in the world, since your father brought it home."

"If he had just taken it with him!" Peggy sighed; "mother wanted him to, but he said it was safer here. As if anybody would think of picking pockets at a wedding! And they won't be back until almost night! It's ten miles at least to Cousin Fanny Gorham's."

"I never saw a hundred-dollar bill. Let me look at yours—if you know where it is?" Mabel said almost pensively. Peggy gave her red skirts an airy flirt, saying: "Of course I know where it is! Do you reckon they would not tell me, so I couldn't get it first thing if the house should catch fire?"

"I thought maybe they hid it, until they could buy you those two cows with it," Mabel answered meekly. Peggy smiled, but said austere: "Mother said I must not be vain and purse-proud, and I don't mean to be—but it will be nice to have a thousand dollars all my own, when I'm twenty-one. And father says he will give me the keep of the cows for the calves, so the milk and butter in eight years will make me a nice little fortune."

"Oho! You're like the milkmaid over in the back of the spelling book!" Mabel broke in. Peggy grew very sober. "It's thinkin' about her makes me so uneasy," she said. "Suppose something should go with the money! You know in the story books something always does happen to the money, when it is left at home, with nobody but girls to take care of it?"

"You surely ain't 'fraid of robbers?" Mabel laughed. "There never was one in the county, father says. Nor traps neither."

"You never can tell what's going to happen," Peggy said. "Anyway, I'm going to get out the money, and we'll study up where we'll put it, so it shall be perfectly safe."

"Why! It's just like any other bill! I thought it would be ever so big," Mabel said, as Peggy unlocked her father's desk, touched the spring of the secret drawer, and drew out a bit of crisp green paper. Together they spread it flat on the desk, and traced the figures with eager, happy fingers. "You see it's hundred all right!" Peggy said, with a note of triumph which she tried vainly to subdue. Mabel squinted at it critically. "If I was you, I'd pin it tight to my under-body," she said, "then it couldn't get lost, and nobody could find it."

"That won't do at all. Of course robbers would look in our clothes first thing, after they didn't find it in the desk," Peggy answered. "Besides, we're going in the orchard for a basket of sweetings, and it might work loose."

"O, I know where it'll be safe! Let's put it under Seraphine's new face before we sew it on. Nobody in the world would ever find it there," Mabel cried. Peggy heard her almost with envy. Seraphine was her biggest doll, a stout, bunchy rag damsel, who had a new staring, clean, white countenance every year of her life. If the bill, neatly folded, made her face somewhat bloated, as Mabel said, nobody that ever lived would guess the reason for it. Peggy added, "We musn't put her away in the closet, or a drawer. That might make the robbers think—we'll just throw her there on the window seat, where we can keep an eye on her, and we will look like we had been playing with her and had dropped her."

"Yes," Mabel nodded, "and if anybody comes, we'll pick her up and slip out to the orchard. They never can find us if we get up high where the leaves are so thick, in the tops of the trees."

"Let's go there right now! I'm apple hungry," Peggy said, reaching for the basket. Mabel picked up Seraphine, but Peggy said with emphasis: "Mabel Bert, is that all the sense you have got? Suppose we met the robbers right at the door as we came back? They'd know right off we had a reason for lagging Seraphine around!"

"They'd just think we were fond of her. I am!" Mabel said stoutly, cuddling Seraphine and smoothing her red skirts affectionately. But Peggy snatched the doll, and flung her against the window seat with a resounding thump, then banged the door behind her and ran with Mabel for the apples.

They were gone only a minute—at least it seemed so to themselves, but when they got back, a tall man hallooed lustily at the gate.

"Say! Come here, you young misses! Are the people at this place all dead or asleep? My name is John Dutch—I've come twenty miles to fetch Squire Crayshaw that filly he said he'd buy last week."

"You'll have to come in and wait, Mr. Dutch. He won't be home for ever so long," Peggy said, hospitably, setting open the door. "Mr. Dutch shook his head. 'Can't wait,' he said, but got down from his horse and led through the yard gate a haltered filly, the very prettiest thing on four hoofs Peggy had ever seen. The filly pulled back, then nipped at Dutch as though angry. But when Mabel ran up to her she put down her dainty head to be stroked."

"She is mad with you because you made her come too fast. See how her flanks heave!" Peggy said. Dutch smiled oddly as he answered: "I had to come fast. I am bound to go back tonight, and the days are short now. Say, miss, didn't your father leave the money for me? I can't well go without it—the filly, you see, is justly partly mine, and 'tother fellow's a cross-grained chap that don't trust anybody."

"He didn't leave any money at all, but my hundred dollars," Peggy said, trying to speak carelessly. Dutch laughed again. "Funny!" he said, "but that's just the price of this beauty. She's worth double, but I—well, I don't like to be partner with a skinflint. Suppose you

buy the beast, seein' the squire ain't here—and then tell him if he wants her, why! he must give you two hundred."

"O, Peggy! Don't!" Mabel said eagerly, but Peggy frowned at her. "Don't you mind her, Mr. Dutch," she said. "Of course I'll give you the money. Father must have forgotten you were coming, but I won't make him pay me quite two hundred. That wouldn't be fair—would it?"

"Anything's fair in a horse trade," Dutch said. "But let's finish our bargain. I must be movin' fast. Get the money, please, while I write a receipt."

"In just a minute," Peggy said, leading the way to her father's desk. As Dutch sat down he looked apprehensively over his shoulder through the open door, and said almost in a whisper: "Make haste!"

Hand in hand Peggy and Mabel ran to find Seraphine. Seraphine had vanished. Yet the room was undisturbed, the windows fast, the door securely latched, Topsy, the white kitten, sleeping peacefully beside the fire. The children looked at each other awestruck, then began to cry. Dutch darted in to them. "If you've been fooling me you'll be sorry for it," he said, savagely. "You had that hundred dollars—I know it—I know about your aunt's will. Give it to me. Quick! Quick! Do you hear? I'm bound to get away."

"Hardly—when you leave a stolen filly plain to view!" a man said, stepping behind Dutch and seizing both wrists. Dutch struggled hard, but was promptly knocked down by the Sheriff and his deputies, who had been hot on his trail. "I really thought better of you, Hankins," the Sheriff said, as he snapped the handcuffs on his prisoner. "It isn't like you to botch things this way. I suppose, though, you have grown careless—as you had stolen several horses, and got away with them, you thought you'd make the rifle with the eighth, no matter what you did."

"How did he get my hundred-dollar bill? Make him tell! Make him give it back! He stole it while we were in the orchard!" Peggy cried, shrilly. The Sheriff looked significantly at Hankins. Hankins shook his head. "I came after it," he said defiantly, "but sure as I'm in these bracelets, if it's gone, somebody else got it. If I had got it, you'd a-never caught me. The stock's dead beat—I'd a-left it, and struck for the railroad. I knew you were not two miles behind."

Search proved that he told the truth. When the Sheriff had taken him away, Peggy and Mabel ransacked the premises. They looked under the beds, in every drawer and caddy, the kitchen closet, the wood shed, even the pigeon house, the chicken coop and the pump shed. "I don't believe it could have got to the barn," Peggy said despairingly. "And the cellar door is locked fast and tight," Mabel added, through sympathetic tears. Still they searched spasmodically, with no appetite for anything but sweetcake, until Squire Crayshaw and his wife came home from the wedding. They brought a great bundle of goodies, sight of which consoled Mabel to such an extent that Peggy said, between sobs: "I wouldn't sit there and gorge iced pound-cake, Mabel Bert, if you had—had lost—your whole fortune."

Just as she said it there came a queer lumbering pit-pat on the kitchen stairs, which ran up in one corner, and led to a low, dark closet. Peggy and Mabel had looked it through as best they might by light of the stable lantern, turning inside out everything but Bose's box bed beside the warm chimney, in which Bose himself, most waggish of shepherd puppies, lay curled into a fuzzy ball. Bose was coming down the stairs now, moving sidewise, with something scarlet and heavyish in his mouth. At sight of his master he tumbled down the last three steps, dashed across the floor, and laid the something at his feet, wagging his tail and looking up, as if for a word of praise.

"Why, it's Seraphine! He carried her off to his bed!" Mabel screamed. Peggy had her arms around the puppy's neck. "Oh, you darling! You saved my hundred-dollar bill!" she said.

MARTHA McCULLOCK WILLIAMS.

WITH POSTERS GAY.

THE WAY PRETTY POLLY PAPERED HER BEDROOM

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

JUST a year ago Polly was in despair. Her bedroom walls were dreadfully shabby and had needed doing over for some time. She had been promised that the autumn repairs should include a new wall-paper for her sanctum, and all summer she had hesitated between masses of pink azaleas climbing on a trellis over a creamy background, and bouquets scattered over satiny-pink and white stripes a la pompadour.

But the furnace needed repairs likewise the kitchen range, and then there had been a new bath-room put in, and the bills proved as unexpectedly large, as such things invariably do, so when they were all paid there was nothing left for Polly's papers.

When the sad news was broken to her, she climbed up to her bedroom, and looked at the walls dismally.

But Polly was not a girl to let the grass grow under her feet, so she set at once to work to pull out her treasures and see what she could do about it. Among other things, she unearthed a roll of posters which she had at one time begun to collect. She had gotten together quite a number, and these she tried to arrange against the wall. But this was not satisfactory either.

"I couldn't stand baking powder, or the dates for the races in letters three inches long staring me in the face every morning," said Polly, so that wouldn't do.

Finally a bright idea struck her. She remembered an old story by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in which a girl papers the dining-room with Pompadour figures, arranged in panels. There were so many windows and doors in Polly's room that the walls were naturally divided into panels. Moreover, the paper lent itself readily to the scheme, the pattern being very subdued in color, in tones of cream and tan, picked out with gilt.

"Cartridge paper would have been better, but after all, this is not half bad," said Polly, and set to work forthwith. By the aid of a sharp pair of scissors she soon had a number of figures ready to apply.

So she arranged, and rearranged, fastening the figures firmly into position by means of pins and thumb tacks, until she was entirely satisfied with the effect, then carefully pasted the figures into place.

Over the dainty dressing table dance pretty Geisha girls from a Dally's theater poster of a year or two back. In the narrow panel over a door run the spirited horses of a race-meeting announcement. For still another and

broader panel are arranged covers cut from various magazines, and all this costing, as Polly says, "not a sou marquis," whatever that may be.

And you ought to see Polly's bedroom now!

Of course, during the year, she has made several additions. A certain lovely poster of Scribner's Magazine, which was too beautiful to cut, has been simply framed, and two others, of more recent date, representing, respectively, a cavalry and naval officer, and framed in a narrow line of black wood. Her most recent acquisition actually in place, is this season's poster announcing Miss Julia Arthur's appearance as A Lady of Quality. This is more effective, representing a beautiful head, wreathed with vine leaves, standing out from a background of pale gold. It has been framed in gilded wood, and "skied" because of its heroic proportions, over the mirror, surmounting the mantelpiece.

Any suggestions as to doing over the room this season have been received with the silent contempt they deserved.

E. I. T.

THE ROSY BABY.

IT WAS A PEACEMAKER ON A STREET CAR ONE DAY LAST WEEK.

[FROM A REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR.]

THROUGH the car window he saw her standing on the corner. She would take that car. He meant to catch her eye as she entered. They had not met since that silly quarrel; and he wanted to see how she would greet him. She saw him and nodded unsmilingly.

At his right was the only empty space in the car—about two yards of it. She sat on the extreme edge of the vacancy; and a tired woman with a very rosy baby took the place between them.

He read the advertisements opposite; he looked at the rosy baby.

It was meditatively licking a yellow transfer. It had very pink worsted shoes, and its toes turned in. It wore a brown cap trimmed in fur. A break in the fur just over one temple gave it a coquettish expression. It had very black lashes, and it rolled its blue eyes in sidelong glances under them.

She caught one of the glances and smiled at the baby. The baby lowered the transfer and gazed at her with a wide stare of candid, calm indifference. Then it cast a sidelong glance at him.

He was automatically tapping his knee with a folded newspaper. The rosy baby was attracted by the motion—watched, and craved, then grabbed. He started and drew away the paper. A series of threatening chokes began; and the baby grabbed again. He moved the paper an infinitesimal distance further; the upper slope of a wall arose. He held the paper quickly toward the baby. The rosy baby took full possession, chuckled, held the paper in one hand, and with the other hand on his shoulder obtained an upright position on the seat. It put one pudgy hand in his face and gurgled. He winced. She forced down the corners of her mouth and held her breath. The car jolted; the baby dropped the paper. He was immovable until an incipient wall gave the signal. Then he picked up the paper. The baby took it, laughed, and threw it down again. At the usual signal he stooped and returned it. The baby jumped ecstatically. "Papa, papa!" it cried. The tired woman pulled the baby down into her lap.

He took out his handkerchief and mopped his brow. The rosy baby watched the handkerchief. When the hand holding it rested on his knee, the baby caught a corner and pulled it through his unresisting fingers. It held the handkerchief above its nose and looked at him. "Peep! Boo!" it said.

Then she took pity. "Peep, Boo! baby!" she whispered. The baby liked her better with the mirth in her eyes. "Peep, Boo!" it responded.

The car had stopped and gave a jerk before starting. The tired woman jumped up nervously, snatched the handkerchief and paper from the baby, dropped them at random, ran to the conductor, crying, "Wait, wait—my corner!" and left the car with a completed wall in her wake.

The handkerchief and paper had fallen in her lap. She looked at them in dismay. She had but two blocks more to travel. She looked at him. He was studiously informing himself where to buy the best skirt binding. She moved over the intervening space. "Please, sir!" she said when she was at his elbow, "are these yours? They were left with me." Then she laughed.

And the feud was over.

STELLA GEORGE STERN.

ZANGWILL'S RETORT.

[Detroit Free Press:] When a woman—or a man for that matter—tries to come out ahead of Israel Zangwill, the novelist, dramatist, critic and wit, aside from several other things, it is an awful case of misplaced confidence.

Not long ago the distinguished visitor to these shores was the honored guest at a reception in Chicago, where they pack pork, read Ella Wheeler Wilcox and wear diamonds.

Of course, all the women in attendance upon the function crowded around Zangwill in sheer hero worship. He suffered them to press his hand and look into his eyes and chatter about the "real Ghetto," regardless of the fact that Zangwill knew that they wouldn't know a ghetto if it were to go by them with a sign on it.

On the outskirts of the little throng was a woman celebrated for her society width, a really clever woman—for Chicago. Her husband is a pork packer and she reads French novels in the original and wears diamonds at breakfast. She was a swell of the swell, the real creme de menthe of Chicago society. She rather hated to think that her hostess had been the one to give the function in Mr. Zangwill's honor, so she made up her mind to let fly a bit of her wit at the distinguished author to prove to those within hearing that at times his repartee might fall him. She approached Zangwill, and, raising her lorgnette, surveyed him as she might have a dog in a kennel show.

"Mr. Zangwill," she said, "do you care for pig's feet?" Those around her held their breaths.

The author bit his lip. A little snicker passed through the group.

Zangwill adjusted his eyeglasses, and, looking down upon the woman, replied, with a smile of singular sweetness. "Not particularly, madam, but I like pig's feet prepared in any way, or not prepared at all, better than I like tongue."

THE MORNING SERMON. AFTER THE TREATY—WHAT?

By Rev. Asa S. Fiske, D.D.,

Gunton Temple Memorial Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C.

"For the nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish."—(Isaiah ix, 12.)

THE on-going of the universe is the manifestation of God in providence. The plan of His government is the perfecting of the great society of humanity. For human relations the law is love and help. The man, the people, the nation, the race, that will not enter this law of service with loyal purpose, is running so counter to its own structure and to the great on-going and up-coming as to be in deadly case. It is perishing and shall perish utterly, defeating and destroying itself.

Lo, the highways of history cluttered with the wrecks of nations which have forgotten to serve God! Look at the vast wastes of Mesopotamia, garden of the earth and ancient seat of primeval empire. Study Egypt, Greece and Rome, fascinating but for their ruins. See decaying nations of today which a few centuries ago stood, the magnificence of the world. Behold the ruin of national character, of manhood, in these decaying peoples. Contemporary histories, to which none can be blind, are awful commentaries on the words of our text.

From this point of view let us reflect for a moment on the history which our republic has made during the great year which has recently drawn to its close. If opened with a mighty wailing if infinite distress from beautiful perishing Cuba at our very doors. For years we had tried diplomacies in vain. We now protested again and have due notice that the conditions were intolerable to us and to humanity. Warnings, diplomacies, national declarations of armed intervention were all tried to no effect. So, reluctantly, came war—the solitary war of all the ages undertaken with an unselfish, an altruistic purpose. What followed need not here be rehearsed—a hand unseen shielded and directed us—till at last proud Spain implored of us peace. The protocol was one of magnanimity; no such terms were ever offered before by a completely victorious nation to a conquered foe. And finally on Christmas eve, came to the hand of our Executive this sublime Christmas gift from God, the treaty of peace.

Every step in all the struggle was a providential necessity, taken in the interest of mankind. It was Providence commanding humanity. I believe the treaty will be of huge advantage to Spain. It stops a perpetual drain on her resources of men and money in colonies which she has been impotent to govern or develop. It relieves her of the opprobrium of a rule which branded her through the civilized world as barbarous, but which she had no genius to reform. Our gold will be a help toward her financial solvency. And now, with little more of field to exploit outside her own Iberian peninsula, she may perhaps turn with humble pride but better purpose to the development of her own industries and resources, to the education of her own people, and the building of a reputable future to replace the vain glories of a shameful and cruel past. God grant it!

The result to us? Consciousness of great deeds generously undertaken for those who were ready to perish. Assurance that patriotism and heroism have not died out amongst us. Above all, I believe, stands the realization that God has opened to us an opportunity and laid upon us a mission unexampled in the world's history, for a beneficent career of Christian civilization on a vast scale on both sides of the globe. Our hedging in to that mission is as if a "Thus saith the Lord" were written high and flaming over the portal of the great Morrow.

These peoples thrown on our care number nigh four times as many as our fathers were when our nationality was achieved. The spaces they occupy are like two New Englands and New Yorks—tropical regions fruitful in all products beyond imagination; so ranging in elevation as to give great variety of climates and the products of many zones; populations of many types from black through the browns and yellows to the dark Spanish hue. Education ranges among them from absolute barbarism to cultivated civility. But the masses are unschooled. Less than 20 per cent. can read or write in any language. With liberty they desire learning; when the chance is given they will flock into schools. With liberty and schools they want a free faith. Already we hear voices from all these islands declaring readiness for a free Christianity and its book. These voices are not from missionaries, but from the people themselves. Admiral Dewey and Gen. Otis unite in saying that the Filipinos are eager for the new light and ready for that which shall bring it, urging its immediate initiation with all possible energy and pledging it their enthusiastic support.

Here, then, is the status of the case. With no such initial purpose whatever, the war has thrown into our hands, "in trust for civilization," these immense regions and these teeming populations. It found them in bloody and exterminating insurrection, furiously embittered by the long internecine struggle. It gives them peace. It plants us as their protectors and their guides. In no case shall we get of them gross gains; they will be for the present but a burden.

Return them to Spain? That is impossible; to have done that would have been infamy. Turn them over to other powers? We cannot. War would flame over Europe in a month. Abandon Cuba and the Philippines to themselves? Witness the bloody collisions of a few weeks ago in Cuba. Witness the sorry work already in the Philippines. Call your American common sense to witness. What can you expect? These peoples are ignorant. They have no traditions of acquaintance with experience in self-government. Their only notions of government in any sort are derived from the outrageous misgovernment of Spain. They know nothing of free government even by contact with free peoples either in trade or through literature. Has a four-hundred-year experience of Spanish misrule miraculously enabled people kept in profound ignorance and poverty with all their attendant evils, to establish themselves at

once in wise, free and safe independence? That should be miracle indeed! Their experience of government would make them in authority tyrants, and under a weak authority insurrectionaries. To lift our hand of strong and controlling guidance from Cuba would let Cuban and Spaniard fly at each other's throats in the fierce revenges of the centuries.

The like must be said of the Philippines. Rather than that, with the horrors of new San Domingoes, we would better have left Spain alone to destroy them than turn them over to self-destruction! These tropical, mixed and passionate races—capable, I believe of a high civilization; tractable, teachable and equal to progress under a firm and kindly control—are yet incapable of immediate, wise and safe absolute autonomy. They can be, little by little, set into the functions of office, as already in Santiago, and as set forth in the President's recent "home-rule" proclamation, can be enlisted into military and naval service. But our military authorities must frame for them a free public-school system, supported by their own revenues, exempt from all ecclesiastical interference and open to all; must set up for them the forms of municipal and provincial government, police and judicial regulations, sanitary conditions and ordered industry, and establish the home on the basis of indissoluble marriage—in fact must set in good working order complete governmental establishments, working into them as rapidly as may be all fit elements of the native populations till they are accustomed to the forms of civilized freedom, trained in its substance and prepared for a more complete autonomy. Then they will be sure to continue these beneficent institutions when the military gives place to the civil authority.

Leaving the Philippines to themselves, you would have a dozen rival petty, powerless and warring so-called republics, soon to be devoured by one and another of the European powers, at mighty risks of great European wars. We cannot leave such a Pandora's box to the future of this world—breeding places for pestilence, scenes of brutal wars, hopeless of progress. We are set of God to be their guardians till they can go alone. We and no other of the earth's great powers can take that role without imminent danger to the world's peace.

Beyond that present guardianship we need only wait on Providence for further direction. There has been no moment in this great year at which any man could forecast for ninety days what it would be incumbent on us to do. Our administration has wisely waited to see and has moved with ever fresh guidance. Forecast is yet impossible for even a month to come. The most that we can say today is, "For the present the responsibility is ours for shaping the affairs of these insular realms in order to futures of prosperity and greatness." No man today can wisely venture to fix the date of safe issue into an absolutely independent career for any island of them all. The politicians are rash indeed when they plan party platforms on the swiftly-shifting conditions of these vast questions.

For the future: These tropical regions are to be made, by enforcement of scientific sanitation, safely habitable for all races, and for the natives. These most fruitful soils are to be made prolific beyond computation by ordered and intelligent industry. Their products are to be made staple articles of a safe and profitable commerce. Life, property and enterprises of all sorts are to be made secure, by whatever shape of guarantee time shall prove the fittest. Religion must be the free dictate of the conscience. Education must be accessible to whomsoever will.

These peoples are to be impressed with the immense contrast between the spirit of Spain and the free Christian republic. They must learn the vital temper of the Occident in contrast with the slumberous Orient. Missionary enterprises are to have free course and be glorified. God hath opened to us wide the door to the most immense and fascinating work of civilization and Christianization the world has ever seen. Ten to twelve millions of people, in the most luxuriant of all the islands of all the seas, who have been bound fast in superstition and oppression, embittered and insurgent under civil and ecclesiastical tyranny, robbed, corrupted and outraged, have emerged into the care of the great modern Christian republic, better fitted to initiate them into modern liberty and life than any other nation ever was or now is. They are in the sunburst of a magnificent morning. So soon as they feel the blessed contrast between Spain's misrule and America's fostering care, they will shout their gratitude, embrace with joy the new régime and enter with exultation their great career!

I believe we are now entering upon an experiment not less significant than that of our own independence over a hundred years ago—the experiment, viz, of starting, steadying, fostering and building into splendor a wholly new type of civilization and Christianity—a type for the tropics and for the Orient—for the vast majority of the race of man. We shall infuse something of our cool and level-headed temperament into the florid and passionate tropical nature; and something of our restless Anglo-Saxon energy into tropical and oriental somnolence and indolence; shall brace their laxity of morals with the sturdier fiber of the temperate zones; shall give them the Christian marriage and home; shall establish them in forms of government which are the ripest, richest fruit of the experience of all the ages; and to crown all, shall give them the Word and the Gospel which make men free because fit for liberty!

The croakers say: "But see the corruptions and the perils here at home!" Yea, verily! Within the shell of our own affairs we have done much amiss. Henceforth our affairs are to be world affairs! Our performances hereafter and in these regions are to be conducted in the open court of the whole earth's concern. While we can without too crushing sense of shame let an Indian agent steal the red man's pine trees on our obscure frontiers we shall not be able, under the world's eye, to put scoundrel Governors over the Philippines or Porto Rico or the provinces of Cuba. We shall have to insist on and get good civil service yonder, which will react for perfect civil service here. We shall sway our authority out there with a more prudent hand, which will compel us to greater probity and wisdom in home affairs.

Great responsibilities develop great powers and foster loftier ideals. Study of ideals for development of these insular trusts will of necessity broaden and purify our views of government at home. We shall make better speed ourselves for speeding these peoples on their way of greatness.

I see our own republic beginning with a narrow strip of Atlantic seaboard, stretching then south over the Floridas; reaching out to embrace the vast areas to the Mississippi; opening then her arms to the huge Louisi-

ana purchase of more than double all her former area; then enlarging her great heart to welcome the imperial spaces of the Lone Star State; then sweeping on to the Pacific by New Mexico to California; then taking in Alaska and reaching so far to the Orient that San Francisco is 150 miles east of the central meridian of our longitude! "Expansion," indeed! I see her multiplying her population twentyfold in a century; increasing her riches till their increase and their absolute bulk are far beyond that of any other people on the face of the earth!

At every step of this august, this imperial expansion, the prophets of pessimism have stood aghast with coward terrors. They protested against Florida. They roared in wrath against the imperial expansion of the Louisianas. Texas was sure destruction. New Mexico and California would so stretch by limitless distances our unities that they would be bound to break across the ridge of the Rockies. They burst with derisive and indignant laughter at "Seward's Folly," Alaska. Daniel Webster wanted to trade the vast regions of Oregon, embracing everything west of the Rockies from the British line down to California, for the privilege of catching codfish off the Newfoundland coasts! These prophets of terror and apocalypses of littleness declared that the populations and barbarisms and alien faiths of these regions which our "expansions" covered would over-slaugh, corrupt and wreck us. We could not assimilate them or govern them. Indeed, all these expansions were impossible because unconstitutional and so void!

But somehow they have held as matter of fact in spite of the viddness, and we have managed to govern them in spite of the theoretical "impossibility!" Nor has the "wreck" finally whelmed us. One grave Senator declared that we would better give a hundred millions to any nation which would take the Louisiana curse off our hands and prohibit any American from ever settling within its borders than to keep it. Josiah Quincy threatened secession when it was proposed to admit Louisiana as a State. Congressmen fighting the Oregon treaty "thanked God that He had set the Rockies as a barrier to our westward extension," and a Cabinet minister said that "if \$5 would construct a highway to the Pacific he would not give it."

The ruin of the republic has been dated over and over, from the hour of each of these extensions of territory, exactly as now ruin takes date from the declaration of war with Spain. There is not a new or original wall in all the chorus of forlorn prognostications of disaster which we hear today. Our whole history has been of expansion attended by these wailing but vain protests. Had these protesters been heeded we should this day have been a fourth-rate strip of territory lying along the Atlantic Coast, if we could have maintained a national existence at all. But, overriding these protests, the half of our citizens are resident and blest, thriving in these vast regions, rich in the precious metals and fertile in all products of the soil, from which the prophets of evil so lugubriously warned us off.

However these things may be, the die is cast. It has proved again impossible to dam the Nile with bulrushes. The treaty is signed, and will be ratified. We are in for it. History is history. That which 1898 has made cannot be unmade. Our shoulders are under the responsibility. We cannot shirk or shake it off. It is poor statesmanship, poorer patriotism and poorest manhood to stand haggling about what might have been done to avoid "this shameless war" and its consequences. The condition is upon us. We have nothing, absolutely nothing, now to do but to face the facts, to meet the existing conditions, for God and humanity.

It is time, too, to lay aside all petty haggling for partisan advantages. I know nothing which ought today to bury any man or group or cabal of men in so profound an abyss of contempt, or which will do it so thoroughly, as that he or they be discovered hunting around, nosing about in the mud, for some plan of action or opposition, in these vast and vital matters with a view to partisan or personal success in 1900!

God has bestowed upon this nation unexampled favor, in which we can but plainly recognize the smile of his approval and his beneficent design. He enabled us, in a campaign of little more than 100 days, to win through to glorious conclusion a war for humanity, while we weep over fewer graves than the nation was used to mourn a generation ago at the end of a single battle-day. Our sons have shown a heroism like that of their fathers. The Union is at last welded into one splendid unity. Our northern President, veteran of the civil war, is received through the cities of the South with, if possible, an even more fervid enthusiasm than in the North and West. Hereafter we shall scatter the flowers and speak our memorial orations over the graves of the blue and the gray alike. There is no more a North or South, an East or West. Thank God! Of this great year, too, has come a new union of hearts and hands and world policies between old Mother England and her sturdy daughter, in which union lies the scepter of earth's new era.

Behold Almighty God's great gift to the republic into whose care He commits so immense a trust, and under whose banners they shall begin their march up toward the heights of a Christian civilization. "Who shall haul down the flag" which He has so evidently flung to the breeze? "Every covenant which duty has made for us in the year 1898 we must keep!" Aye, brave and magnanimous Executive, keep those covenants of duty by God's help we will! And keeping these we do devoutly believe we shall be that nation and kingdom which serves Him and therefore shall not perish! Faithfully keeping them we shall be, according to the divine law of the universe, doing our best to succor the oppressed, teach the ignorant, ennoble and uplift mankind and bring in the kingdom of righteousness and truth—of our God and of His Christ.

Most

Every day some one brings to us an old faded tin-type or a small exterior picture of a group taken out in the sun and tell us it is all they have of their departed one. We have to tell them, little can be done with it. They would give a good deal if only they had a good photograph. Have you thought of this? Do not hesitate, but come where you can get the best at reasonable prices. Schumacher, 107 N. Spring street, Los Angeles.

FRESH LITERATURE.

Reviews by The Times Reviewer.

Proceedings of the Educational Association. ADDRESSES AND PROCEEDINGS OF THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION. [Washington: Published by the association.]

THE final selection of Los Angeles as the next place of meeting for the National Educational Association should be a matter of congratulation from the intellectual point of view. The important addresses, the debates and discussions that mark the meetings of this society, are matters of notable interest, not only to educators, but to others who are concerned with any advance in thought. The report of proceedings for 1898 fills a large volume, the contents of which include a wide range of subjects, some being directly upon technical methods, but a large proportion of such general interest as would attract the unprofessional thinker. Many brilliant educators are represented in these proceedings, and the prospect of hearing such addresses as lectures, during the coming session of the association, is assuredly a pleasing one.

Guide Book to the South.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. By Charles A. Keeler. [Los Angeles: Passenger department, Santa Fé Route.]

The tourist's guide-book is becoming more and more a thing of literary and pictorial attractiveness and less of a statistical bore as the years go by and the shrewd railroad agent grows wise in the art of catering to the universal love of novelty and change. The Santa Fé Railroad issues an exceptionally worthy guide-book to Southern California, of which Charles A. Keeler, the well-known naturalist, is the author, and for which Mrs. Keeler has done some excellent drawings. Mr. Keeler has the scientist's sense of accuracy too well developed to indulge in indiscriminate rhapsody, and his descriptions are, therefore, satisfactory, even from the hard-headed statistician's point of view. The contemplating settler will not be led astray by Mr. Keeler's statements, nor will the speculator find himself far afield if he succumbs to the allurements of the south, as set forth in this little book, which is good reading for both traveler and stay-at-home.

Magazines of the Month.

PORTRAITS of two famous women bull fighters accompany an article on the señoritas toreras, by J. Torrey Connor, in *The Land of Sunshine*. Other interesting pictures illustrate the excitements of this characteristic Mexican sport, which the author vividly describes. Ruth Tangier Smith describes the island of San Clemente from the geological and picturesque points of view, and there is a tribute to "Amber," by Charles Warren Stoddard, and a Chinese story, by Sui Sin Fah, among other features of picturesque or instructive value.

The New Year's number of the *Metropolitan* is a delightful biographical sketch-book, containing papers on the home and public life of such artists as Boutet de Monvel, Rosenthal, Adele Aus der Ohe and Thomas Jefferson, with mention of lesser lights of the stage and studio. Wilson G. Barnes writes of "Club Life in the Metropolis," and Alexander B. Stetson has an entertaining description of "The Bowery, Old and New."

Two valuable discussions of school work, as now followed in American public schools, are by Dr. L. L. W. Wilson and Prof. G. T. W. Patrick, in *Appleton's Monthly* for January. Prof. Patrick expresses his belief in the greater value of nature-study, history, and morals as expressed in certain manual dexterities and habits of conduct, over the customary practice of teaching children the study of letters. Prof. Patrick maintains that the subjects of reading, writing and arithmetic are not adapted to the first years of the child's psychological development, but should come later, after the sensory and motor mechanism has had full play. Prof. Jordan has three charming little animal stories that show his close study of the habits of birds and beasts, and Prof. Daniel S. Martin, George Gerald, Sir J. N. Lockyer and Hon. David A. Wells are also represented in valuable papers.

Osborn W. Diegnan, helmsman of the Merrimac, tells the story of its sinking, in the January Frank Leslie's. Mate Deignan tells a vividly interesting story, elaborately illustrated from photographs and drawings by prominent artists. Joaquin Miller recalls the lonely days of his Klondike experience, and tells of the thoughts that occupy a man's mind when there are no books and no friends at hand. Another California author represented in this number is Bret Harte, who begins a California story of characteristic style, and Francois Coppée tells the history of "The Orphan of Belleville."

The contents of the February Round Table include an exciting narrative by Col. Cody, who tells how the Indians were operated against under Gen. Sheridan in the 50s. Dan Beard has one of the helpful articles he knows so well how to write for the boy carpenter. He demonstrates the advantages of a good workshop and tells in detail the best way to build one. Along the same line is Percie Hart's description of the building of an ice boat. There are some good stories of adventure, and an instructive article on "Venus and its Mysteries," by Garrett P. Serviss.

A portrait of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Canada's Premier, occupies the cover of *Self Culture* for January, and a discussion of the relations of Canada and the United States, by Sir J. G. Bourinot, is the leading article. Mark Lee Luther describes a second conquest of Old Mexico—a "conquest of machinery, electricity and modern ideas." It is a picturesque theme, this contrast between the old and the new, and one which is set forth in delightful fashion by an ardent well-wisher. German politics are discussed by Prof. P. S. Reinsch of the University of Wisconsin, and Charles K. Edmunds of Johns Hopkins contributes a character sketch of Benjamin Franklin.

Three magazines of radical and reformatory purpose have been merged into the *Arena*, under the editorship

of Paul Tyner. Mr. Tyner's own magazine, *The Temple*; H. W. Dresser's *Journal of Practical Metaphysics* and the *New Time*, of lurid fame, have now ceased to exist as separate publications. The first issue under the new régime contains articles characteristic of the four magazines, including "Municipal Socialism in Boston," by Francis T. Douglas, and an admirable paper by Helen Campbell on "Social Settlements and the Civic Sense." The importance of Japan as one of the influences in the future of the Pacific, is dwelt upon in an article by C. Pfounds, and Dr. Hulburt Fuller, author of "Vivian of Virginia," has a story of the war.

B. O. Flower, formerly of the *Arena*, has established a new magazine very much of the same character. Associated with him in its editorship is Mrs. C. K. Reifsnider, and among the features of the first number are a symposium on Christmas and the New Year, a series of essays on timely topics, by prominent thinkers, and some problematic fiction.

Jevons is the subject of Gunton's "Distinguished Economists" sketch for the month, and the papers upon economics and public affairs include "Wealth and its Production," by A. H. McKnight; "Practical Defects of Socialism," by Frederick H. Cox; "Some Valuable Wage Statistics," and two articles upon the results of the war.

The Critic comes with the breezy presence of a much-loved friend into the life of the New Year. Miss Edith M. Thomas has written a charming New Year's acrostic which occupies the center of the cover, and within are to be found a host of delightful things in picture and print. The month's portraits are notably interesting, and there are also a series of drawings from the work of Mr. Gibson and Mr. May that illustrate admirably the characteristics of the two men. Miss Gilder's department of chat touches upon everything of conceivable interest in the literary, artistic and dramatic worlds, with the frankness of expression that is Miss Gilder's distinguishing quality. Bismarck's autobiography is reviewed at length by Charles de Kay, late Consul-General of the United States at Berlin; Mr. Charles Woodward Hutson gives the history of the real Cyrano de Bergerac, and A. I. du Pont Coleman tells what seventy years of Ibsen have done for followers of his cult.

Literary Comment.

Milton in a New Light.

"STUDYING his books, frequenting the playhouses, and walking in the suburban promenades to look at the pretty girls—this is not altogether the way in which our fancy would have filled out the London holiday of the young Puritan poet." Thus writes George Serrell in the December number of *Temple Bar*, and he goes on to say that this picture is one which Milton himself gives in his earliest Latin poem. This is a metrical epistle to Charles Deodati, his bosom friend, in the course of which he sings with enthusiasm of his rambles up the Strand:

"Ah, and how often have I been amazed by some wonder of beauty,
Fit to make even Jove own himself youthful again!

Ay, and such exquisite brows, such hair light blown in the breeze,
Golden snarers for the heart, set by the cunning of Love;
Oh, and the lip-luring cheeks, to which hyacinthian purple
Poor is, and even the blush seen on Adonis's flower.
Yield, ye heroic fair ones, the themes of cycles of legend,
Even the famousest nymph wooed by a vagabond god.

Glory the foremost is due to these our virgins of Britain,
Be it enough for you, foreigners fair, to come next."

This same poem makes clear the fact that Milton did not share with the Puritans of his day their horror of the theater.

After dealing at some length with Milton's Latin poems, more particularly where they serve to reveal the man himself, Mr. Serrell closes his paper with the following words:

"It may be that a study of his Latin poems does not tend to raise the moral estimate of him which we form from his English ones, but, for better or for worse, they are indispensable to a true knowledge of him in his youth and earlier manhood. Then, as in later years, he was a man more to be respected and admired than to be loved, but because he does not appeal greatly to our hearts, we perhaps run some risk of forgetting how fine a character he was. To his Italian friend, Manso, he seemed almost faultless, but for his heresy, and Manso adapted to him the words of Gregory about the Saxon youths:

"Mind, form, grace, face, morals—if what all these are, thy creed were,
Then, not Anglie alone, truly Anglie thou'dst be."

"To us the defect lies elsewhere, in a want of tenderness and lovingness; but it must not blind us to the moral greatness of the man in whom were united, to an exceptional degree, the old Roman's public spirit and love of freedom, the old Hebrew's trust in God, and the Christian's stainless and jealously-guarded purity."

Concerning Originality.

According to Literature, it is not entirely paradoxical to say that a man is the most original of writers and at the same time the greatest of plagiarists. In this connection the writer refers to some of the older writers as follows:

"We all know that Shakespeare's borrowing arm was a very long one, indeed. Old chronicles, North's Plutarch, medieval English poetry, Italian novelists, contemporary playwrights—all were laid under contribution; and in the same way, Milton probably conveyed 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso' from Burton's 'Abstract of Melancholy,' and certainly made considerable use of the Dutch poet's 'Lucifer' in the construction of 'Paradise Lost.' 'Tristram Shandy' is one of the most 'original' books in English literature, and yet it is a patchwork of outrageous thefts, and Melancholy Burton himself, from whom Sterne stole, contrived to get the effect of 'originality' into his 'Anatomy,' which is a mere cento of quotations.

"In one sense of the word, there is no such thing as originality; in another sense, it is not uncommon. The Italian novelists, from whom Shakespeare plagiarized, were themselves but copyists from older sources, and folklorists are aware that the Europeans of the middle ages enjoyed tales that had amused Asia in far antiquity. The matter of a literary work of art may come from nature, from life, or from another book, while the form is created by the author. In some of Poe's tales it is easy enough to detect the influence of Mrs. Radcliffe, and Mrs. Radcliffe drew her stories from a very imperfect and distorted notion of medieval romance, and medieval romance was founded to a considerable extent on early Celtic legends, and Celtic legends

must owe a good deal to prehistoric Turanian influence—and so the ladder mounts till it vanishes as in the Indian juggler's trick; but for all that, the 'Fall of the House of Usher' is original. It is barely possible, of course, that the Paleolithic age swarmed, not only with monsters (now happily extinct), but with purely original geniuses, but in modern times it would be as useless to search for the one as for the other."

Mr. Shaw's Inspiration.

[The Critic:] Bernard Shaw is always interesting if not amusing. He is a faddist, as everybody knows, and at the present moment his pet fad is vegetarianism. He has stuck to this diet longer than Edward Fitz-Gerald did. Fitz-Gerald tried it, and was delighted with it at first, but he soon forsook it for something more substantial. According to Mr. Shaw, "vegetarianism is the foundation of the finest intellectual dramas." He accuses Mary, of reverend memory, of having eaten her little lamb, and yet, so far as I know, there is nothing in history to prove this horrible accusation. No lamb enters into the composition of his brain. Each of his plays was the inspiration of a different vegetable. "I wrote," he says, "'Mrs. Warren's Profession' on lentil soup, 'You Never Can Tell' on beans, and 'Candida' on potatoes; for, although, as an Irishman, I can pretend to patriotism, neither for the country I have abandoned nor the country that has ruined it, I retain the national love for the potato. To resume, 'The Quintessence of Ibsenism' was written on cabbage, and 'The Perfect Wagnerite' (due in the course of a week or so, and the most masterly exposition of Wagner that will ever appear,) on savory pie. And these are great works. Has Mary, I ask, done anything of the kind? I will wager that she has not. And why has she not? Because her intellect is dulled, her sight dimmed and rendered abnormal, her sympathy blunted, her logical faculty bemused, by this infernal lamb."

Influencing an Editor.

[New York Commercial Advertiser:] The Saturday Evening Post is making great strides in increasing its circulation, and has reached over the 200,000 mark, according to authority. Its serial, "The Market Place," by the late Harold Frederic, has something to do with this, as well as other good influences. In a recent number of the periodical, Robert Barr has written one of the best, if not the best, appraisement of the personality of Mr. Frederic that has appeared since his death—the kind of article which revives the regret that a good writer or any fine man should have to die in his prime. Among the many bits of descriptive and personal anecdote which the article contains is the following amusing tale relative to Clement Shorter and Mr. Frederic:

"A writer, who had been invariably unsuccessful in palming off on Mr. Shorter any of his work, was one night at the club holding forth eloquently on Shorter's shortcomings.

"'Mr. dear man,' said Frederic, seriously, 'Shorter is one of the best editors in the world, and one of the best fellows. All you are saying simply shows that you don't know how to deal with him. When I have a story that I want to sell to Shorter, I wear that big, yellow, shaggy ulster which comes down to my heels. I turn the collar up over my ears. I put on that disreputable hoodlum cap I got in America twenty years ago, and draw it down over my eyes. I take a black-thorn stick given to me in Ireland, as thick as your thigh. I don't announce myself, but walk into his room, close the door and set my back against it for a moment, until Shorter has had time to focus his glasses on what is before him; then I take three strides to his table, and rapping gently on it with my black-thorn, thunder out in a deep, harsh voice: 'Shorter, I have a story to sell you!' He buys it right away.'"

To appreciate all the humor of this picture, Mr. Barr reminds us that "Harold Frederic was a man of huge, commanding presence, fierce of aspect, with a gruff voice."

Literary Notes.

THE poets of Paris have elected their new "Prince." Stephane Mallarmé's successor is one Leon Dièrx. The matter was taken in hand by the great newspaper, *Le Temps*, which discovered no less than sixty poets entitled to cast a vote in the election.

A story of the American revolution from the pen of Paul Leicester Ford will run in the *Bookman* during the coming year.

The ex-Empress Eugénie is said to be writing the memoirs of her life. Such a work would have an interest beyond the run of the average autobiography.

Robert Chambers, after he has completed the fourth of his series of novels on the French revolution, will write another series dealing with New York society life.

A complete edition of the works of Paul Verlaine, in five volumes, is in preparation in Paris. The prose writings are to be included, together with some hitherto unpublished poetry.

The United States Bureau of Ethnology will print, under the editorship of A. S. Gatschet, a dictionary of the language of the Massachusetts Indians from manuscripts left by the late Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull.

The father of Dr. Weir Mitchell, also a Philadelphia physician of prominence, was at times a writer of verse. But Dr. Mitchell, the elder, died at 60, while his son was 68 when "Hugh Wynne" began to make his name so well known.

The Rev. Edward Everett Hale has attained the dignity of an edition of his collected "Works," got up in a very attractive form by Little, Brown & Co. Volume one contains "The Man Without a Country" and other short stories, preceded by a characteristic preface.

The midwinter number of the *Pocket Magazine*, which will be issued the 15th of January, will have an especially attractive and appropriate cover design. The publishers of the magazine say that they have doubled its circulation since they began to pay attention to its cover.

A magazine devoted exclusively to art has never existed in Russia, but lately the Russian Imperial Society has been issuing a monthly illustrated magazine modeled on the English *Studio* and the French *L'Art et la Decoration*. Répin, Vassnetsoff and Prince Troubetsky are among its contributors.

John Morley, after much hesitation, has undertaken to write the biography of William Ewart Gladstone, with whom he was intimately associated, politically, for the last twelve years of the great statesman's life.

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The extent of the field to be covered, together with the task of sifting the hundreds of thousands or so of letters which Gladstone collected, makes the undertaking so enormous that Mr. Morley will in all probability have to retire from politics.

Julian Ralph sailed December 31, en route for Asia, where he goes in the interests of Harper's Magazine. He is accompanied by Charles Weldon, the artist, who goes for the same purpose. After Mr. Ralph's mission is completed in the Far East, he will return and visit South America and the Nicaragua Canal.

Lafcadio Hearn's new volume of essays on Japanese subjects is nearly ready for publication, the last proofs having just been received from Tokio. One of the most important articles in the book is an account of the ascent of the famous mountain, Fujino-Yama. All the papers appear in print for the first time.

Toward the end of January, Messrs. Harpers will publish "A Thousand Days in the Arctic," by F. J. Jackson, the leader of the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition, which spent more than three years in the previously little known Kaiser Franz-Josef Land. It is in the form of a journal written at the time—in the tent, the whaleboat, or the hut upon Cape Flora—and describes, among other things, Mr. Jackson's strange meeting with Dr. Nansen and Lieut. Johansen in the Far North, together with an appendix upon the scientific work of the expedition. There will be photographic illustrations and drawings by R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A.; Clifford Carleton and others, from data furnished by members of the expedition.

Some of the officers and men of the battleship Indiana have had the happy idea of putting in book form, for the pleasure of those most concerned, her great record in the war with Spain. The little volume is compiled and published by Chief Yeoman Mero and edited by Chaplain Cassard, who furnished from photographs many of the illustrations. Some of his undeveloped films were unexpectedly interfered with when a bursting Spanish 8-inch mortar shell made havoc in the ship, leaving a dent in her punch bowl, besides other souvenirs of its presence; and the result was to give a peculiar appearance to a few of the pictures in the book, not, however, without enhancing their historic interest. Facing the title page is a portrait of Capt. Henry Clay Taylor, who so ably commanded and fought the Indiana during the war.

[New York Commercial Advertiser:] We have recently had occasion to comment upon the exceptional praise which Rudyard Kipling saw fit to bestow upon Frank Bullen, author of "The Cruise of the Cachelot," and now our attention is called to another instance in which a new writer has found special favor with the author of "The Jungle Tales." The gentleman in question is William Charles Scully, a magistrate of Pondoland, South Africa, who has recently written a story about that out-of-the-way corner of the globe. It will appear in the February number of Scribner's Magazine. Mr. Kipling pronounces the story excellent, especially as regards local color, and says that there is no question about the author knowing well both the land and the people. Mr. Scully has already written one novel, entitled "Between Sea and Land," but it is quite unknown to the American reading public.

Messrs. Hardy, Pratt & Co. of Boston and New York are starting "The Versailles Historical Series," to consist of memoirs and correspondence of noted persons belonging to the different European courts, giving graphic descriptions of court life. Arrangements have been made for issuing eight volumes, translated by Miss Katharine Prescott Wormeley, who has rendered into English the writings of Molière and Balzac. These eight volumes will consist of Mr. Chéruel's "Memoirs of the Duc de Saint-Simon," on the times of Louis XIV, and the regency, in four volumes; the "Memoirs Letters and Miscellaneous Papers of the Prince de Ligne," in two volumes; "The Correspondence of Mme. Princess Palatine," in one volume, to include also the correspondence of Marie-Adelaide de Savoie, Duchesse de Bourgogne and of Mme. de Maintenon, and "The Book of the Ladies," by M. Pierre de Bourdailles, Abbé de Brantôme, in one volume. The books are to be illustrated with photogravures of portraits and paintings.

A MIND-HEALER'S FEE.

[Leslie's Weekly:] Some years ago a young friend of mine went to a mind-healer for a lark. There was nothing in the world the matter with him, but he pretended to be the victim of terrible headaches. The wonderful healer asked no questions as to the cause of the ailment. He did not care about that, for he had one panacea which sufficed for every ill. Said he to the young investigator: "Go home, and whenever the headache comes on sit down quietly and put your whole mind on it, thinking with all your might that you have not got a headache. Then you will not have it, and will be cured."

"That's easy," said my friend. "What is your fee?"

"Five dollars."

"Well, sir, put your whole mind on it and think with all your might that you have that \$5. Then you will have it, and will be paid."

RUSSIA'S ASIATIC POSSESSIONS.

SLOW ADVANCE OF THE LAND-LOCKED GIANT TO THE SEA.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

THE recent appointment of Lord Curzon as Viceroy of India, and the publication of Rudyard Kipling's poem, "The Truce of the Bear," have awakened in the American people an interest in the so-called Anglo-Russian question.

It is only in the last twenty years that the majority of people in England have come to recognize the existence of such a question. The British ministries which have held office during the past half century, have in the main, displayed a "masterly inactivity" in regard to England's interest in Central Asia, while Russia on the other hand, has advanced steadily on in her career of conquest and assimilation, until the British statesmen have been forced to acknowledge that their Indian frontier was menaced by a powerful and a determined foe. Under these circumstances, it is interesting to note the way in which Russia has conducted her Asiatic policy, and the present condition of her Asiatic dominions.

For a number of years prior to 1850, Russia's southern frontier station was Orenburg. Along the southern border of Siberia were a number of forts guarding the frontier bordering on Turkestan. This vast region to the south was inhabited by a number of nomad tribes, and a number of Tartars who lived in towns. All of these people were a source of continued trouble to the Russian merchants, who went on trading expeditions to Samarkand and Bokhara. The soldiers were called frequently to punish natives who had robbed or murdered Russian subjects. The soldiers, having once advanced into Turkestan, found that in order to preserve peace and law, they would have to found permanent settlements and stay in them. Had they retreated, after meting out punishment to the offenders, the Tartar tribes would have robbed and murdered as before; as it was, the soldiers could prevent crime to a great extent by staying in the Tartar region for good. In this way the Russian frontier was pushed steadily southeastward into Turkestan. This process of extension began about the middle of the century.

Russia has been credited in England and elsewhere with a deep-laid plan of conquest, but the facts are, that circumstances have forced her to advance, and she has been wise enough to seize the opportunities which fortune has given to her.

Russian armies under the command of such men as Tcherniaeff and Skobelev, were sent into Turkestan to overcome the Tartar tribes, and to establish protectorates over the native principalities. Tashkend, Bokhara and Samarkand were occupied by the end of 1880. Russia showed a wise moderation in her treatment of the native rulers. The troops stationed at the places mentioned above, were quartered at some distance from the native Prince's palace in each case. The latter were not deprived of their sovereignty (except at Tashkend,) the Russians giving the Tartars to understand that the European soldiers were brought to Turkestan merely to protect the life and property of each Russian citizen. In this way conflict was to a great extent avoided.

In the region between the Oxus and the Caspian, however, Russia assumed absolute control. The rebellion of the Tartars culminated in the siege and battle of Geok Tepe in 1881, at which Skobelev utterly defeated the natives, and established the Russian sovereignty. Geok Tepe ceased the Tartars completely, and effectively quenched any spirit of rebellion.

By 1885 Russia had firmly established herself in Turkestan. The occupation of Mero opened up the resources of the Mero oasis, and also furnished a base of operation against Afghanistan, in the case of war. Although forced on by circumstances, let it not be supposed that Russia was not aware of the military importance of the Trans-Caspian territory. The seizure of the Oxus basin opened a convenient and short route to Herat. This latter place once acquired, it would be but a step in Kandahar, the "Gate of India."

But, although Russia had a line of military stations, they were so far from Russia, that in case of war, troops would have to travel for over a month to reach Mero. This problem was solved by one of the brightest men Russia has produced. Gen. Annenkoff proposed the construction of a railroad from the Caspian to Samarkand. In the face of great obstacles, this railroad was built, and was in working order by 1889. This Trans-Caspian Railroad was strictly military in all of its details, although civilians have been allowed to travel over it. By means of this line, a fleet of swift steamers across the Caspian, and the railroad already built from Baku on the Caspian to Batum on the Black Sea, the remote cities of Central Asia were placed in quick communication with St. Petersburg.

The strategic value of the railroad is incalculable, en-

abling Russia, as it does, to place troops on the Indian frontier in about fifteen days.

An extension from Samarkand to Tashkend, from Orenburg to Tashkend, and a branch from the Trans-Siberian Railroad are only matters of time, if, indeed, they are not already in process of construction.

Russia has endeavored to advance agriculture and commerce in Turkestan. Irrigation canals have changed the desert into fertile land, and so increased the value of this region. Cotton plantations have been started at Tashkend, and have proved to be paying enterprises. A number of colonies of industrious German people have been founded in various places, and the social and political conditions have been remarkably improved.

ROBERT HILL LANE.

NO NEW PASTIMES FOR THEM.

[New York Sun:] "Probably nowhere are the social pastimes of the fathers preserved and indulged in to such an extent as among the Pennsylvania Dutch. The apple-cut, the corn husking, the quilting bee, the old-fashioned country dance, furnish amusement and recreation to the buxom maiden and the swains of these people today as they did to those of a century ago—that is—excepting the Mennonite, Amish and Dunkards. Those pious branches of the Pennsylvania Dutch do not indulge in such dissipations, as it would place them forever out of the pale of their church. A baptism, a love feast, or a funeral is the only recreation or pastime they are permitted to enjoy. A Pennsylvania Dutch dance is kept up from early evening until daylight. There is no going to bed after a dance. The women go at once to their household duties and the men to their labors in the fields, the same as if they had slept as usual, according to the custom of their fathers. Work, indoor and out, begins as soon as it is light enough to see, and continues until it is too dark to see, winter and summer.

"The Pennsylvania Dutch farmer is as honest as the day is long, and is most close-fisted and exacting in a bargain. Driving long distances to market, he will haggle over a dime in a bargain that may involve a hundred dollars' worth of produce, and if assured that by going on half a dozen miles or so he will be able to sell his goods and get that dime, he will not hesitate to make the journey. The extra time and labor he does not stop to take into account. The old-time Pennsylvania Dutch families discourage and disapprove of marriage that will destroy the race purity of their blood, hence marriages with outside people are not frequent. This accounts for the remarkable preservation of the language, the customs, and the traditions of their forebears among these people, surrounded as they are to-day by influences of the highest modern thought and example. But, notwithstanding their exclusiveness, their tenacious adherence to ideas of a century ago and stubborn resistance to those of today, the lessons in industry, integrity, thrift and thoroughness which they have given have had a most beneficial influence not only in the particular region which they have developed, but throughout the country as well, and our land is a hundred-fold the better for their presence."

EXTRA SPEED.

[Detroit Free Press:] It was 2 o'clock in the morning, all of the reporters but one had gone home. The night editor sat at his desk, reading over the copy of the last remaining reporter. There hadn't been a word spoken for a half hour. The rumbling of the distant presses and the clicking of the typewriter were the only sounds that broke the silence of the night.

The telephone bell gave a loud, long peal.

"Hello!" cried the night editor as he jammed the potato masher to his left ear.

"Say," said the telephone, "we are having a little discussion down here in Hogan's place, and we want to know which can fly the faster, a canvasback duck or a red-headed woodpecker."

"Say, Bill," yelled the night editor to the solitary reporter, "which can fly the faster, a canvasback duck or a red-headed woodpecker?"

"Duck," laconically answered the reporter.

The night editor turned to the telephone and told that the duck was much the swifter aerial navigator of the two.

"How much faster?" asked the telephone.

"How much faster, Bill?"

"Eight miles an hour in warm weather and ten miles if it's cold."

"Eight miles an hour," repeated the night editor.

"Why is it?" asked the telephone.

"Why is it, Bill?"

"Because he spreads his canvas. The woodpecker hasn't any."

Ting-a-ling-a-ling.

W. W. Wilkison has secured from Julia Arthur the right to present in certain of the smaller towns and cities "A Lady of Quality." Eugenia Blair will be starred as Clorinda Wildairs.

Cyphum

WEEK
OF
JAN. 16.

SEVEN
SPLENDID
ACTS.

MIGHTY MAGNETS

FOUR
NEW
LEADERS

First American Appearance,

RAPPO SISTERS

Russia's Wonderful Character Terpsichorean Artistes in
New Dances.

Willy Ozeola.

Europe's Most Marvelous Equilibrist.

George Fuller Golden.

Talk of the City (Casey's Friend.) Strictly Original.
A Whole Batch of New Things.

Anna Teresa Berger.

The World's Best Lady Cornet Virtuoso.

Deltorelli Bros.

European Musical Grotesques

Pilar-Morin. - Rose Eytinge.

Clement Bainbridge.

Producing Augustus Thomas' Pleasing Comedy,
"THAT OVERCOAT."

Mons. and Mme. Rofix.

In Marvelous Feats of Strength and Wonderful Chin Bal-
ancing Performance.

PRICES NEVER CHANGING—Evenings, reserved
seats, 25c, 50c; Gallery, 10c.
REGULAR MATINEES Wednesday, Saturday and
Sunday. 25c to any part of the house; Gallery, 10c; Chil-
dren, 10c any seat.

SOUVENIR MATINEE WEDNESDAY, JAN. 18.

Burbank

PRICES—15c, 25c, 35c, 50c;
Loge Seats 75c; Box Seats \$1;
Matinees, 10c and 25c.

NANCE O'NEIL

Tonight
Last Time

"Elizabeth"

WEEK OF JAN. 16. REPERTOIRE.

Monday Night
and Wednesday
Matinee,

"East Lynne."

Tuesday
Night,

"The Jewess."

Wednesday
Night,

"Oliver Twist."

Thursday
and Friday
Nights,

"Guy Mannering."

Saturday
Matinee,

"Ingomar."

Saturday and
Sunday
Nights,

"The Danites."

Los Angeles Theater.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, Jan. 17,

Grand Complimentary Testimonial tendered members
of late Henderson Company. Asa Lee Willard, Russell
Bassett, Harry F. Adams, Carrie Clark Ward and Lotta
Bassett, in "A Gay Deceiver." Wm. L. Gleason, Mina
Crollus, C. J. Swickard, Hazel Edell Simon, George Fuller
Golden, Edward M. Bell, Pilar Morin, Clement Bainbridge,
Rose Eytinge, Frederick Warde, Louis James, Kathryn
Kidder—through the courtesy of their several managements.
Prices—25c, 50c, 75c; \$1.00.

MATURE SIRENS.

Would it shock you to learn that many prima donne
and soubrettes who have been delighting theater-goers
in 16-year-old characters are grandmothers and that a
great many of them are mothers of grown-up sons and
daughters? People of the stage grow older as the years
go by just the same as other people, and their children
grow into manhood and womanhood just like other
people's children. Among prima donne there isn't a
single grandmother of prominence, but nearly every
one of them is the proud mother of one or more chil-
dren. Lillian Russell's daughter, Lillian Solomon, is now
about 18 years old and is studying at St. George, but
not for the stage. Camille d'Arville is now nearly 19
years old and is attending a military school. Pauline
Hall is the mother of two children, the younger one
being nearly 3 years old. Ida Hopper, De Wolf Hop-
per's former wife, has a very fine boy. Helen Bertram
of the Bostonians, whose first husband was Sig. Tomassi,
the orchestra leader, declares that her 3-year-old girl
is not to be an actress. Louise Montague has a son,
who, though not yet of age by several years, is taller
and actually looks older than his remarkably well-pre-
served mother, who continues to grow younger as the
days go by. Marion Manola's daughter, Adelaide, has
played minor parts in support of her mother. Among
soubrettes proper, Maggie Mitchell, who, though she
has retired from the stage, is soon to be represented by
her daughter, Fanchon, as a grandmother. Fanchon
Mitchell Paddock is the wife of J. W. Albaugh, Jr., and
the mother of a couple of children. Queenie Vassar
Lynch, now with the "Belle of New York" company,
has two children. Fanny Rice, who married Dr. Purdy,
has two or three children. The stork has hovered over
the home of Nellie McHenry and John Webster several
times. Belle Thorne, Mrs. Herman Perlet, has a child
3 years old. Annie Myers' eldest daughter, Grace, is now
16 years old. Porter Albee, Mrs. Horace Lewis, has
three children on the stage. Horace, Bibbins and Hat-
tie. And yet Mrs. Lewis is herself playing children's
parts. Louise Allen Collier, Willie Collier's wife, has
a child 3 years old. Frankie Kemble, who was the wife
of the unfortunate Edward Clayburg, had a grown-up
son when she was playing soubrette roles. Dollie Theo-
bald's mother, Jenny Theobald, is not much larger than
her daughter, and doesn't look a day older than she did
when she jumped through rings in a circus many years
ago. Katie Gilbert, who is soon to return to the stage,
has a 16-year-old daughter. Three of the foremost
tragediennes of the day, Ellen Terry, Modjeska and Bern-
hardt, are grandmothers. And yet, who can play Viola
better than Terry or Modjeska, and when Bernhardt
essays a youthful role does she not make the part her
own by her consummate skill? Jane Hading once
played Juliet to the nurse of her daughter. May Irwin
has two grown-up boys, of whom she is very proud.
Rose Wood, a popular actress in her day, is the mother
of Rosabel Morrison Abrams, and Mrs. Abrams has a
daughter, who is also called Rosabel. Mrs. McKee
Rankin, who is now playing in "The Turtle," and not
so many years ago was the youthful-looking Billy Piper
in "The Danites," has a grandson, 8 years old, the son
of Sydney and Gladys Rankin Drew.

THE ANCIENT DRAMA.

[New York Sun:] The "revival of ancient drama as
an educative factor in modern life" is one of the pur-
poses of the Isis League of Music and Drama. The at-
tempt has been made and "The Eumenides" of Eschylus
was applied to as much of modern life as two small
audiences at the Carnegie Lyceum could be taken to rep-
resent. The effort was a complete success. If the an-
cient drama is revived continually the public need
never lack for amusement. The Isis League of Music
and Drama can drive the burlesque comedians to bank-
ruptcy if it continues to serve out Eschylus as it has
for the past two evenings. The participants in the play
were shrouded in anonymity. Only the names of the
characters were printed on the programmes. But that
never disturbed the seriousness of their efforts. Quiet-
looking ladies who seemed as if they had never before
wandered from their firesides strenuously declaimed
blank verse. Mild-mannered men just up from business
marched solemnly around in Grecian draperies. Mut-
tonchop whiskers and chaplets were incongruous, and
the lumpy knees of the warriors were not in accordance
with the highest standards of Greek beauty. But they
went through their evolutions with as much earnestness
as they would measure tape. The Furies were draped
in black capes stiff and shiny. They carried red scarfs
and seemed to have trouble with their "r's." When
they danced it was not at all in the Grecian fashion.
One interloper bounded in at his stage of the game and
cavorted about in the most acrobatic and modern fash-
ion. At other times the Furies draped themselves into
attitudes which displayed their red scarfs as attractively
as if they were yards of dress goods in the windows of
a department store. These young women's faces were
concealed from the view of the public most of the time
by their veils. But it was occasionally seen that they
were not as dire as the Furies were supposed to be, but
were in reality very comely. There were various other
inaccuracies in the performance. It appeared that
Apollo was by no means the beauty he is supposed to

have been. Or the criterion has changed. But a meager
Apollo with blond hair, rather a sharp nose and no
calves to speak of, does not represent the customary
idea of Apollo. But the question of beauty is compara-
tive, and even the fashions in that change. Even Orestes
was about as far removed from the Greek model as he
well could have been. But the actors seemed to enjoy
themselves. The audience certainly did. The progress
of the story was accompanied by music not of a kind
to increase the hilarity of the spectators. But that was
scarcely needed.

TOO MUCH REALISM.

[Kansas City Star:] This playing of heroes in the
romantic drama looks like an agreeable job from the
front, but after the curtain is down they often have to
send for a surgeon to patch one of them up. Since the
Empire Stock Company abandoned the conventional
clothing of the current time for the feathers and furbe-
lows of periods more or less remote and of lands some-
times entirely mythical, William Faversham has found
that heroism, even the assumed heroism of the stage,
has its penalties, and that the penalties are a good deal
more real than the heroism and more disagreeable. In
"Under the Red Robe" Faversham proved himself not
quite the crack swordsman that Gil de Beraut was said
to be, and in the duel with the Englishman, which
causes the latter's death and gets the former into
trouble with Richelieu, he was severely slashed. In
"The Conquerors" he played a somewhat brutal Prus-
sian officer who deserved stabbing. So one night Viola
Allen's trick dagger refused to do the trick and stabbed
the villainous hero in reality, also in the back. Now he
is playing the adventurous Lord Wheatley in "Phroso,"
and Miss Milward, as the heroine, cut his hand pretty
badly last week. As we must have a realistic conflict,
the actor must either perfect his swordsmanship or take
his chance.

HEREDITARY TALENT.

It is a fact that most of the successful stage people of
today came from families which have been devoted to
the stage and its art. Annie Yeamans, who since the
death of Mrs. John Drew, is the oldest living exponent
of purely American dramatic art, has given to the stage
two daughters—Lydia Yeamans Titus and Jennie Ye-
amans. Ethel Barrymore comes naturally by her talent
and good looks, for she is the daughter of Maurice Bar-
rymore and the late Georgia Drew Barrymore. Maude
Adams is the daughter of Annie Adams, an actress of
the old school, and Viola Allen's father is Leslie Allen,
who scored his principal success in "Men and Women."
Years ago theater-goers used to rave over McKee Rankin
and his wife, Kitty Blanchard. Their fame is still kept
before the public by their daughter, Gladys Rankin
Drew, wife of Sydney Drew, and Phyllis Rankin, who is
now playing in "The Belle of New York." Frank Mayo,
once one of the noted actors of the stage, bequeathed
to it his daughter Eleanor, who five years ago made a
great success when she appeared in "The Princess Bon-
nie." She has since married and retired. His son
Frank is a well-known theatrical figure. Fay Templeton
is the daughter of John Templeton, who knew every-
thing about the show business, from taking tickets at a
circus to acting as impresario of a grand-opera com-
pany. Her mother is still on the stage. Flora Walsh,
the first wife of Charles Hoyt, was a noted actress and
was the daughter of Alice Walsh, recognized as one of
the best "character" actresses on the stage till she re-
tired after the death of her daughter.

The Vaudevillian's Lament.

Dis biz ain't wot it used ter be,
Wen I say so, dat's straight,
For I've been in it, on and off,
Since eighteen-sixty-eight.

In dem old days, I tell you, cull,
Folks wasn't hard to please;
Dey'd fall down, plum right off de seats
An' laugh until dey'd sneeze.

No matter wot yer said or done,
De audience cracked a smile;
An' if yer sketch was good, why dey'd
Keep yellin' all de while.

A guy dat had some talent, an'
A "rag" wit good, strong pipes,
An' legs dat looked all right in socks
Wit' horizontal stripes.

Could get his little sixty per,
An' live just like a king,
An' make a front on Union Square,
Just like de real ting.

De shows dey have now ain't no good,
Dey give me bones a chill;
Variety is shoved aside
For "High-Class Vaudeville."

De old-time stars don't cut no ice,
Dey show tree times a day;
An' bum legits gits all de pie,
For doin' some snide play.

I've seen dem guys dat gits de coin,
When makin' dere debut,
Dey tink dey're all de show, but say!
I tink dey are—all but.

Dey git de black type an' de kush,
But never make no hits,
An' sometimes dey fall down so hard
De manager takes fits.

I tink dis craze'll soon die out,
I hope to see it croak;
Den "High-Class Vaudeville" will go
Where it belongs—in soak.

Variety will come to life,
An' won't it be just great
To run a show like dese we had
In eighteen-sixty-eight!

—[Maurice E. McLoughlin, in Christmas Mirror.

Los Angeles Theater.

C. M. WOOD and H. C. WYATT, Lessees.

EXTRAORDINARY EVENT—Commencing Tomorrow (Monday) Evening, Jan. 16—

Louis James, Kathryn Kidder, Frederick Warde. Monday and Friday Ev'gs
and Saturday Matinee.

"The School for Scandal." Tuesday and Thursday Ev'gs, "Julius Caesar." Wednesday Matinee, "Hamlet."
Wednesday Night, "Othello." Saturday Night, "Macbeth."

Seats now on sale. Prices: Lower floor, 75c; Loges \$2; Boxes \$2.50; Balcony \$1, 75c and 50c; Gallery 25c.

Tel. Main 70.